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CONCERNING THE FOREFATHERS

INSCRIPTION ON WINDOW

On September the 22d, 1788, a large company of Kentuckians, headed by Col. Patterson and John Filson, crossed the Ohio River and were met by Judge Symmes, Israel Ludlow and Matthias Denman, who came from Limeston on what is now the public landing. They dedicated the city by the name of Losantiville with appropriate ceremonies. On January 2d, 1790, Governor St. Clair arrived and made Losantiville the county town, naming it Cincinnati, after the newly founded society of that name.

WINDOW IN THE CITY BUILDING AT CINCINNATI, REPRESENTING THE SETTLEMENT OF LOSANTIVILLE

"THERE is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of an alliance with departed worth."

Daniel Webster.

CONCERNING
THE
FOREFATHERS

Being a Memoir, with Personal
Narrative and Letters
of Two Pioneers

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON
AND
COL. JOHN JOHNSTON

The paternal and maternal
grandfathers of

John Henry Patterson
of Dayton, Ohio

For whose children
this book is
written by

Charlotte Reeve Conover

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Dayton, Ohio

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FOREWORD

IF our petitions sometimes read "From the offenses of our forefathers, good Lord deliver us," the antithesis should also not be absent—"Of the virtues of our forefathers, Lord make us not unmindful." That phantasmal influence called *noblesse oblige* has held more than one young man to the stern and unexpected demand of duty when nothing else could, and no legacy is so stimulating to send down to the third and fourth generations as the record of pure living, high thinking and deeds of self sacrifice. That we in America have been, until lately, so careless of family history, is a reproach that we are slow in wiping out.

This book is an attempt to set forth the plain history of a double family line, whose representatives, both past and present, belong to what Plato calls "the treasure honorable of hereditary worth." As such, it is dedicated to the two youngest inheritors of the name,

FREDERICK BECK PATTERSON
AND
DOROTHY FORSTER PATTERSON,

with the hope that they will remember that

"He who to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score."

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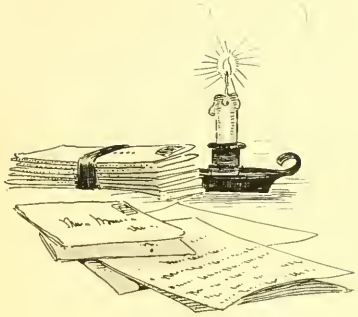
MR. J. H. PATTERSON AND HIS CHILDREN



INTRODUCTION

THE diversified character of the subject-matter in this book, dealing, as it does, with two sets of family names, makes anything like literary unity impossible. There were two grandfathers, one an Indian fighter and one an Indian sympathizer, whose life histories are here written for the interest of their descendants. While not renowned in a national sense, for statesmanship or generalship, they certainly had, each of them, a share in shaping the history of the Great Northwest. One, with indomitable courage, pursued through campaign after campaign in Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois the aboriginal race that blocked the way of civilization; the other, by his careful judgment, saved the United States the wasting of both money and blood, and foresaw future conditions with unerring vision.

In the preparation of this book, the Patterson and Johnston memoirs, as found in personal narrative and correspondence, have been supplemented and verified by wills and court records and by such historical and genealogical literature as the Libraries, both East and West, could furnish. The only absolutely reliable source of biographical material is personal narrative, and the Patterson family may be congratulated that it possesses in comparative completeness the actual story of each grandfather.

The material from which the four chapters relating to the Johnstons are compiled comes largely from a paper read by John Johnston in his old age before the Ohio Historical Society at Cincinnati, in which he relates the circumstances of his journey to America and of his public service; and from the recollections of his daughter, Julia Johnston Patterson, transcribed at her dictation shortly before her death, at the instance of her son, John Henry Patterson, for the benefit of his children. Colonel Johnston was a contributor to Cist's Miscellany, published in Cincinnati in 1830, and his papers therein found are full of valuable records of his experience in early Ohio days. He contributed also to Howe's History of Ohio, of deserved local renown. His communications to the War Department as found in the Ohio Archives have yielded much of interest relating to his attempts to solve the Indian problem in Ohio from 1818 to 1842.

The chapters relating to the Pattersons are from widely scattered memoranda. Col. Robert Patterson in 1816 wrote a sketch of his life for his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. James Welsh, who intended preserving in proper form the record of so remarkable a career. Had he done so, this book, it is needless to say, would have been a rich storehouse of experience. But Dr. Welsh moved to Indiana and the work stopped, leaving only fragments of narrative such as Patterson's

journey up the Ohio River when he was wounded by the Indians; his part in George Rogers Clark's Illinois Campaign; the Dunmore War; the Logan and Bowman Miami Campaigns, and the purchase and founding of Cincinnati.

No one now living knows what became of the original life sketch. Some ten years later, when Robert Patterson was confined to his home with the beginning of what was his last illness, he re-wrote the sketch in part. It is from portions of the first sketch copied in an old memorandum book owned by John Patterson of Shaker Village (a cousin who wished to add it to his own memories), and from copies made of the second sketch by Harriet Nisbet and Dr. Huggins, that the most intimate of these chapters are written. Culbertson Patterson, son of Shaker John Patterson, kept the old book and in the early forties Henry L. Brown borrowed it and made copies, adding thereto the narrative of his mother, Catherine Patterson Brown. All of these papers are now in the possession of her grandson, Ashley Brown, and have been largely used in the compilation of this volume.

Pennsylvania Historical Notes, Western Annals and Biographical Sketches show how Robert Patterson served on the danger line for twenty-five years, with loaded rifle in ready reach night and day for instant service. The brothers John, Francis and William are found enrolled in the Pennsylvania and Virginia reserves for the entire period of the Revolution, William at the age of sixty participating in the battle of the Cowpens under Colonel Morgan; Francis aged sixty-two, and John, sixty-five, being in emergency camps.

Evidence of the services of the elder Pattersons and their sons in Colonial and Revolutionary times, was gathered by Robert Patterson on the advice of his friend and attorney, Henry Clay, and, with additional evidence, was filed by Mr. Clay in the War Office at Washington in support

of Colonel Patterson's appeal for a grant of land. Kenton, Boone and others made similar efforts for recognition of their services and achievements. This influenced Congressional action in passing an enabling measure in April, 1806.

At the outbreak of the War of 1812 a pension was granted Colonel Patterson of three hundred dollars a year, but this having been allowed only from date of application, he at once filed a claim for arrears, involving a repetition of the tedious work of gathering evidence, as the original claim and papers had been destroyed by the British in the burning of Washington in 1814.

To secure additional evidence as to his services in the years 1770 to 1775, Colonel Patterson encouraged one of his sons, Robert L. or Jefferson, in 1824 or '25, to visit among relatives in Virginia and Pennsylvania, calling also on such army associates as he might direct, to secure the desired testimony. Statements were gotten from Colonel Shepherd, who lived near Wheeling; Col. Joseph Tarance (Torrence or Lawrence), of near Connellstown, Pa., and from others in Bedford and Lancaster counties. The sworn statements of Gen. George Rogers Clark, Simon Kenton and others as to Robert Patterson's services in the Dunmore expedition to the Pickaway Plains were sent to Mr. McClain in the fall of 1826 with certified copy of portions of young Patterson's diary on the trip, and are now to be found among the old records at Washington.

Ashley Brown says:—

"Harriet Nisbet and Doctor Huggins agreed in understanding that it was in 1825 or '26 that one of the Colonel's sons, presumably Jefferson, made the horseback trip for evidence in support of the pension claim filed by Senator McClain in 1828, and that the journey 'covered several months, crossing through Zanesville to Wheeling, up the Ohio River to Pittsburg, thence to Ligonier and Bedford, spending much time around his grandfather Patterson's old home farm at head of the Big Cove, fifteen or twenty miles southeast of Bedford. Carrying letters from Captain

Nisbet he called upon Gen. William Young, one and a half miles out of Chambersburg, Mrs. Young and Captain Nisbet being first cousins. He met many of his mother's relatives in Franklin County, Pa., then crossing Maryland, forded the Potomac into Virginia to visit among descendants of his grand-uncle, William Patterson.'

"Returning via Lancaster County, he visited the Patterson relatives on 'Sweet Arrow' farm. The information gathered upon this trip the Colonel transmitted to his daughter, Catherine Patterson Brown, and his cousin, John (Shaker) Patterson, and it forms the basis of the early story of the Pattersons.

"In preparing this application for arrears and the affidavits necessary, the Colonel was assisted by his son-in-law, Rev. James Welsh, who, beginning in 1816, did the necessary corresponding until his removal from Dayton. He collected and compiled the facts of early Patterson history, beginning with preparations for leaving Ireland, the landing of John and Robert at or near New London, Connecticut, slow journey South, final settlement in Pennsylvania, then the scattering of the family as the boys and girls grew up.

"Many of these valuable papers have been destroyed, but those that remained after the death of Colonel Patterson and of James Welsh came into the possession of Catherine Patterson Brown, who added to them by recording many reminiscences which she had heard her father narrate, and also her own recollection of the home in Lexington, the moving to Dayton in 1804, and the family life at Rubicon Farm."

Mrs. Julia J. Patterson remembered that the pension claim was allowed, and the treasury draft for something over eighteen hundred dollars was received by the executors of Colonel Patterson's will and distributed among the heirs.

The late Dr. R. D. Huggins, of West Alexandria, into whose hands as executor under the will of Dr. Robert Patterson Nisbet passed the papers in the estates of William and Captain Nisbet, and who also possessed the Patterson papers left by William Nisbet, had been reared in the Nisbet family, practised medicine with Dr. Nisbet, and was very familiar with Patterson history. He also contributes interesting details.

William Nisbet, above referred to, was a boy friend and

neighbor of Robert Patterson in Pennsylvania, the executor of his will and father of Elizabeth Patterson's husband. His associations with the Patterson family reached back to the years at Sweet Arrow Farm in Lancaster County and at the Bedford Spring home under Cove Mountain. He told of Robert's boyhood and marriage and the trip West; his son Captain Nisbet wrote the story down, and it was preserved by Harriet Nisbet. These also are among the Henry L. Brown papers.

Copies of many papers which were destroyed by fire in Washington were lent by the late Jefferson Patterson to Lyman C. Draper of Madison, and are preserved in the Wisconsin Historical Society Library and have been carefully examined. Among them the memoranda left by Jefferson Patterson, of his father's statement of the family names and number of children in the different branches, being compared with records of the Pattersons in County Donegal, Ireland, help to fix the descent from families on the other side.

The Court House records at Lexington, Kentucky, yielded much information in regard to the land which Robert Patterson pre-empted, his father's will, and various straightenings-out of family relationships.

Litigation was the bread of life to those early settlers, and the records and old letters are full of it. Robert Patterson had sometimes six lawsuits on his hands at once, lasting from two to twenty years. The cases were almost without exception disputes about land boundaries. Upon a correct title to his land depended all the fortune a settler had, and his prospects for his children. A row of blazed trees marked the first claim, and if the claimant's blazed trees ran across the defendant's blazed trees, that meant a lawsuit. The Court Houses of every State in the Middle West contain volumes of the proceedings in equity

of the early courts, and all on the all-important, ever-debatable land question.

It was from depositions made by Robert Patterson that facts were learned of the deponent's life in Kentucky from 1775 to 1804, such as his pre-emption of land for himself and his father, the date of the removal of his father and step-mother and their younger children to the frontier, and the death of his father in 1801. The lawsuit was between Francis Patterson and John Bradford, "the Benjamin Franklin of the West," as he is called in the histories, and the depositions are recorded in the old Lexington Court House.

The best sources of original information to the historian are old family letters. As they are the most valuable, so they are the most difficult to deal with, and require large patience and research. The Pattersons were wise in their painstaking preservation of family correspondence. Nine bulky scrap-books were furnished the writer to use as seemed best in the compilation of this history. It seemed a gold mine at first sight; but investigation was discouraging. In the first place, everything had been kept; not only old letters, but party invitations, wedding cards, bills of lading, recipes for eye water, notices of stray cows, receipts for pew rent, newspaper clippings that had little to do with the Pattersons above ground or below, and directions how to keep moths out of woolens. These were fastened in by pins that clung fast to the pages with rust forty years old.

Some of the old letters would make a purist weep. A legislative friend writes to Robert Patterson from Virginia that "The Assembly are still setting." Other correspondents write of "shuggar trees," "Divine grase" and a "cegg of butter." They inclined to spell general and gentleman with a "j" and journey with a "g." Proper names suffered the same uncertainty. Daniel Boone spelled his name

as often without as with the final "e." Kentucky school boys who are now old men know that there used to be a tree near Jonesboro which bore the inscription cut with a jack-knife—"D. Boon cilled bar here." The name of the state was Kantucke, Kaintucke, Cantucky or Caintuckky, indifferently. "Battertart" turns out to be Boutetourte and "Dady" was Governor Shelby's way of alluding to his father. Orthography was an independent process, owing no allegiance to any school or method. The best one could say of the pioneers in this respect was that they shot straighter than they spelled, which, after all, was the fundamental necessity in those days.

The pioneers made their own ink. The wonder is that it yields up anything after one hundred and twenty-five years. Paper was scarce and high priced. A sheet had to hold all it could and leave place for the sealing wax to tear its way through the third page. We search up and down these cramped and closely written pages to find some details of every-day life that would serve to rehabilitate for their descendants the lives of these forefathers and foremothers. We begin at the top left-hand corner and find "Respected Sir" squeezed in a space an inch long. The signature tells us that this is a brother writing to a brother; a son to a father. Surely we shall find here some family affairs; some incidents in these lives that to us are surrounded by a sort of halo. We dig out word by word all down the first page,—and the second,—and the third, to find,—what? Why, their views on Eternal Punishment or the Trinity. The state of Infant Damnation occupies a large part of many of these early letters. Perhaps after three pages of close-writ theological dialectics we may find interpolated as an afterthought, "On Sunday morning last my dear Rebecca (or Catherine or Margaret, as the case might have been) presented me with a fine son."

This does not prove that these men were hard hearted or indifferent to household affection. On the contrary, they were devoted to their wives and babies; but whether it was the fact that custom forbade much expression of emotion, or that the arrival of another son in a Patterson family was of such frequent occurrence, it did certainly seem that what was happening to the new-comer on earth was of less moment than his destiny in the great Beyond.

No apology seems necessary for introducing so largely into this book the narratives word for word as they flowed from the quill pens of the old people who wrote them. If the writers sometimes rambled or told things twice, we still assume that their homely diction gives a dignity to the story which the language of a mere historian could never do. And it must be remembered that the audience on the other side of the foot-lights is not the general reading public (literary critics with sharpened pencils on the front row), but an audience of loving grandchildren unto the fourth and fifth generation, to whom every personal touch is precious,—the ego of the buried yet living dead.

* * * * * * *

The published sources of information in regard to the Patterson and Johnston families were found in the following books: Pioneer Biography, McBride; Life Among the Indians, J. B. Finley; American Archives; History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky, Davidson; The Filson Society Publications; The Choir Invisible, James Lane Allen; Bradford's Notes on Kentucky; The Virginia Calendar; History of Fayette County, Kentucky; American Ancestry; Archæologia Americana; Historical Sketch of the Shawanee Indians, Eggleston; Life and Times of Lewis Cass; Reminiscences of Bishop Philander Chase; Magazine of American History; Collins' History of Kentucky; Ranck's History of Lexington, Kentucky; American Pioneers, Vol. II; Cincin-

nati, by Charles Cist ; Cist's Miscellany ; Land Owners of Great Britain; Surtee's Society Publications; Douglass' Peerage of Scotland; New Statistical Account of Scotland; Genealogical Account of the Family of Johnstons; Historical Families of Dumfriesshire and the Border Wars; Pennsylvania Magazine; Cincinnati's Beginning; Romance of Western History; Cyclopedia of American Biography; Magazine of Western History; Munsell's Genealogical Record; Roosevelt's Winning of the West; Lyman C. Draper's Collection, Wisconsin Historical Society Library; Virginia State Papers; Lexington, Ky., Court Records.

Thanks are due to Col. R. T. Durrett of Louisville, Ky., for the generous use of his library; to A. A. Thomas, Esq., of Dayton; to Miss Electra C. Doren, of the Dayton Public Library; to Mr. W. H. Polk, of Lexington, Ky.; to Mr. G. M. Whicher, of New York, and to Mr. Frederic K. Conover, of Madison, Wis., for valuable advice and assistance in the preparation of the book.

Dayton, Ohio, January, 1902. C. R. C.

MRS. JULIA JOHNSTON PATTERSON AND HER ANCESTORS

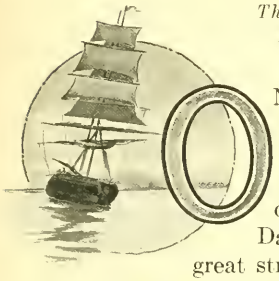
HER LIFE, ITS INTERESTS AND USEFULNESS; HER CHARACTER AND VARIED EXPERIENCES; THE SCOTCH-IRISH JOHNSTONS; A STANCH PEOPLE; MIGRATION FROM SCOTLAND TO HOLLAND AND FROM HOLLAND TO IRELAND; IMMIGRATION TO AMERICA; JOHN JOHNSTON'S YOUTH.

CHAPTER I

MRS. JULIA JOHNSTON PATTERSON AND HER ANCESTORS

"Within the bounds of Annandale
The gentle Johnstons ride;
They have been here a thousand years,
And a thousand more they'll abide."

OLD SONG.



ON May twenty-ninth, 1897, there passed away a woman the record of whose life will bear exceeding interest, not only for her immediate descendants, but for many people in Dayton and elsewhere. A character of great strength, she stands for a type rapidly disappearing in the more complex elements of modern society; one which it is well to recall and dwell upon.

The eighty-six years of Julia Johnston Patterson's life stretched over the pioneer period of Ohio's history to the later social life of Dayton. She saw the procession of humanity pass from the log cabin in the stockade fort to the stately and beautiful homes of to-day; from the forest wilderness to paved city streets; from the primitive hardships of farm life half a century ago, to the present existence of luxurious comfort. She saw Indian wars and the great Rebellion; the industrial development of this country revealed itself, year by year, before her eyes, and she who had been born in a stockade fort and studied at a "dame

school" in a log cabin, lived to see her grandsons in a university. Her first journeys were on horseback through the trackless Ohio woods; her latest, in a Pullman vestibuled train through the State of New York. The carpets she played on when a child were woven in a hand loom at home; the lights were dipped candles, and the fabrics were spun on a wheel, woven in a loom, and finished with thimble and thread. From these primitive ways and manners she lived to enjoy the highest products of scientific machinery and skilled labor. She saw the introduction of modern farming implements, sewing machines, steam engines, gas, electricity, street and steam cars, the bicycle, the telegraph, the ocean cable, the long-distance telephone, and the phonograph.

MRS. J. J. PATTERSON

Mrs. Patterson was an interesting talker and loved to dilate upon these contrasts in her life and to repeat anecdotes and reminiscences. Her physiognomy was a striking one, carrying with it the impression of strong character. She wore a cap according to the lovely old fashion when age was not ashamed to confess itself, and the eyes under it were commanding eyes which spoke with authority. Her white hair, soft as silk and bright as satin gloss, framed a face which was more beautiful with the lines of old age than many a younger one. She had the manner of a *grande dame* and stood as the head of the family to her last days; another good old fashion now gone out.

Those who knew Mrs. Patterson well loved to recall her personality, her vivacity, her interest in all that pertained to life, especially to her own family history and connections. Whether she is remembered through the stretch of years at the farm, where her open doors and bountiful table made good cheer for her friends and her children's friends; or during the later years in her city home, where she accepted her increasing age as did the patriarchs of old, with dignity and serenity, Mrs. Patterson will be a beautiful memory; for she was a fine gentlewoman, a devoted and generous mother, a firm friend and a true Christian.

During the closing moments of her last illness, when already separated in soul from the present time and surroundings, Mrs. Patterson's mind went back to the days of her childhood in Piqua. She lost count of the years lying between, and was a little girl again in the blockhouse with her mother. Raising herself upon one arm, she exclaimed, "The Indians! The Indians! they are coming to the Fort."

* * * * * * *

Since the chronicle of her life is for the benefit of her grandchildren, and will be, in the end, not only a biography but a family history, it is necessary to begin with the earlier generations of the family to which Mrs. Patterson belonged and to trace the lineal descent of this remarkable woman.

The parish of Johnston in Annandale lies in the County of Dumfriesshire on the extreme southern border of Scotland. It is six miles long and three broad. The River Annan makes its eastern boundary and all around it is begirt with woodland ridges of the Cheviot Hills and washed by the waters of Solway Firth.

This spot of land, embedded between English and Scotch territory and soaked with the history of both, was the home

of the Johnstons as far back as tradition goes. They were, as the Peerage of Scotland tells us, one of the chief Scottish clans and "a race of brave and warlike men of great authority and power on the border." They were distinguished for their constant warfare with the English Douglasses and a rival Scotch family, the Maxwells of Nithesdale. The Scotch Johnstons, the "bare-legged Johnstons," have been called in ballad verse "sons of the mist and morass"; their vigor and bravery are the subjects of many a legend of more or less authentic value.

The first Johnston was Sir John de Johnston, Chevalier of Annandale, 1296. In 1590, another Sir John had the honor of knighthood conferred upon him at the Queen's coronation. He was murdered by John, eighth Lord Maxwell, and "fell much regretted, being a gentleman full of wisdom and very well inclined." These fatal compliments were exchanged from time to time between the Maxwells and the Johnstons. Few of either family lived to old age: for the most part they died with their boots on, in the honored fashion of the border. During the reign of Elizabeth, Sir James Johnston was knighted and made "warden of the west marshes," an office held more than once by the family in the successive reigns of the sixteenth century.

An account of the parish of Johnston written in 1834* says that at that time there were only two families in the parish—that of Johnston numbering one hundred and nine souls, and of Halliday numbering forty-six. It further says: "In this very populous rural parish, we have neither public house, nor meeting house, nor resident surgeon, nor post office, nor prison, nor lawyer, nor beggar,—specialties we humbly conceive not to be found united in any parish of smaller dimensions in Great Britain and which are daily prized by us as distinguished blessings." This goes to prove that the

* Statistical Account of Scotland.

No 9313

The number of this Certificate will be sufficient for reference in future communications

The Colors of Livery for the above Arms are White & Black with Plate buttons

The Inns of Court Heraldic Offices.

44 High Holborn. W.C.

London June 6th 1889

Johnston of Mospage and Glenaule, Co. Armagh.

The Blazon Argent a saltire sable on a chief three roses.

Three cushions or.

Crest An arm in armour embowed

Motto Nunquam non paratus

Extracted from the General Armory.

By Thomas Moring.

Seals Dies, Diploma, Seare & Book Plates & Monumental Brasses Herald Painting & Illuminating.
Hatchments, Button Dies, Buttons, Harness Mounts, &

CERTIFICATE OF HERALDRY, SHOWING JOHNSTON ARMS

Johnstons of that century, in the old country at least, inherited as firm a grip on their own ways of doing things as their ancestors had upon their sword hilts, and we shall find that they have not lost that characteristic in later days and domiciles.

During the earlier generations of Johnstons their crest was a winged spur with a motto which expressed the same idea in different words according to the branch of the family which carried it. In some records we find "Semper Paratus" (Ready? Aye, ready). In others, it reads "Nunquam non Paratus" (Never Unready). The latter motto is borne by the present sons of Annandale, the Hope-Johnstons. The legend respecting the crest borne by this family is that the chief Johnston, while at the Scotch court, hearing of an English king's treachery in endeavoring to get rid of Bruce in favor of Baliol, who was at that time in the English court, sent him a spur with a feather tied to it to indicate "flight with speed." Bruce acted on the hint, and afterwards, when King of Scotland, conferred upon Johnston this crest.

ORIGINAL ARMS OF THE SCOTTISH JOHNSTONS

But the "gentle Johnstons" did not all bide in Annandale. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, two brothers, James and Stephen Johnston, left the hills and morasses of Dumfriesshire and followed King William to Holland. In the year 1690 they again changed their abiding-place, to take certain lands and titles in Ireland which were granted to them by William III in consideration of their gallant services at the battle of the Boyne. In John Johnston's papers after his death was found this item:

"James Johnston, named in the following commission, was my great great grandfather, came from Scotland into Ireland in the Royal Army, and was the founder and head of our family in Ireland."

[Copy]

"By the Lords Justices General of His Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland, Grafton Gallway to our Trusty and well beloved James Johnston, Gentlemen, We reposing special trust and confidence as well in the care, diligence and circumspection, as in loyalty, courage and readiness to do his Majesty good and faithful service, have nominated and appointed said James Johnston to be Quartermaster to Col. Morwyn Archdales Troop of Dragoons, &c., &c.

Given at His Majesty's Castle of Dublin, second day of Nov., 1715, &c., &c."

(Signed)

CHAS. ELAFAGE.

Upon an island in a strait some miles in length connecting the Upper with the Lower Lough (Lake) Erne in Fermanagh County is the town of Enniskillen. It is not a very old town as age goes in the old country, having been founded in the reign of King James the First. In this parish, and four miles from the town, lived the two

ENNISKILLEN, IRELAND

brothers Johnston, when after their continental military adventures they found themselves landed gentlemen.

To James Johnston were given the Manor and lands of Droumsluice, his crest being an outstretched arm encased in armor and displaying the hand. To Stephen Johnston, his brother, were given the lands of Goblusch. The elder of these brothers, James Johnston, was the direct ancestor of the Patterson family on the side of Julia Johnston Patterson.

The annals of the parish of Enniskillen are full of Johnstons, for the brothers had large families; but the records are scant in detail. We find in James's line, three great-grandsons, Stephen, John and Francis Johnston, Stephen living at the old manor of Droumsluice, four miles from Ennis-

PORTE HOTEL DE VILLE DE LA FERTÉ BERNARD

killen in the County of Fermanagh, Northwest Ireland. This Stephen was the father of Col. John Johnston and the grandfather of Mrs. Julia Johnston Patterson.

Either Stephen must have changed his residence later

than this record, or John Johnston was mistaken in his reminiscences, for the latter says (in Appleton's Cyclopedia Am. Biog., foot-note) that he (John) was born in Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland. At any rate the localities are so near as to be almost identical.

ARMS OF THE BERNARD FAMILY

Stephen Johnston's wife was Elizabeth Bernard, a girl of French descent, of a rich and influential family, and of liberal education for those days. Her grandparents, having emigrated from France to Ireland, settled in a home not far from Ballintra and left her at their death a fortune of ten thousand pounds sterling. This marriage, an exceptionally happy one, was blessed with six children, five boys and a girl, named respectively, James, Francis, Stephen, William, *John*, and Mary. John, the fifth child and the subject of this sketch, was born in March, 1775.

On June fourteenth, 1791, Stephen Johnston brought his family to the United States, the son John having preceded the family some time before. They left their estates of Droumsluice and landed at Philadelphia on August twenty-ninth, after a voyage of forty-four days. Stephen settled in Pennsylvania near Tuscarora Creek, Mifflin County, where he afterward died, and was buried in the latter part of the last century.

The widow, Elizabeth Bernard Johnston, with those children yet unmarried, moved from Pennsylvania to Piqua, Ohio, where she died at the ripe old age of ninety-three, much beloved and respected. Her children married as follows: Stephen, to Mary Caldwell of Ohio; William, to Mary Shaw of Kentucky; Francis, to Elizabeth Elliott of Pennsylvania; James, to Mary Adams of Pennsylvania; John, father of Mrs. Patterson, to Rachel Robinson of Philadel-

phia. From now on, it is with the life and family of Col. John Johnston, the fifth son of this Irish-French alliance, that we have the greatest concern.

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON

His life and times; becomes clerk in War Department; Pittsburg and Pennsylvania one hundred and thirty years ago; journey West; military executions; experiences with the Indians; Little Turtle; Indian customs; Treaty of Greenville; influx of settlers; John Johnston's marriage with Rachel Robinson, and settlement at Fort Wayne; his relations with the Indians.

CHAPTER II

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON

"A good man's character is the world's common legacy."

JOHN JOHNSTON was born, as he has written, in Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, in March, 1775, leaving there when eleven years of age to come to America. From a brief summary of his career as a citizen of the United States, we find him to have been, from first to last, these several things: A clerk in the War Department; Indian Agent for thirty-one years; Canal Commissioner for Ohio for eleven years; Paymaster and Quartermaster throughout the War of 1812; President of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio; author of the article on "Indian Tribes in Ohio";* founder of the first Sunday-school in Miami County; first Lay Reader in the Southern Ohio Diocese of the Episcopal Church; one of the founders of Kenyon College; Trustee of Miami College in Oxford, and member of the Visiting Board at West Point. He was also an accepted

*5th Vol. of American Antiquarian Soc. Col.

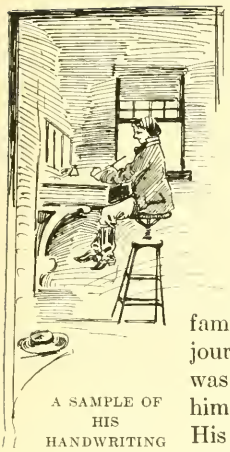
authority on all Indian affairs; he was familiar with their language, religion, and war habits, and his articles contributed to the Archæologia Americana and to Cist's Miscellany in 1845 contain much valuable material relative to this decaying race.

His character may be conceived from words which he penned more than fifty years ago and which are, in this form, a lesson applicable to the more distant generation of his descendants. Speaking of the members of the Johnston family who had fought in the Revolutionary War under General Washington, he says:

"I humbly trust, as their blood flows in my veins, that the spirit which guided them has still an abiding-place in my affections; for my rule throughout a long life of more than four score years, in peace and war, has invariably been to go for our country, no matter who might govern it, and this lesson has been instilled into the minds of my children, and so it was with their excellent mother who trained them up for God and their country."

SHEARMAN'S VALLEY, PA. WHERE JOHN JOHNSTON SPENT HIS BOYHOOD

Again, his two gallant sons, who perished in the Mexican War, he fortified at their departure with these words: "You are to know nothing of party or party men. Be faithful to your flag, and always

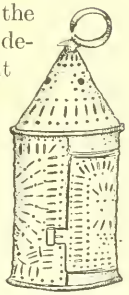


A SAMPLE OF HIS HANDWRITING

remember that the first and last duty of a soldier is to keep a shut mouth and obey orders."

The leading facts of John Johnston's life, briefly told, are these:* He left Ireland when he was eleven years of age in the company and nominal care of a kind priest, a trusted friend of the family and private tutor to the children. There seems to have been some objection on the part of the family to the young son's taking so long a journey, but his mother, knowing that he was determined to go and having placed him in so good hands, made no objection. His father, mother, four brothers and one sister remained for a time in Ireland.

John Johnston obtained a position in the War Department at Philadelphia, under Henry Dearborn, the first Secretary of War, through the assistance of his clerical patron, and it was also said that his own beautiful handwriting was a means to this end. The story is told that the priest took the young boy John to the War Office in the hope of securing him a copyist's desk, and introduced him to a Mr. Bird, then in charge of the office. Mr. Bird directed the boy to go to a desk near by and leave a sample of his handwriting. Johnston did as he was bidden and was told to call the next day to learn the result. He did so and was delighted to find that he was himself to occupy that desk in the future.



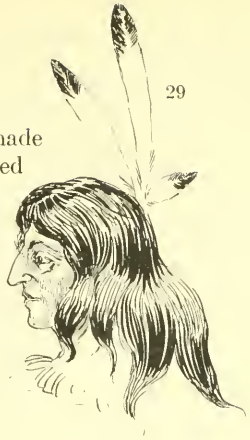
A proof that he made himself valuable to the Department lies in the fact that later in life, when he had been for many years out of the employ of the

*Compiled largely from the recollections of Colonel Johnston, and of his daughter, Mrs. J. J. Patterson.

Government, he was appointed United States Factor and Indian Agent, where he continued to serve his country in a clerkly capacity for many years.

Five years after John Johnston's establishment in America, the remainder of the family followed him, and settled in Tuscarora County, Pennsylvania. Here, in 1795, the father, Stephen Johnston, died, and the daughter married. In the meantime, young John Johnston was meeting all sorts of experiences to fit him for his later career. Several years of his life were spent at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where, in the mercantile establishment of Judge John Creigh, which was both a store and a recruiting office for the Indian wars, he learned much that was to be valuable to him in the future. Following the lamentable defeat of General St. Clair, another army, under the gallant General Wayne, was being recruited and sent out; Col. Thomas Butler, who had been wounded in the defeat of St. Clair, and other officers who had survived that bloody battle, were stationed at Carlisle; and it was most natural that their descriptions of the forests, rivers and plains of the far-distant Ohio Valley, and of their thrilling experiences with the savages, should have fired the imagination of young Johnston and made him long to have a hand in making the history of his country.

An opportunity soon occurred. Samuel Creigh was preparing to go West with a stock of goods for sale to the tribes, and Johnston begged to be allowed to accompany him. The



journey from Carlisle to Pittsburg was made entirely on foot, walking beside the loaded wagons. It is appropriate here to make use of a biographical sketch by this pioneer officer and gentleman of the early Ohio civilization. It was written for the Pioneer Association of Cincinnati and read by him, then a venerable man of eighty-two years, on October eleventh, 1857. Colonel Johnston's own account of this experience is so much better than any revised version, that we shall give it verbatim for the edification of his great-grandsons, none of whom will ever have to walk fifteen miles a day, through winter snow, as a prelude to his settlement in life:

"I was then in my seventeenth year, and the journey, performed in the depth of winter, fifteen miles a day for loaded wagons, was considered a good day's work. The average for the whole trip per day would fall short of that, such was the wretched condition of the roads in 1792. There was not, at that period, a single mile of good turnpike in the State of Pennsylvania. The mountain region was so thinly populated that the local labor was entirely inadequate to keep the roads in any kind of repair. The settlers west of the mountains transported their supplies of salt, iron and other necessaries on packhorses. I have often seen fifty horses thus loaded in one party at a time passing over those rugged steeps. No salt or iron was then made in the West. The present generation could scarcely conceive the difficulties under which the early settlers of those days labored while working in the fields. Some had to watch against the approach and surprise of the Indians. In after years I had prisoners among my Indians taken from near Redstone Old Fort (now Brownsville), and many from the adjacent parts of Virginia. Some were taken in infancy and too young to enable us ever after to trace up their paternity or find the place of their capture. Many such distressing cases fell under my observation during my long agency for Indian affairs in the Northwest.

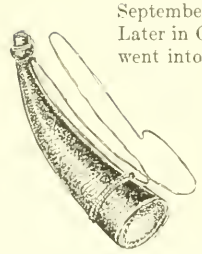
"It may not now be out of place in a narrative of this kind to state that the Hon. Lewis Cass, now Secretary of State of the United

States, first crossed the mountains on foot at a somewhat later period than myself. The year I have forgotten. Although very young at the time, he carried in his knapsack all that he possessed. We were among the early adventurers of the Northwest, long and intimately associated together in the management of Indian affairs. While Governor of Michigan, he superintended the department in which I was the senior agent. More fortunate than myself, he has attained to high honors and great wealth, while the evening of my life finds me in possession of a bare competence.

"We finally reached Pittsburg, then a small, unimportant place, without, I think, a single brick building. The town consisted of a string of log houses along the banks of the Monongahela River. There were still some of the remains of the ancient French Fort Duquesne at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. The magazine, which was bombproof, was still perfect. Fort Fayette, erected under the authority of the United States and for protection only against the Indians and for the sure keeping of the public property, stood on the east bank of the Allegheny about half a mile above the forks of the river. It was a stockade fort of the usual kind, with a blockhouse at the angle. There was no settlement of the whites west of the Allegheny River. The Indian War was raging and men were often waylaid and murdered by the savages and their mutilated bodies brought to the town for interment.

"While the army remained here previous to its going into quarters at Legionville, about twenty miles below on the right bank of the Ohio, several desertions took place. It became necessary to make an example by a public execution. A Sergeant Trotter deserted in the night; was pursued and taken next morning; brought into camp; a drumhead court-martial was called; he was tried, sentenced and taken out and shot at two o'clock in full view of the whole army. The unfortunate man was not more than twenty-five years old, tall and well-proportioned—a fine-looking soldier. Such examples, although terrific in their character, became necessary to preserve the army from dissolution. Three others were shot for a similar crime after the army reached Hobson's Choice, at Cincinnati. Subsequently, two other soldiers were ordered for execution, but they were pardoned at the instance of the lady of General Wilkinson —the deserters having wives.

"The army remained at Legionville from the spring of 1793 until September of the same year, at which time it reached Hobson's Choice. Later in October, General Wayne, with his army, reached Greenville and went into winter quarters. In the same month, Lieutenant Lowry and

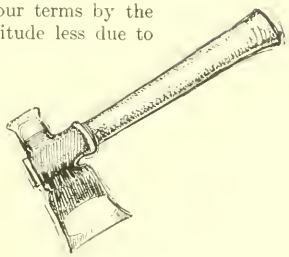


Ensign Boyd, with a command of nearly one hundred men, were attacked and defeated near Fort St. Clair. Both of these gallant young officers and many of their men perished in the conflict.

"On the thirtieth of June, 1794, Major McMahon, with his command, had a hard-fought battle with the Indians under the walls of Fort Recovery, the ground of St. Clair's disaster. The savages were repulsed with a loss on our part of Major McMahon, Captain Hartshorn and Lieutenant Craig killed, and fifty officers and soldiers wounded. I happened to be at Greenville at the time. The firing of the cannon was distinctly heard, Fort Recovery being only fifteen miles distant. The force of the enemy being unknown, it was deemed imprudent to detach a force for the relief of the garrison. Captain Gibson, who defended Fort Recovery, kept his post with great skill and courage. The enemy was disappointed and repulsed, but our loss was severe.

"In the summer of 1794, Colonel Elliott, one of the contractors of the army, was killed by the Indians while on his way from headquarters at Greenville to Fort Washington and near to where Pittman's tavern afterward stood on the Hamilton Road. The soldier who accompanied him escaped by the fleetness of his horse and made his way safe to Fort Washington. Captain Pierce, then in command, sent out a detachment next day to recover the remains and bring them in for interment. The servant-soldier of Elliott accompanied the party to identify the place of the murder. Arriving at the spot and in searching among the undergrowth bushes for the body, the Indians, being still in ambush, shot the unfortunate soldier. His body, with that of his master, which was most barbarously mutilated, was brought in and buried at the old graveyard at the corner of Fourth and Main streets, Cincinnati. The name and history of the soldier is unknown—and so it is always; the common soldier does the hard fighting and seldom receives any of the glory. Hundreds of their remains lie scattered throughout the Northwest, who have never had a grave to cover them. Many of the remains of those killed near Fort Wayne were thus exposed and gathered together for burial in my time.

"We of Ohio should ever highly esteem our privileges; for that noble country which it is our happy lot to enjoy was purchased by an immense sacrifice of blood and treasure. How grateful should be our feelings and attachments, like hooks of steel, to Washington and the Federal Government, who sustained and sent forth armies after so many defeats, until the enemy was conquered and brought to submit to our terms by the Treaty of Greenville of 1795. Nor is our debt of gratitude less due to



our neighbor, chivalrous Kentucky, who after conquering and expelling from her own soil, without aid or assistance from the Federal Government, the hordes of savages, North and South, came voluntarily to our assistance and never ceased coming at our call until we rested in peace and security. The soil of Ohio has been drenched with some of the best blood of Kentucky. The Indian wars, as well as the second war for independence in 1812, testified how

> "'Her heroes then arose, who, scorning coward self, for others lived,
> Toiled for their ease and for their safety bled.'

"It is the high reward of those who have risked their lives in defense of their country that their names are sweet in the mouths of men, and every age shall know their actions. Ohio should evermore remember Kentucky as her best friend in time of need.

"At the Treaty of Greenville, in 1795, and at every subsequent convention and treaty with the Commissioners of the United States, the distinguished Indian chief named Little Turtle contended manfully for the rights and interests of his people. The boundary line proposed by him to General Wayne was the Great Miami River of Ohio, and this turned out to be in accordance with the instructions of President Washington and his Cabinet, but General Wayne would never consent to this, as it would cut off all his fortified posts, except Fort Hamilton, which was on the west bank of the Miami. The line was finally established to run due north from the mouth of the Kentucky River. This saved the posts of Fort St. Clair, Jefferson, Greenville, Laramie and Piqua, and satisfied the military character and honor of Mad Anthony Wayne. That treaty put an end to the Indian War and opened out the fertile soil of the Northwest territory to thousands of American citizens who flocked from all parts of the Union to possess it long before the surveys were made and the Land Office at Cincinnati opened. Squatters innumerable had settled on choice spots throughout the country. This gave rise to the preëmption system—to secure to the settler the value of his labor. All the acts of the Federal Government referring to the disposal of the national domain, show a sacred regard to the providing of farms and homes for men of limited means. The original plan was to sell by whole sections of six hundred and forty acres only, but General Harrison, when in Congress, who was evermore the poor man's friend, had the Land Law altered so that a quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres could be purchased; and now that every human being can possess his ground in fee simple, the quantity on sale is reduced

to eighty and forty-acre tracts. What more could be done for the poor white man than to enable him to possess a comfortable home for the paltry sum of fifty dollars? And even for a less sum a forty-acre tract of canal land can be had in Northern Ohio. We can hardly sympathize with those who are clamoring for bread in the large cities, with the foregoing facts, which are everywhere accessible to all.

"Of the first settlers known to me and remembered of Cincinnati and the Miami valley are the following: Griffin Yeatman was in 1793 the agent of the Commissary Department, or rather, assistant, Edward Day being the principal—the yellow house on the river bank being the principal storehouse and office; Captain Pierce, of the infantry, commanded Fort Washington in the fall of 1794, when I left the country. Of the merchants, settlers and traders, the following are remembered: Samuel Creigh, with whom I came to the West in 1792; Oliver Ormsby; Mr. Bustard; McConnell; Tait; Bullock; Wilson; James Ferguson, who continued a resident of Cincinnati until his decease a few years ago; and T. Gibson, who was, I think, in after years first Auditor of the State of Ohio. The firm of Jesse and Abijah Hunt were the most extensive merchants in the country. There were others more transient, who came with goods and provisions, who sold out by wholesale and went away; but the foregoing names embrace the principal traders who followed the army. There were some mechanics. Patrick Dicky, a tailor, is remembered. Col. John Riddle carried on the blacksmith business. His shop was on the levee, not far from the old Miami Exporting Company Bank. Levi Munsell, who had retired from the army, kept the best house of entertainment. I boarded with him in 1794. About this time the town began to show the direction of several streets. There was occasional preaching in a rough frame on the site of the Presbyterian Church, corner Fourth and Main streets. I remember the name of Arthur, a Scotchman, who preached there. The chaplain of the army was Jones, a Baptist, a near neighbor of General Wayne, from Chester County, Pa. His station was headquarters, Greenville.

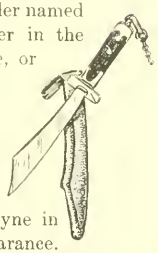
"I am under the impression that it was Gen. William Henry Harrison, then a lieutenant in the army, who commanded the party ordered to inter the bones of those who fell in St. Clair's defeat, as stated by Doctor Ferris. The settlers at Columbia had sufficient to do at that time to defend themselves from the attacks of the Indians and could illy spare a part of the male population to go so far off as the battleground. Besides this, there was, of the regular troops, sufficient to spare at Fort Washington to be

detailed for the purpose of burying the remains, and I think it was they who performed that duty under the gallant Harrison.

"Of the first settlers on the road north from Cincinnati were the Whites at White's Station; the Ludlows at Ludlow's Station; McIntires at the Tan-yard (now called Mechanicsburg, eighteen miles on the Dayton Road); Beattys at the crossing of the Lebanon and Hamilton Roads; Doctor Holds at Hold's Creek; and Newcom at Dayton. The first settlers on the Piqua Road, north, were Morrisons at Honey Creek; the Garrards, Blues and Felix at Staunton; Hilliards at Lower Piqua; and James Flynn and Shadrack Hudson at Upper Piqua (afterward the residence of my family). Hudson had been in the army and planted the first corn on the place. He told me his manner of doing this. He broke up the prairie ground with two yoke of oxen. The sod, being fresh turned over, could not be scored out in the usual manner, so he drove his wagon over the ground, marking the rows by the wheels; then crossing the same at right angles and planting his seed at the points crossed. He was late in planting, but had a fair crop. Matthew Caldwell, another of the first settlers, sowed his wheat on Christmas Day and had a good crop. The climate then was milder than at present. The fall and Indian summer extended far into December. I have encamped in the woods often in that month without fires, except for the purpose of cooking. The great flood in the Ohio, of 1793, overspread the entire lower plat of the city to the depth of at least four feet. The Indians often affirmed to me of a much higher rise in that river within their recollection. Among the incidents of the flood of 1793 was that of Peter Wals, the barber, going in a scow to dress the heads of some of the officers of the army—the officers and men wearing their hair long and using hair powder, the former requiring the services of a barber daily. The soldiers who mounted guard for the day were only required to be powdered. It was a very troublesome and inconvenient custom. After the death of General Wayne and on Wilkinson's attaining to the command of the army, a general order was issued requiring all officers and non-commissioned officers to have the hair cut short. As may readily be imagined, the order was unpopular with many. It was, however, generally complied with. Col. Thomas Butler resisted and was brought to court-martial for disobedience. How the matter ended in his case, I have forgotten. He soon after left the army and settled in the Mississippi territory. This officer was wounded in St. Clair's defeat. He was a brother to Gen. Richard Butler, who fell

in that battle. The family had signalized itself in the wars of the country, three or four brothers having borne commissions in the Western army. The youngest Captain Butler was the last commander of Fort Laramie, fourteen miles north of my Indian agency at Upper Piqua.

"I left Fort Washington in the fall of 1794, and ascended the Ohio to Wheeling in a small pirogue purchased by a party of nine, who clubbed for the cost and the common stock of provisions for the trip. We organized for defense against the Indians, who often waylaid the river, attacking and capturing the boats. We chose John Ward, afterward Clerk of the Court at Steubenville, for our captain. The river was low and the passage tedious. One man of the party was always out on shore to guard against surprises from the Indians, and this duty was performed alternately by all the party, the captain excepted. We never made any fire at night. We cooked our supper in the afternoon, then pushed our craft on until night set in. We then sought some quiet nook, when we landed and lay down to sleep, one of the party keeping awake and acting as sentinel. We often lodged on islands, and sometimes on the north and other times on the south shore. Thus we baffled the savages, if any were in pursuit. We reached Wheeling in safety after a passage of more than twenty days. A large party which started with us and from which we purposely separated, lost two men killed and a woman wounded by the Indians. In passing up, we saw several remains of boats that had been captured and destroyed by the Indians; the unfortunate occupants being either killed or taken into captivity by the savages. My relative, Charles Johnston, of Botetourt, Va., was thus taken in 1792 on the Ohio, his boat being decoyed ashore by a base white man under pretense of being a prisoner escaped from the Indians. Mr. May, the principal owner of the boat and cargo, was shot through the head, dead, while holding up an emblem of surrender. Johnston, after being taken to the Wyandotte village on the Sandusky River, was ransomed by a humane trader named Francis Duchaquet, who was, for many years, my interpreter in the Shawanoese Nation. His Indian name was So-wagh-quo-the, or 'The Fork.'"



Again Colonel Johnston writes:

"In the summer of 1794, I witnessed the arrival of the Kentucky volunteers at Cincinnati, under the command of General Scott, said to be twelve hundred strong, on their way to headquarters at Greenville to co-operate with General Wayne in the campaign against the Indians. They made a martial appearance.

Their dress was a hunting-shirt and leggings, with the equipments—rifle, tomahawk, knife, pouch and powder-horn. It was understood that there was not a drafted man in the whole command. All were volunteers. In those times, the men of Kentucky thirsted for an opportunity of being revenged on the savages, for it would be difficult to find in the whole of that State a family who had not suffered the loss of some of its members by the inroads of the Southern and Northern Indians.

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON

"I spent the winter of 1795 at Bourbon Court House, having an uncle at that time a resident of that county; William Garrard, son of Governor Garrard, an early friend and acquaintance, who had received his education at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., resided a few miles from the court house. This made my sojourn there agreeable. I there made the acquaintance of the celebrated Daniel Boone, who was brought to the place by a Mr. Owings, as well as I can recollect, for the purpose of tracing up some land lines and titles. I slept four or five nights in the same room with Boone. He was a modest, retiring person, of medium size; of few words, scarcely speaking unless spoken to. His age at that time might have been fifty years. Although in midwinter, he was poorly attired, his garments all, or nearly all, being linen. In the earlier period of his life he was a prisoner among my Shawanoese Indians and, as such, often trod the ground of Upper Piqua, for so many years my home and seat of my agency for Indian affairs in the Northwest."

MRS. RACHEL ROBINSON JOHNSTON AS A BRIDE

At the age of twenty-seven, John Johnston fell in love with Miss Rachel Robinson, of Philadelphia, a young Quakeress,

sixteen years old, in whose father's family he at one time boarded. Her parents refused their consent to the marriage on account of their daughter's youth, so the young people took matters into their own hands and eloped to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where they were married on the fifteenth of July, 1802, by the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg.

All the Quaker records in Philadelphia have been searched in vain to find any account of the Robinson family. Mrs. Patterson said that her grandmother was Rosanna Robinson and that she was buried in the Arch Street burying ground at Philadelphia. But the records show no such name. As Rachel married "out of meeting" and against parental authority, it is not to be wondered at that we cannot find her name on any of the books of the Friends' Society. She was dead to her Order when she left Philadelphia to join John Johnston at Lancaster. From Dr. Muhlenberg's house the young bride and groom, mounting their horses, started on their wedding trip over the Pennsylvania mountains. This journey, now accomplished in fifteen hours in a vestibuled train, must have been a wearisome undertaking to the gently-reared Philadelphia girl; a thousand miles on horseback, through the trackless forests, living on game and what they could carry in the saddle bags, sleeping under the stars, unprotected from the cold and storms,—what a wedding journey! And what courage and faith and love that could take a girl, who ought to have been safe in her mother's home or in the dormitory of a boarding-school, through such an experience! Just a century later, her great-grand-daughter writes of it:

"But love laughs at fears and accomplishes wonders; and so she came full of faith in her husband and in his ability to care for her. Nor was she disappointed. In the midst of dangers they were ever protected."*

The young wife, who so bravely undertook to share the

* Margaret C. Johnston in the "Early History of Piqua."

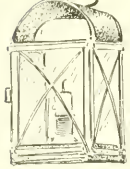
vicissitudes of the pioneer life at that distant outpost of civilization at Fort Wayne, never regretted her choice. Forty years later, her husband referred to her as "My dearest wife, the choice of my youth, endowed with so many excellent qualities and endeared to me as the mother of my children."

The best of a love story, if it is of the right kind, is the end of it.

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be;
The last of life, for which the first is made."

What a pioneer was in those days is best learned from the words of a pioneer himself. The Hon. I. D. G. Nelson delivered an address before the Pioneer Association of Indiana on August fourteenth, 1886, a part of which reads as follows:

"Preparers of the way, indeed, were we. The roads we built, the log bridges we threw across the streams we did not destroy, but left for those who were to come after us. The pioneer was unselfish. He cared not whether friend or foe was behind him; if he could make his way any more easy, he was glad of it. He felt that he was in partnership with the world—'a fellow-feeling made him wondrous kind.' He was the advance guard of an army—countless in numbers, irresistible in its power—an army that knew no such word as fail, and listened to no order for retreat.



"The pioneer was the child of progress. He looked up, and not down; forward, and not back. Behind him was the past, before him the future. He felt that the wise men came from the East, and took courage. The needle of his compass always pointed westward, and he followed it.

"Our pioneer dreamed dreams and saw visions. He dreamed of the old home, of gray-haired father and mother, watching from the low doorway the departing children, or perchance sleeping in the village churchyard; perhaps of smaller green mounds covering his John or Kate—or of the country church, where theologic dust knocked from the pulpit cushion in the good old orthodox way had so often closed his eyes and ears on drowsy Sunday afternoons—or of the spelling-bee or singing-school, where he first met the country lass,

'Who, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Had tied the young man's heart within,'

and kept it tied forever after. His dreams were of yesterday. His visions were of to-morrow. He foresaw hard work and hard times, backache and heartache, blue days and weary nights, but he saw, too, in the dim future the town, the village, the city, the county, the state, an empire of itself; he saw thousands of homes and hundreds of thousands of owners, happy, prosperous people; he saw schools and churches, factories and fertile fields, institutions of science and learning; he saw capital and labor, brain and body, mind and muscle, all employed in the advancement of civilization and the permanent improvement of mankind. And of all this he was to be a part and parcel. What visions were these! Do you wonder that the pioneer was a pioneer brave, cheerful and faithful?"

FORT WAYNE IN 1798

The first important appointment of John Johnston by the Government, was that of United States Factor, and he was stationed at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Here, four children, Stephen, Rebecca, Elizabeth and Rosanna, were born to him. His duties as Factor consisted of looking after the Agency and distributing Government supplies of food, clothing and weapons to the Indians. The Surgeon of the fort, a certain Dr. Elliott, was a dissipated man, and often was entirely unfitted, by his bad habits, to attend to business. John Johnston had learned some simple surgery, and gradually took upon himself a good deal of Elliott's work. This acceptance of new responsibility resulted in his being appointed Assistant Surgeon at Fort Wayne. The incident serves to show not only an aptitude for varied service, but a willingness to undertake it, which

seems to be always one of the necessary elements of success in life.

Colonel Johnston relates some interesting experiences with the Indians while stationed at Fort Wayne.

"Among the Indians of my agency, who were distinguished for their oratorical powers, were Buckingchilas, of the Delawares; Meshequanaghqua, or the Little Turtle, of the Miamis; Cufewukasa, or Black Hoof, of the Shawanoese; and Togwane, or John, of the Senecas. Of all these, The Turtle was by far the most eloquent and the ablest Indian diplomatist and statesman.

"I was often the guest of Little Turtle at his home on Eel River, a branch of the Wabash, about twenty miles from Fort Wayne. He lived in good style for an Indian; had two wives—one an old woman, the choice of his youth; the other, a young girl of eighteen years. Both appeared to live in great peace and harmony. On my first visit to this chief, accompanied by some officers of the army and ladies of the garrison, we were greeted with a very splendid British flag flying at the public square and in front of the council house. In my remarks to the Indians, I told them that we could not permit that flag to be displayed on American ground; that it belonged to the English and not to us; that in all nations a flag was the emblem of sovereignty; that they, the Indians, were the subjects of the United States, residing far within our territorial limits, and that hereafter no English flag should be displayed on our soil. In reply, the chief stated that they had no flag but the one they exhibited; that if I would furnish them with an American flag, they would use it and no other. I accordingly wrote to the War Department and received flags sufficient for all the tribes of my agency.

"The Turtle received a compensation from the English government of one hundred guineas a year, and this was continued to him long after the United States assumed the jurisdiction. High living destroyed the health of this chief, who died at Fort Wayne, not quite sixty years old, of a confirmed case of the gout. He was buried by order of the commanding officer, with military honors.

"During the presidency of Washington, the Miami Indians sent a deputation to Philadelphia, at that time the seat of government, The Turtle being of the party and chief orator. They were graciously received by the President and by General Knox, the Secretary of War, and on their return home made a very favorable report to their nation. The celebrated patriot, Kosciusko, happened to be in Philadelphia at the time

of their visit. He sent for the Indians to visit him at his lodgings, he being sick and unable to go abroad. He addressed the chief to contend manfully for their rights and never submit to a foreign yoke. At parting, he presented The Turtle with his favorite pistols, saying, 'These I have used in defense of the rights and liberties of my native land, and I charge you to keep and use them for the same purpose. If any man comes to deprive you of your rights and your country, shoot him dead with these pistols.' I have often handled these precious relics when in possession of the Indian chief. They were of the finest workmanship—silver-mounted with gold touch-holes. After The Turtle's death, the Miamis possessed no one of equal abilities to occupy his place. The tribe degenerated into dissipation and lost its rank and influence in the confederacy of the Northwest tribes. The rapid increase in our population compelled them to abandon their favorite home on the Wabash and seek a new home southwest of the Missouri, and from the accounts I have of their bad habits and management, they doubtless soon will become extinct; and this fate, I fear, awaits most of the tribes who migrated from Ohio, Indiana and Michigan."

Of all the trading houses owned by the United States at the commencement of the War of 1812, the one at Fort Wayne, of which Col. John Johnston had direction, yielded the most profit—about ten thousand dollars in all. Colonel Johnston aimed at being just to the Indians and loyal to his Government—a combination of purpose not without its difficulties. He had trouble in procuring the proper kinds of supplies to issue to his pensioners, and again great difficulty in getting to the markets the furs which they brought in. He complained to the War Department that the military were always unfriendly to the trading posts and hindered them in all possible ways. The soldiers did not consider it a part of their business to furnish transportation and erect buildings. Once Colonel Johnston lost in Lake Erie twenty-three hundred dollars worth of furs through the carelessness of a drunken non-commissioned officer who had charge of the boats. His opinion was constantly expressed that the Government should leave the trade open to individual

enterprise and encourage American citizens to embark in it. In a letter to the Secretary of War, he says: "Every British trader among the Indians is a political partisan sowing seeds of distrust and dislike against the American Government." It was through this description of people that plans for the Indian Wars were made and matured. In another letter he advises that resident agents be placed in each tribe to watch their designs; that large tribes should be broken up into smaller agencies, preventing coalition and sedition; that agents should not press the Indians to sell their land and move West. He says: "As game becomes scarce, they will go of their own accord. All coercion is irritating. . . . Each Indian Agency should be furnished with several large National flags."*

It is undoubted that had these suggestions of Colonel Johnston been carried out, much expense and trouble of all kinds would have been saved to the Government.

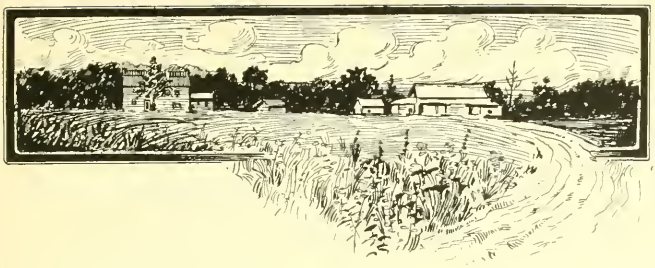
In all these experiences Rachel Robinson was her husband's right hand, aiding him in all he did and encouraging all his hopes. It has been written of this pioneer couple:

"Do not let us think they had passive natures because they lived at peace with the red men of the forest. It required dignity, justice and courage to manage the savage. Kind, brave and wise, Mrs. Johnston was a fit helpmate for her pioneer husband. In the garrison at Fort Wayne her gentle kindliness won for her the love of all, although her stern rectitude led her many times to be a living reproof to careless associates."†

* Am. Archives, Vol. VII † History of Early Piqua.

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON (Continued)

Removal of the family to Piqua; experiences as Indian Factor; early settlement of Piqua; personality of John Johnston; Little Turtle; second treaty of Greenville; General Harrison; the council of the Wyandottes; John Johnston's attitude on the Indian question; his trip to Philadelphia; the Sandusky treaty of 1842.



CHAPTER III

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON (Concluded)

"It is enough," he said. "Go, children; the anger of the Manitou is against us; the palefaces are masters of the earth, and the time of the red man has not yet come again."

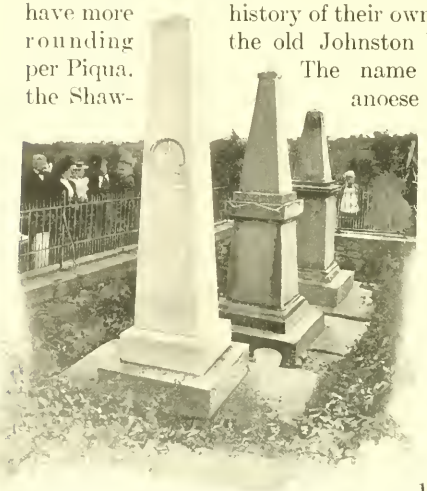
Last of the Mohicans.

JUST at the breaking out of the War of 1812, Col. John Johnston was appointed by President Madison to the office of Indian Agent for Ohio, and removed to Piqua. Under his control were the following seven powerful tribes, comprising in all over six thousand* Indians: Shawanoese, Potawatamies, Wyandottes, Senecas, Muncies, Miamis and Delawares. In this position he received a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, besides house rent and two servants.

At this time the town of Piqua consisted of an Indian village belonging to the tribes of Miamis and Shawanoese, the log fort of the United States Government and a half dozen log cabins of the white settlers. The whole of Miami County is rich in traditions of these two tribes, who believed that they had been created out of the soil of the Miami Valley. Colonel

* Some accounts say seven thousand; others estimate the number as high as ten thousand.

Johnston's fine residence, which is still standing in Upper Piqua, marks the site of the original Indian village. The position of the ancient Fort Piqua could be traced by the outline of the river bastions as late as 1847, but it is now obliterated. Few spots on the soil of the Buckeye State have more history of their own than the territory surrounding the old Johnston burying-ground in Upper Piqua. The name "Piqua" signifies in the Shawanoese tongue, "man formed out of the ashes," and the first warrior of the Shawanoese tribe was said to have sprung full formed out of the embers of a camp fire. Miami County is full of bloody history. Near the Johnston farm, where Swift Run crosses the St. Mary's Pike, was fought in 1763 a severe engagement* between the English and French forces. Corn Stalk, Chief of the Shawanoese, once pointed out the exact spot to Colonel Johnston and told him that the battle was fought throughout a whole June day, from sunrise to dark.



THE PIQUA BURYING GROUND
JOHNSTON TOMBS

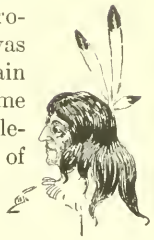
In 1786 another battle was fought at Fort Piqua. Composing the army commanded by Gen. George Rogers Clark, were about nine hundred men whom he had enrolled in Kentucky (among them Robert Patterson, of Kentucky), a tribe of Miamis and some French.† For many years after

* Described later in this chapter, by Col. John Johnston.
† This battle will be described in the chapter devoted to Colonel Patterson.

the Johnston farm had been cleared, bullets, arrow-heads and bayonets were unearthed. Mrs. Julia Johnston Patterson wrote: "This battle put an end to the continued depredations of the Miami Indians and, as a consequence, the fort became comparatively safe and settlers began to go in. Their log cabins were built close together to protect them from the Indians. The blockhouse and stockade were for additional safety, the former being built of heavy logs, with no windows and surrounded by strong pickets. The stockade had a huge gate which was locked with a padlock as large as a dinner plate. When there was alarm, the people lived in the blockhouse."

The treachery and hostility of the Indians are an old story in the record of early settlements in America. It took men of great diplomacy to bring about the friendly conditions that eventually made the State of Ohio a safe abiding-place for wives and children. Colonel Johnston's own words are: "I arose many mornings with but little hope of living until night, and was warned repeatedly by the friendly chiefs of my danger." He must have been eminently qualified for his position, as he was held in great esteem and trust by the savages; for, even while hostilities were actually going on, he received many proofs of the fidelity of some of the friendly chiefs. His brother, Stephen Johnston, however, fell a victim to the hate of the savages, being shot from ambush on the night of August twenty-eighth, 1812.

The Early History of Piqua says: "Too much cannot be said of Colonel Johnston's influence with the Indians in keeping them from going over to the British and in protecting the white settlers from their molestations." He was of great service in inducing the various tribes to maintain peaceable relations. Numerous councils were held from time to time, where the dusky leaders in moccasins met the pale-faced leaders from Washington and discussed measures of



policy. On the one side were Tecumseh, Little Turtle, Corn Stalk, Black Hawk, Bright Horn and Buckingchilas; and on the other side Gen. Lewis Cass, Charles Hammond, General Meigs, United States Senator Jeremiah Monroe, Robert Kelly, Thomas Worthington and John Johnston. While the leaders smoked and talked in solemn council, the white boys and the young Indians held wrestling matches, foot races and dances, and the smoke of the camp fires filled the woods with haze. At these councils no figure was more prominent than that of Little Turtle, the Miami chieftain. As he and Colonel Johnston had much to do with one another in the council chamber and around the camp fire, we quote a description of him from a contemporary authority:

INDIANS PLAYING BALL

"Little Turtle was one of the most celebrated Indian chiefs ever known to white men. His character is well remembered by the old residents among the Indians, and from the accounts which have been given of him, we find but few names on record in the history of Indian chiefs that can be compared with his. His character will contrast advantageously with those of King Philip, Pontiac and Tecumseh."

The influence which Little Turtle possessed over the Indians appears to have been unbounded. Under these circumstances it is to be regretted that all the facts connected with his life and character have not been preserved. He is the same chief whom Volney describes as having met in Philadelphia in the year 1798. From the abstract left by this traveler of the conversations which he had with Little Turtle and with his interpreter, Captain Wells, we are led to

form a high opinion of the sound philosophy and excellent judgment possessed by this chieftain. Of his military talents we can entertain no doubt, since it is well ascertained that to him is chiefly to be ascribed the success which the Indians met with in 1791 and 1792.

Like King Philip, Tecumseh and others, Little Turtle is said to have entertained at one time the hope of forming an extensive coalition among the Indians, with a view to retrieving the soil of which they had been so unjustly deprived; but meeting with difficulties which he probably foresaw would be invincible, he, with more acumen than any of those chiefs, soon discovered that the day for such measures had long since passed away, and that the only advisable course which remained for his Nation to adopt was to make peace with the invaders, and to endeavor to profit by their superior intelligence.

In this manner he succeeded in rescuing his brethren from that destruction to which King Philip and Tecumseh were hurrying their people at the time when they themselves became victims to the wars which they had been instrumental in producing. Doubtless his great spirit flattered itself with the hope that, by an advancement in the arts of civilized life, the Indians would regain that importance which they seemed to be on the point of losing forever. His mind had predicted the awful consequences of the approach of white men. "No wonder," said he, "the whites drive us every year further and further before them, from the sea to the Mississippi. They spread like oil on a blanket; and we melt like snow before the sun. If things do not greatly change, the Red Men will disappear very shortly." How rapidly this prediction has been verified, let every reader of history and the experience of every traveler to the West bear witness.

Keating, in his "Historical Miscellanies," thus estimates

the significance of the loss of this chieftain to his own Nation and that of his adoption.

"Little Turtle died in the year 1804 or 1805, and his death at that time is very much to be regretted, as the attachment which he had contracted for the American nation had become so great that it is presumed he would have used his influence, which was very great, to prevent the Indians of that vicinity from joining the British during the war which followed; and no doubt can be entertained that a peaceful policy, if supported by a man of his weight, would have prevailed."

He is buried in the vicinity of John Johnston's first home at Fort Wayne, on the west bank of the river. The grave was first marked by a small tree; now no trace of it remains. An archæological party once sought to disinter and carry off for scientific purposes Little Turtle's skull, but they were prevented by the Miami tribe of Indians.

As a result of the councils, ten thousand Indians were collected in the spring of 1813, under Colonel Johnston's care at Piqua, and kept by the United States Government. This was intended as a peace measure and to keep them from the influence of the hostile tribes. It was not altogether successful, as from time to time outbreaks occurred, caused as frequently by the whites as by the Indians. Mrs. Patterson says: "At one time a party of friendly Indians were out on a hunting expedition and carried a white flag to show their peaceful intentions. They were attacked by Major Wolverton's company, several killed and some taken prisoner. They made no resistance and were sent to Colonel Johnston at Piqua. His sense of justice led him to make the best reparation in his power, and he restored the captive Indians to their own camp. He was unable to obtain soldiers for the captives, so he took his life in his own hands and went alone on this perilous trip among savages who were justifiably incensed against the whites. He restored his charges to their friends, saluted the chieftain, remounted his horse and rode

home, thirty miles, alone, unharmed." This favor, we learn, was returned in time by Logan, the famous Mingo chief, who has been called "the best specimen of humanity ever met with, either white, red or black."* When lives were in danger from an attack on Fort Wayne, after the surrender of Detroit had left the frontier unprotected, Colonel Johnston requested that the women and children of that place be brought to Piqua for safety. Logan answered the demand with a company of volunteer warriors who acted as escort and piloted his white charges safely through a country swarming with foes. Logan is described as "a man of splendid appearance, over six feet high, straight as a spear-shaft, with a countenance as open as it was brave and manly."†

THE OLD SPRING HOUSE AT THE PIQUA FARM

Colonel Johnston had at least two qualities in common with George Washington: executive ability and method in detail. His papers, prepared for the inspection of the Government, show exquisite care and neatness. All accounts of

* Am. Pioneer, Vol. I, p. 189. † Loudon's Indian Narrative, Vol. II, p. 223.

provisions issued to the Indians, of presents made to them and of articles purchased for the Indian Department, are written in a round, legible hand, and can be verified to the smallest item.

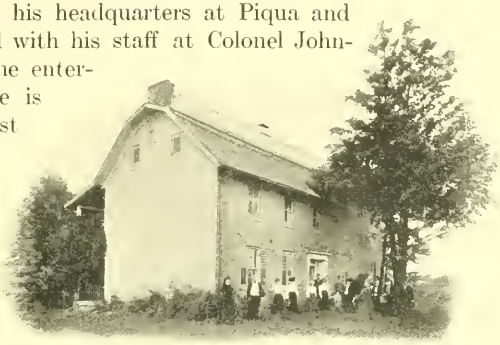
In appearance Colonel Johnston is described as fine-looking—"six feet and more in height, very erect in his bearing, and he had a blond complexion inclined to be ruddy." Good digestion was a quality upon which he prided himself, and he looked down upon people of capricious appetites. He was wont to say that he "had no patience with people who couldn't eat anything." Dignified and affable, he was extremely fond of children, especially in the latter part of his life, when he would get them all about him and tell them stories of the Indians. Henry Howe, in his valuable work, "The History of Ohio," gives us this interesting pen picture:

"I remember as if yesterday my first interview with Col. John Johnston at Upper Piqua. He was a tall, dignified man, of the blond type, then seventy-one years of age. He was plainly clad, but impressive, seeming as one born to command. It was a warm Summer day, and he took me down to his spring and gave me a drink of pure, cold water, the quality of which he praised with the air of a prince. No man had the power and influence with the Western Indians that he possessed, and it arose from his weight of character and his high sense of justice. . . . He was, indeed, a sterling man in every way, and Ohio should not forget him."

At the second treaty of Greenville, in 1814, Colonel Johnston was an early comer. He had pitched his tent on an elevated spot near the creek and erected a flagstaff with the flag flying. General Harrison, upon his arrival, begged that Colonel Johnston would permit the location of the flag to be changed and the staff erected upon the spot where General Wayne's quarters had been in 1795. He said that the ground was consecrated to him by many endearing recollections which would never be effaced from his memory, and he wanted the

details of the great treaty to conform as nearly as possible to the one which had preceded it by nineteen years. Colonel Johnston gladly assented and the flag was changed.

General Harrison was often a welcome visitor at Colonel Johnston's home in Piqua, both while he lived in the log cabin within the fort, and after he built his commodious farm house at Upper Piqua. During the War of 1812, General Harrison had his headquarters at Piqua and occasionally sojourned with his staff at Colonel Johnston's log cabin. The entertainment at this time is described by the host himself:



HOMESTEAD OF COL. JOHN JOHNSTON AT UPPER PIQUA, OHIO, AND A FEW OF HIS DESCENDANTS

"There was but one fire-place in the house, a chimney of 'cat and clay' (a phrase well known to backwoodsmen), and in cold weather the family and guests made quite a circle. The women in cooking supper were often compelled to step over the feet of the General and his aides. And at bed-time, such a backwoods scene! The floor would be covered with blankets, cloaks, buffalo robes, and such articles as travellers usually carry with them for the purpose of camping out. No one ever looked for a bed in those times. It was not unusual for twenty or thirty persons to lodge with us for a night. Indians frequently were of the number. Missionaries of all denominations, both Catholic and Protestants, were alike welcome. We lived on the extreme verge of the frontier, and travellers could nowhere else find accommodations. We obeyed to the letter the injunction of the Apostle given to hospitality. I was sometimes censured by my Protestant friends for entertaining Catholic priests. These criticisms proceeded from an unhappy spirit and chiefly resulted from ignorance. It produced no difference with myself or that excellent woman who shared so largely in all my labors growing out of those troublesome

times. Ministers of Jesus Christ, of whatever denomination, found the latch-string of our cabin door hanging out."

In 1818, on the death of the great chief of the Wyandottes, Colonel Johnston attended a general council of all the tribes of Ohio, the Delawares of Indiana, and the Senecas of New York, at Upper Sandusky. Concerning this council he wrote:

"I found on arriving at the place a very large attendance, and among the chiefs was the noted leader and orator, 'Red Jacket,' from Buffalo. The first business done, the speaker of the Nation delivered an oration on the character of the dead chief. Then followed what might be called a 'monody'—a ceremony of mourning and lamentation. The seats were arranged from end to end of the large council house, and the head men and the aged took their seats facing each other. Stooping down, their heads almost touched. In that position they remained several hours. Deep, heavy and long-continued groans would commence at one end of the row of mourners and were passed around until all had responded. This was repeated at intervals of a few minutes. The Indians were all washed and had no paint or decorations of any kind upon their persons, their countenances and general deportment denoting deepest mourning. I had never witnessed anything of the kind before and was told that this ceremony was not performed but at the death of some great man.

"After the period of mourning and lamentations was over, the Indians proceeded to business. There were present the Wyandottes, the Senecas, the Delawares, the Shawanoese, the Ottawas and the Mohawks. It was evident in the course of discussion that the presence of myself and some white men with me was not acceptable to some of the parties, and allusions were made so direct to myself that I was constrained to notice them by saying that I came there as the guest of the Wyandottes and by their special invitation; that as an agent of the United States I had a right to be there or anywhere else in the Indian country, and that if any insult was offered to myself or my people, it would be resented and punished. Red Jacket was the principal speaker, and was intemperate and personal in his remarks. The different parties accused each other of being foremost in selling lands to the United States. The discussion was long-continued, calling out some of the ablest speakers, and was distinguished for ability, cutting sarcasm and research, going far back into the history of the natives, their wars, alliances, negotiations, migrations, etc. I had attended many councils, treaties and gatherings of the Indians, but never

in my life did I witness such an outpouring of native oratory and eloquence, of severe rebuke and taunting personal reproaches. The council broke up late in great confusion and in the worst possible feeling. . . . The next day appeared to be one of unusual anxiety and despondency among the Indians. They could be seen in groups everywhere within the council house in deep consultation. They had acted foolishly and were sorry, but the question was, Who would present the olive branch? The council convened late and was very full. Silence prevailed for a long time. At last the ancient chief of the Shawanoese, Black Hoof, arose—a man of great influence and a celebrated orator. He told the assembly they had acted like children and not men, and that he and his people were sorry for the words that had been spoken. He came into the council at the unanimous desire of his people present to take back those foolish words. At this, he handed around strips of wampum, which was received by all with the greatest joy. Several of the principal chiefs delivered speeches to the same effect, handing around wampum in turn. In this manner the whole difficulty of the preceding day was settled and, to all appearances, forgotten.

"The Indians are very courteous and civil to each other, and it is a rare thing to see their assemblies disturbed by contentions or ill-timed remarks. I never witnessed it except on the occasion here alluded to, and it is more than probable that the presence of myself and the other white men contributed toward the unpleasant occurrence. I could not help but admire the genuine philosophy and

ENTRANCE HALL OF THE JOHNSTON HOMESTEAD, UPPER PIQUA

good sense displayed by men whom we call 'savages,' in the transaction of their public business. How much we might profit in the halls of our legislatures by occasionally taking for our example the proceedings of the great Indian council at Sandusky."*

We see in this story of Colonel Johnston's the quality that made him so successful an Indian agent. It was that sense of justice which in some men can be extended only to people of their own color. We find throughout the record of Colonel Johnston's life that he applied to the Indians that same Golden Rule which he applied to his own friends and associates.

The principles of the Quakers, such as they have always been known, were those which Colonel Johnston admired and used in his relations with his humbler friends. The just and humane government of the Quakers in Pennsylvania toward the primitive Indians had made them repose great confidence in persons of that Society. Colonel Johnston once wrote: "If I were in the prime of my years and once more placed in the management of the Indians, I would take for my assistants in the service none but Quakers; and with such just men in the administration of the Government, I would not need soldiers to keep the Indians in subjection. See how the Cherokees have been distracted with interminable and bloody battles by reason of Schermerhorn's treaty, made with about one-tenth of the Nations, and, with the knowledge of this fact, ratified by the Senate and President of the United States. Already some of the best men in the nation have been assassinated in consequence, Lieutenant Johnston, my own son, among them. Hunting up the murderers and trying to restore peace is impracticable. The cause lies too deep. Too much blood already shed; and all this by the unjust acts of the general Government in wresting their country from them under the silly mockery of a

* Cist's Miscellany, Cincinnati. 1846.

treaty made with a handful of irresponsible persons. Now in most of the contentions for the acquisition of territory to a nation already too large for its good, no voice is raised in Congress to secure to the natives a perpetual inheritance in the soil. They are still to be creatures of a temporizing policy; to be backed out of the way as our race approaches them until, as Black Hoof once remarked to me in reference to this matter—'We will go anywhere you please, if you will afterward let us alone; but we know from past experience you will keep driving us back until we reach the sea on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and then we must jump off'—meaning that at last there would be no country or home left for the Indians. Does not our past and present policy towards this unhappy race but too clearly tend to confirm this apprehension?"

In the Ohio Archives for 1845 we find this communication addressed by Col. John Johnston to the War Department:

"There is not an acre of land owned or occupied by an Indian in Ohio. Fifty-one years ago they owned the whole territory. Does not the voice of humanity cry aloud to the Congress of the United States to give them a country and a home in perpetuity and a government adapted to their condition? Will impartial history excuse this people and their Government if they permit the destruction of the primitive race without one adequate effort to save them?"

These words, written so early in the century, are interesting in the light of later history. Could Colonel Johnston have looked forward half a hundred years he would have found no reason to change in the matter of a single syllable his estimate of the dealings of the United States with their Indian wards.

Twenty-three years afterwards, the official report of the commission appointed by President Grant to look into Indian affairs read as follows: "The history of the Government connection with the Indian is a shameful record of broken treaties

and unfulfilled promises." And in 1880, Helen Hunt, in her "Century of Dishonor," writes: "A full history of the wrongs the Indians have suffered at the hands of the authorities, military and civil, would take years to write and volumes to hold. . . . So long as there remains on our frontier one square mile of land occupied by a weak and helpless owner, there will be a strong and unscrupulous frontiersman ready to seize it, and an unscrupulous politician who can be hired for a vote or money to back him."*

So it may be seen that John Johnston was a prophet in both senses of the word: he saw existing conditions with unerring vision and foretold the future by his knowledge of the past.

Our chief source of information concerning the personal and domestic side of John Johnston's life is his daughter, Mrs. Julia Johnston Patterson, who gives, in her autobiographical narrative, dated February second, 1895, many incidents in her father's history.

"At one time," she says, "when forty-five years of age, John Johnston had his portrait painted in Philadelphia and sent it home in advance. When it was unpacked, some Indians who were present were frightened nearly into convulsions at the sight. They recognized it immediately, but never having seen anything of the kind, supposed it was a ghost, and that their friend, Colonel Johnston, had gone to the Happy Hunting Land."

"The Friends' Society had a Mission at Wapakoneta, and Colonel Johnston was in the habit of going there to treat with the Indians. He had been there, having had a council, and in returning home was overtaken by night on the banks of the Laramie. He was on horseback, and when he got to the river he found a pack of wolves in pursuit of him. He knew there was nothing to do but to ride into the river. He sat on horseback in the middle of the river all night. At daylight he started home, three miles further on, and arrived there safely."

"Seven white men, one of them a Methodist, entered an Indian village

* For the opposing view of this question, see Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," III, Vol. p. 43.

where there were none but defenseless people, no warriors at all, and killed many of them in cold blood. Colonel Johnston had the men captured and hanged, knowing that they could not live peaceably after that, if the men were not punished. The Indians were compelled to witness against the men and afterwards stay and see them hanged, much against their will. Colonel Johnston thought, of course, that the friends of the men who had been executed would try to do him some injury, so he started home at night on horseback. There was no road at all, and the only way he managed to get through the woods in the dark was by following the elephant's tracks. There had been a show in Greenville (a show in those days consisted of an elephant, a monkey and two men) and they were going to Piqua. He arrived home at daylight perfectly safe, and no more was said about it."

"Once a squaw went into a dry goods store in Piqua to trade some furs that she had. She asked the store-keeper if he had any needles. He said he had one. She asked what he would take for it, and he said one dollar. She thought that was too much, but he told her that the man who made needles was dead and that was the last one he had; so the squaw took it. This man must have made thousands of dollars off of the Indians in this way. He would get their furs for almost nothing and sell them for one-third more than they were really worth."

During this period of Colonel Johnston's life he went several times to Philadelphia, and his personal reminiscences contain many references to the political history of the day:

"Among the felicities of my own long life," he said, "is that of having often beheld the person of George Washington. I heard him deliver his last speech to both Houses of Congress in December, 1796; it being his practice always to address the national legislature in person. His successor in the Presidency, John Adams, pursued the same course. On the advent of Mr. Jefferson the custom ceased, and ever since, Messages in writing have taken the place of speeches. Washington died in December, 1799, and in the winter of that year and 1800, the President and Congress ordered funeral honors to be celebrated in his memory. It fell to my lot, as secretary of Washington Masonic Lodge, No. fifty-nine, to take part in the ceremonies. Col. Richard Henry Lee, of the Revolution, then a member of Congress from Virginia, was the appointed orator for the occasion. Washington throughout life was a member of the Fredericksburg Lodge, Virginia, No. four, and was reported in its proceedings among the deaths

of its members in the year 1799. A large number of the distinguished men of the Revolution were members of the Masonic Order, Washington being the chief. He was admitted to the rights and privileges of Freemasonry in Fredericksburg Lodge, No. four, November fourth, 1752, and admitted to the high order of the craft in the same lodge, August fourth, 1753. He was then in command of the Virginia troops raised for the defense of the frontier against the Indians and their French allies." . . .

It is somewhat interesting to contrast the salaries of public servants during the administration of Washington, as we find them recorded in Colonel Johnston's diary, with those of the present day: "Chief Justice of the United States, four thousand dollars per annum; Associates, three thousand five hundred dollars each; United States Judge of Maine, one thousand dollars; Vermont, eight hundred dollars; New York, fifteen hundred dollars; Attorney General of the United States, one thousand nine hundred dollars; Members of both Houses of Congress, six dollars per day each, and travelling expenses; Secretary of the Treasury, two thousand six hundred dollars per annum; Clerks, from five hundred dollars to eight hundred dollars; Secretary of State, three thousand dollars; Secretary of War, three thousand dollars; Governor of the Northwest Territory, two thousand dollars; Chaplains of both Houses of Congress, two hundred and fifty dollars each; Sergeant-at-Arms, seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum; Private Soldiers, three dollars per month—subsistence, clothing and medical attention free. It is needless to remark that the offices were never better filled than in the days of Washington's Presidency. The best talents of the country were called into requisition and the incumbents were content with their compensation. Flour was sold in Philadelphia in 1796 at sixteen dollars per barrel, and all the necessaries of life were much higher than at the present day."

Colonel Johnston continued to hold his position as Indian agent at Piqua for twenty years, using his great influence

always for good, and remaining a friend, in the best sense of the word, to the Ohio Indians. But Civil Service did not hold in those days. Andrew Jackson, that uncompromising Democrat, became President in 1829, and Johnston, being on the Whig side of the fence, found his political friends arrayed against him. After two years of party opposition he was removed, and a man by the name of Robb, living in Columbus, appointed in his place.

Later in life Colonel Johnston described himself as one who had "suffered political martyrdom thrice for inflexible adherence to Whig principles: once by the tyrant Jackson, once by the nondescript Tyler, and once by the Democratic legislature of Ohio." *

President Jackson wrote Colonel Johnston a personal letter on this occasion, in which he expressed his regret that outside pressure and political necessity had obliged him to depose from office a public servant upon whose performance of duty there had never been a shadow of blame. We may assume that this explanation was rated at its just value by the recipient. The situation was never thoroughly appreciated by the Indians, who continued to look to Colonel Johnston for supplies, advice and help of various kinds; and these claims he responded to by giving from his own private finances for a period of two years.

Upon the election of General Harrison in 1840, John

* Written on the back of his own daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs. Hebe Johnston Craig, of New York.

Johnston was appointed agent to the Seneca Indians and was stationed at Upper Sandusky, Ohio. It was at this place that the valuable treaty between the United States and the Senecas was negotiated and completed by him, by which the Senecas moved westward over the Mississippi River to land purchased from the Shawanoese Nation, leaving the State of Ohio forever free to the white race and to civilization. This treaty was completed in 1842* at Upper Sandusky, where the several tribes were assembled. Colonel Johnston's own account says:

"The Indians who inhabited the soil of Ohio in my time were the Wyandottes on the Sandusky River and its tributaries; the Ottawas, about Maumee Bay and up the river about Defiance and along Blanchard's Fork; the Shawanoese at Wapakoneta, Hog Creek and at Lewistown, at the source of the Miami and the Ohio. The Senecas resided at Senecatown, near Lower Sandusky; a small band of the same at Lewistown, under the Chief Methomas, or Civil John. A small band of the Delawares resided about seven miles south of Upper Sandusky, under the chief, Captain Pipe—the whole numbering about three thousand souls, and, agreeable to our usual estimate of Indian population, producing five to six hundred fighting men. They have all left for the far West, it having fallen to my lot to negotiate a treaty of cession and emigration with the last of the natives, the Wyandottes, in 1842.

"The Indians do not now own a foot of land on the soil of Ohio, nor is one of their race to be found residing within its limits. Sixty-five years ago, when I first came to the Northwest Territory, they were the sole occupants of the country. A few more years and there will not be one of them left to tell that they ever existed. In the emphatic, eloquent and affecting language of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, to Lord Dunmore—'The white man has killed all my relatives, and now there is none to mourn for Logan; no, not one. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.' That speech is in full in Jefferson's 'Notes on Virginia.' Its authenticity has been questioned on both sides of the Atlantic on account of its pathos and sublime eloquence, but I can affirm every word and sentence of it to be true. Col. John Gibson of the Revolutionary Army, and afterwards Secretary of the

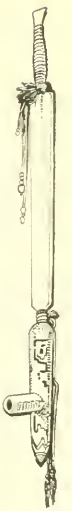
* See Appendix.

Indian Territory, had been in early life a trader among the Indians and thoroughly acquainted with their language. He acted as interpreter to Lord Dunmore, and most solemnly affirmed in my hearing that the speech in question was literally and substantially true as published."

There is sadness in the thought of the original occupants of this vast country being driven, step by step, toward the setting sun until they became a dream and a name. These lines were written at the time of our history by a Wyandotte chieftain, and were translated into English. They merit quotation because of their pathos and their anthropological interest:

"Adieu to the graves where my fathers now rest;
For I must be going afar to the West.
I've sold my possessions; my heart fills with woe
To think I must leave them. Alas! must I go?
Farewell, ye tall oaks, in whose pleasant green shade
I sported in childhood, in innocence played;
My dog and my hatchet, my arrow and bow,
Are still in remembrance. Alas! must I go?

"Adieu, ye loved scenes, which bind me like chains;
Where on my gray pony I pranced o'er the plains.
The deer and the turkey I tracked in the snow,
But now must I leave all. Alas! must I go?
Sandusky, Tymocthee, and all their broad streams—
I ne'er more shall see you, except in my dreams."



An account of the Sandusky treaty is also to be found in Dickens's "American Notes." The great novelist was traveling in 1842 by stage coach through Columbus and Tiffin from Cincinnati to Lake Erie, on his way to visit Niagara Falls. He writes:

"At length between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a few feeble lights appeared in the distance, and Upper Sandusky, an Indian village where we were to stay until morning, lay before us. . . . It is a settlement of the Wyandotte Indians who inhabit this place. Among the company at breakfast was a mild old gentleman [Colonel Johnston] who

had been for many years employed by the United States Government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who had just concluded a treaty with these people by which they bound themselves, in consideration of a certain annual sum, to remove next year to some land provided for them west of the Mississippi and a little way beyond St. Louis. He gave me a moving account of their strong attachment to the familiar scenes of their infancy, and in particular to the burial places of their kindred, and of their great reluctance to leave them. He had witnessed many such removals, and always with pain, though he knew that they departed for their own good. The question whether this tribe should go or stay had been discussed among them a day or two before, in a hut erected for the purpose, the logs of which still lay upon the ground before the inn. When the speaking was done, the ayes and noes were ranged on opposite sides, and every male adult voted in his turn. The moment the result was known, the minority (a large one) cheerfully yielded to the rest and withdrew all kind of opposition. We met some of these poor Indians afterwards, riding on shaggy ponies. They were so like the meaner sort of gypsies that if I could have seen any of them in England I should have concluded, as a matter of course, that they belonged to that wandering and restless people."

A biographical encyclopedia of Ohio thus characterizes this service of Colonel Johnston to his Government:

"In the consummation of this important and responsible matter, he completed the entire arrangement so faithfully as to merit the commendation not only of our Government, but that of the Red Men who were about to leave their hunting grounds to which they had become ardently attached."

Pending the Presidential election of 1840, General Harrison was occasionally a visitor at the homestead in Upper Piqua. He was there only a few months prior to the death of Mrs. Johnston. She had enjoyed his acquaintance for almost forty years and took a deep interest in all that concerned his happiness and family. Being herself a devoted Christian, she cherished the sincere desire to see all others in possession of those hopes which sustained her through a life spent under circumstances of more than ordinary trial. She used her opportunities to converse with the General on the subject of relig-

ion, urging upon him that as he was getting old it was time he should turn his attention to the close of his earthly career and seek his peace with God. He replied that he had long been convinced of his duty to make public profession of Christianity, but that the people of the United States had made him a candidate for the Presidency, and that if he were then to unite himself with the church it would be ascribed to a desire for popularity; would do the cause of religion a serious injury, and make himself the subject of uncharitable remarks in the political journals. "But," he added to Mrs. Johnston, "as soon as this contest for the Presidency is over, let it be adverse or prosperous to myself, it is my purpose, if my life is spared, to make a public profession of religion immediately after the inauguration." And it is well known that the President had an understanding with the Rev. Dr. Hawley, of St. John's Church in Washington, to become a member of that church on Easter Sunday, April, 1841. This fact was stated at the funeral service.

Mrs. Patterson writes: "Late in March, 1841, my father, being then in Washington, called at the President's house on Sunday evening when the whole house was filled with visitors. This pained him, because he knew so well the character and conscientiousness of his friend, General Harrison. He spoke of it to the President and told him that he was sorry to see the house resorted to by such a multitude on the Sabbath day, and that he feared these matters would get into the newspapers and injure his character. General Harrison replied that he regretted that persons would visit him on that day; that the city was full of people who wanted to see him, but as soon as the crowd dispersed and went home, his house in the future would be closed against all visitors on Sunday."

Colonel Johnston was a member of the Harrisburg Convention which had so largely assisted in nominating

General Harrison for the Presidency. He went from Piqua to Harrisburg on horseback, stopping at taverns frequented by wagoners, farmers, mechanics and working men. Thus he had access to the rank and file of the political army. He could tell them more about "Old Tipp" (as they called General Harrison) than they had ever heard before. He spoke many times to what were for those days large audiences. Sometimes the bar-room of the tavern could not contain the people. "Thousands would be pressing in," said he, "because I could tell them so many good things about 'Old Tipp.'" The payment of Colonel Johnston's tavern bills was sometimes refused by the landlords, because he was a friend of General Harrison.

BACK OF JOHNSTON HOMESTEAD

The last time General Harrison was a guest of the Johnstons was in the summer of 1840. Colonel Johnston met him at the stage and brought him home that he might be quiet in comfortable quarters, of which he stood greatly in need after the fatigue of the campaign. The General had ridden fifty miles that same day and delivered three speeches. He was surrounded by an immense crowd, so that it was some time before he could be reached. Colonel Johnston ordered supper, and afterwards General Harrison spoke an hour on the stand. At the end of that time Colonel

Johnston carried his guest off through the crowd to his home in the country. After supper, they sat up late to talk over old times. General Harrison wanted an account of Colonel Johnston's life and fortunes since they had last met. The reply was, "I have kept out of debt and made the two ends of the year meet." General Harrison replied that he could not do so well as that, and asked his friend why he did not speculate and make a fortune, as other men did in the service. "I told him," says Colonel Johnston, "that he had always enjoined upon his subordinates that we should never apply public money to private purposes, and since he had always enforced this rule, both by precept and example, if there was any one to blame for my not making a fortune, it was General Harrison himself." He laughed at the rejoinder.

Some years later than the incident just related, Colonel Johnston, while he was at Harrodsburg Springs, Ky., received an invitation from the Governor to go to Frankfort and act as one of the pall-bearers at the reinterment of the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife, recently removed from the State of Missouri by a committee sent from Kentucky for the purpose. The bodies had remained in the soil of Missouri for nearly thirty years, and it was after much hesitancy on the part of the person on whose plantation they were interred, that he consented to their removal. The small bones of both had moldered into dust. They were enclosed in separate boxes, and at Frankfort transferred to two plain, handsome caskets and then committed to their last resting place in the public cemetery at Frankfort, which occupies a high and beautiful knoll over the Kentucky River. Colonel Johnston says: "It was accorded to myself to carry Boone's coffin from the hearse to the grave. It indicated no weight but that of the boards of which it was made." The funeral was attended by an immense concourse of per-

sons from all parts of the State and the adjacent parts of Ohio. The military, Free Masons and Odd Fellows were out in their appropriate uniforms in large numbers. The whole attendance was estimated at twenty-five thousand. The Hon. John J. Crittenden was orator, and the Methodist Bishop Soule the chaplain of the occasion. Captain Johnston, the Colonel's eldest son, was then serving in the western army in company with Captain Boone, son of Daniel Boone. Colonel Johnston sent his son a copy of the Frankfort *Commonwealth* containing an account of the funeral ceremonies. Upon reading this, Captain Boone remarked that if one-half of the money spent at his father's last interment had been contributed to his support when living, it would have done him some good.

* * * * * * *

Many scattered reminiscences of Colonel Johnston, bearing upon people he knew and men and measures he had to do with, are published in Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio, and reproduced in these pages to round out the story of his life.

Colonel Johnston says:*

"Logan left a dying request to myself, that his two sons should be sent to Kentucky, and there educated and brought up under the care of Major Hardin. As soon as peace and tranquillity was restored among the Indians, I made application to the chiefs to fulfill the wish of their dead friend to deliver up the boys, that I might have them conveyed to Frankfort, the residence of Major Hardin. The chiefs were embarrassed, and manifested an unwillingness to comply, and in this they were warmly supported by the mother of the children. On no account would they consent to send them so far away as Kentucky, but agreed that I should take and have them schooled at Piqua; it being the best that I could do, in compliance with the dying words of Logan, they were brought in. I had them put to school and boarded in a religious, respectable family. The mother of the boys, who was a bad woman, thwarted all my plans for their improvement, frequently taking them off for weeks,

* Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

giving them bad advice, and even, on one or two occasions, brought whiskey to the school-house and made them drunk. In this way she continued to annoy me, and finally took them altogether to raise with herself among the Shawanoese, at Wapaghkonetta. I made several other attempts, during my connection with the Indians, to educate and train up to civilized life many of their youth, without any encouraging results—all of them proved failures. The children of Logan, with their mother, emigrated to the west twenty years ago, and have there become some of the wildest of their race."

"Antoine Lasselle I well knew: this man, a Canadian, was taken prisoner at Wayne's battle, painted, dressed and disguised as an Indian. He was tried by court-martial, at Roche de Boeuf, and sentenced to be hung. A gallows was erected and the execution ordered, when Col. John F. Hamtranck—a native of Canada, who joined the American standard under Montgomery, in the Revolutionary war, and was, in 1794, colonel of the first regiment of infantry, under Wayne—interposed and begged the life of the prisoner. General Wayne afterward granted to Lasselle license to trade at Fort Wayne, and he was there as such many years during my agency at the post. He was a man of wit and drollery, and would often clasp his neck with both hands, to show how near he had been to hanging by order of Mad Anthony."

"M'Kee and Elliott were Pennsylvanians, and the latter, I think, of Irish birth. They resided at the commencement of the Revolutionary war in Path Valley, Pa. A brother and a brother-in-law of mine lived in the same neighborhood: I therefore have undoubted authority for the facts. A number of tories resided in the township, M'Kee and Elliott being leaders. A large proportion of the inhabitants being whigs, the place became too warm to hold them. They fled to the enemy, and leagued with the Shawanoese Indians in committing depredations on the frontier settlers. Both of these incendiaries had Indian wives and children, and finally their influence became so great among the savages that they were appointed agents for Indian affairs by the British government, and continued as such until their death. Matthew Elliott was an uncle, by his father's side, to the late Commodore Elliott, and had a son killed in the late war, by the Indians under Logan. On the death of M'Kee, his son, a half-breed, was a deputy agent in Upper Canada. He was a splendid looking man, and married an accomplished white

*Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

lady. He had too much of the Indian nature, and the marriage turned out somewhat unhappily."

Howe says:

"In the French war, which ended with the peace of 1763, a bloody battle was fought on the present farm of Colonel Johnston, at Upper Piqua. At that time, the Miamis had their towns here, which are marked on ancient maps, 'Tewightewee towns.' The Miamis, Wyandots, Ottawas, and other northern tribes adhered to the French, made a stand here, and fortified—the Canadian traders and French assisting.

THE OLD BARN AT THE PIQUA HOMESTEAD

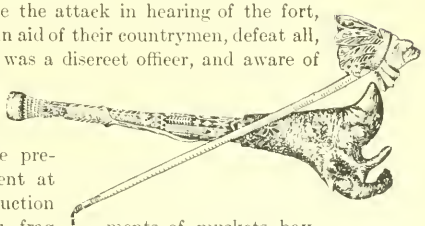
The Delawares, Shawanoese, Munseys, part of the Senecas residing in Pennsylvania, Cherokees, Catawbas, etc., adhering to the English interest, with the English traders attacked the French and Indians. The siege continued for more than a week; the fort stood out, and could not be taken. Many were slain, the assailants suffering most severely. The besieged lost a number, and all their exposed property was burnt and destroyed. The Shawanoese chief, Black Hoof, one of the besiegers, informed Colonel Johnston that the ground around was strewed with bullets, so that baskets full could have been gathered.

* Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

"Soon after this contest, the Miamis and their allies left this part of the country, and retired to the Miami of the Lake, at and near Fort Wayne, and never returned. The Shawanoese took their place, and gave names to towns in this vicinity. Colonel Johnston's place, 'and the now large and flourishing town of Piqua, was called Chillicothe, after the tribe of that name; the site of his farm, after the Piqua tribe.'"

"Fort Piqua, erected prior to the settlement of the country, stood at Upper Piqua, on the west bank of the river. It was designed as a place of deposit for stores for the army of Wayne. The portage from here to Fort Laramie, fourteen miles, thence to St. Mary's, twelve miles, was all the land carriage from the Ohio to Lake Erie. Loaded boats frequently ascended to Fort Laramie, the loading taken out and hauled to St. Mary's; the boats also moved across on wheels, again loaded, and launched for Fort Wayne, Defiance and the lake. Sometimes, in very high water, loaded boats from the Ohio approached within six miles of St. Mary's. Before the settlement of the country, a large proportion of the army supplies were conveyed up this river. When mill dams were erected, the navigation was destroyed, and boating ceased.

"In 1794, Capt. J. N. Vischer, the last commandant of Fort Piqua, was stationed here. During that year, two freighted boats, guarded by an officer and twenty-three men, were attacked by the Indians near the fort, and the men all massacred. Captain Vischer heard the firing, but from the weakness of his command, could render no assistance. The plan of the Indians doubtless was, to make the attack in hearing of the fort, and thereby induce them to sally out in aid of their countrymen, defeat all, and take the fort. The commander was a discreet officer, and aware of the subtleness of the enemy, had the firmness to save the fort.

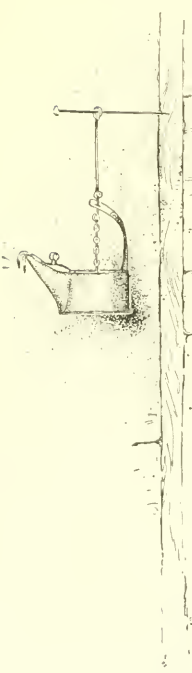


"The family of Colonel Johnston settled at Upper Piqua in 1811, the previous eleven years having been spent at Fort Wayne. Years after the destruction of the boats and party on the river, fragments of muskets, bayonets, and other remains of that disaster, were found at low water, embedded in the sand. The track of the pickets, the form of the river bastion, the foundation of chimneys in the block-houses, still mark the site of Fort Piqua. The plow has levelled the graves of the brave men—for many sleep here—who fell in the service. At this place, Fort Laramie, St. Mary's, and Fort Wayne, large numbers of the regulars

*Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

and militia volunteers were buried, in the wars of Wayne, as well as in the last war.

"In the late war, the far greater number of Indians who remained friendly, and claimed and received protection from the United States, were placed under the care of Colonel Johnston, at Piqua. These were the Shawanoese, Delawares, Wyandots in part, Ottawas in part, part of the Senecas, all the Munseys, and Mohicans; a small number remained at Zanesfield, and some at Upper Sandusky, under Maj. B. F. Stickney, now of Toledo. The number here amounted, at one period, to six thousand, and were doubtless the best protection to the frontier. With a view of detaching the Indians here from the American interest, and taking them off to the enemy, and knowing that so long as Colonel Johnston lived this could not be accomplished, several plots were contrived to assassinate him. His life was in utmost danger. He arose many mornings with but little hope of living until night, and the friendly chiefs often warned him of his danger; but he was planted at the post; duty, honor, and the safety of the frontier forbade his abandoning it. His faithful wife staid by him; the rest of his family, papers and valuable effects, were removed to a place of greater security. On one occasion, his escape seemed miraculous.



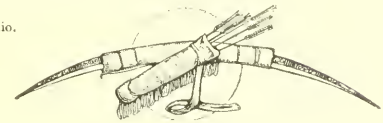
"Near the house, at the road side, by which he daily several times passed in visiting the Indian camp, was a cluster of wild plum bushes. No one would have suspected hostile Indians to secrete themselves there; yet there the intended assassins waited to murder him, which they must have soon accomplished, had they not been discovered by some Delaware women, who gave the alarm. The Indians—three in number—fled; a party pursued, but lost the trail. It afterwards appeared that they went up the river some distance, crossed to the east side, and passing down nearly opposite his residence, determined, in being foiled of their chief prize, not to return empty handed. They killed Mr. Dilbone and his wife, who were in a field pulling flax; their children, who were with them, escaped by secreting themselves in the weeds. From thence, the Indians went lower

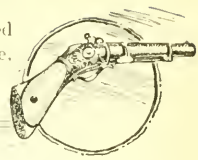
* Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

down, three miles, to Loss Creek, where they killed David Garrard, who was at work a short distance from his house. The leader of the party, Pash-e-towa, was noted for his cold-blooded cruelty, and a short time previous, was the chief actor in destroying upwards of twenty persons—mostly women and children—at a place called Pigeon Roost, Indiana. He was killed, after the war, by one of his own people, in satisfaction for the numerous cruelties he had committed on unoffending persons.

"In the war of 1812, nothing was more embarrassing to the public agents than the management of the Indians on the frontier. President Madison, from a noble principle which does his memory high honor, positively refused to employ them in the war, and this was a cause of all the losses in the country adjacent to the upper lakes. Having their families in possession, the agents could have placed implicit confidence in the fidelity of the warriors. As it was, they had to manage them as they best could. Colonel Johnston frequently furnished them with white flags, with suitable mottoes, to enable them to pass out-posts and scouts in safety. On one occasion, the militia basely fired on one of these parties, bearing a flag hoisted in full view. They killed two Indians, wounded a third, took the survivors prisoners, and after robbing them of all they possessed, conveyed them to the garrison at Greenville, to which post the party belonged. On reflection they were convinced they had committed an unjustifiable act, and became alarmed for the consequences. They brought the prisoners to Upper Piqua and delivered them to Colonel Johnston. He took them, wishing to do the best in his power for the Indians, and on deliberation, decided to conduct them back to Greenville, and restore them, with their property, to their people. Application was made by Colonel Johnston to the officer commanding at Piqua, for a guard on the journey. These were Ohio militia, of whom not a man or officer dared to go. He then told the commander, if he would accompany him, he would go at all hazards, the distance being twenty-five miles, the road entirely uninhabited, and known to be infested with Indians, who had recently killed two girls near Greenville. But he alike refused. All his appeals to the pride and patriotism of officers and men proving unavailing, he decided to go alone, it being a case that required the promptest action, to prevent evil impressions spreading among the Indians. He got his horse ready, bade farewell to his wife, scarcely expecting ever to see her again, and reached Greenville in safety; procured nearly all the articles taken from the Indians, and

* Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.



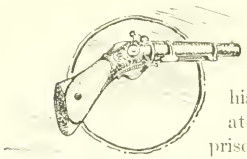


delivered them back, made them a speech, dismissed them, and then springing on his horse, started back alone, and reached his home in safety, to the surprise of all, particularly the militia, who, dastardly fellows, scarce expected to see him alive, and made many apologies for their cowardice.

"During the war, Colonel Johnston had many proofs of the fidelity of some of the friendly Indians. After the surrender of Detroit, the frontier of Ohio was thrown into the greatest terror and confusion. A large body of Indians still resided within its limits, accessible to the British. In the garrison of Fort Wayne, which was threatened, were many women and children, who, in case of attack, would have been detrimental to its defence, and it therefore became necessary to have them speedily removed. Colonel Johnston assembled the Shawanoese chiefs, and stating the case, requested volunteers to bring the women and children at Fort Wayne to Piqua. Logan immediately arose and offered his services, and soon started with a party of mounted Indians, all volunteers. They reached the post, received their interesting and helpless charge, and safely brought them to the settlements, through a country infested with marauding bands of hostile savages. The women spoke in the highest terms of the vigilance, care and delicacy of their faithful conductors."

Colonel Johnston says:

"Little Turtle was a man of great wit, humor and vivacity, fond of the company of gentlemen, and delighted in good eating. When I knew him, he had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one, an old woman, about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house; the other, a young and beautiful creature of eighteen, who was his favorite; yet it never was discovered by any one that the least unkind feeling existed between them. This distinguished chief died at Fort Wayne about twenty-five years ago, of a confirmed case of the gout, brought on by high living, and was buried with military honors by the troops of the United States. The Little Turtle used to entertain us with many of his war adventures, and would laugh immoderately at the recital of the following:—A white man, a prisoner of many years in the tribe, had often solicited



*Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

permission to go on a war party to Kentucky, and had been refused. It never was the practice with the Indians to ask or encourage white prisoners among them to go to war against their countrymen. This man, however, had so far acquired the confidence of the Indians, and being importunate to go to war, the Turtle at length consented, and took him on an expedition into Kentucky. As was their practice, they had reconnoitered during the day, and had fixed on a house recently built and occupied, as the object to be attacked next morning a little before dawn of day. The house was surrounded by a clearing, there being much brush and fallen timber on the ground. At the appointed time, the Indians, with the white man, began to move to the attack. At all such times no talking or noise is to be made. They crawl along the ground on hands and feet; all is done by signs from the leader. The white man all the time was striving to be foremost, the Indians beckoning him to keep back. In spite of all their efforts he would keep foremost, and having at length got within running distance of the house, he jumped to his feet and went with all his speed shouting, at the top of his voice, Indians! Indians! The Turtle and his party had to make a precipitate retreat, losing forever their white companion, and disappointed in their fancied conquest of the unsuspecting victims of the log cabin. From that day forth this chief would never trust a white man to accompany him again to war.

In 1847 Col. John Johnston wrote the following impressions of Daniel Boone: "It is now fifty-four years since I first saw Daniel Boone. He was then about sixty years of age, of medium size, about five feet ten, not given to corpulency, retired, unobtrusive and a man of few words. My acquaintance was made with him in the winter season, and I well remember his dress was of toro cloth and not a woolen garment on his body, unless his stockings were of that material. Home-made was the common wear of the people of Kentucky at that time; sheep were not yet introduced into the country. I spent four nights in the house of one West, with Boone; there were a number of strangers, and he was constantly occupied in answering questions."

Among the friends of John Johnston at this time was

* Reprint from Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

Captain Butler, a nephew of Gen. Richard Butler, who fell at St. Clair's defeat. He had command of Fort Laramie, which was built by Wayne in 1704, in what is now Shelby County. The two families interchanged hospitalities from time to time. Colonel Johnston wrote: "His wife and eight children were with him during his command. A very interesting son of his, about eight years old, died at the post. The agonized father and mother were inconsolable. The grave was enclosed with a very handsome painted railing, at the foot of which honey-suckles were planted, grew luxuriantly and finally enclosed the whole grave.

"The peace withdrew Captain Butler and his troops to other scenes on the Mississippi. I never passed the fort without a melancholy thought about the lovely boy who rested there, and his parents never to behold that cherished spot again. Long after the posts had decayed in the ground, the vines sustained the palings and the whole remained perfect until the War of 1812, when all was destroyed, and now a farm stands over the spot."

EARLY LIFE IN PIQUA

Early life of Julia Johnston Patterson; the fifteen children; character of their mother; reminiscences of life at Upper Piqua in the early years of the century; the Indians; guests; entertainments; Julia Johnston marries Jefferson Patterson; goes to Dayton to live; St. James Church founded; death of Rachel Robinson Johnston; other family deaths; John Johnston in Cincinnati; John Johnston at Rubicon farm; his death in 1861.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY LIFE IN PIQUA

"I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall be visited upon their children, as well as the sins of the fathers."

DICKENS.

THE family of Col. John Johnston, at the time of which we are writing, consisted of his wife, Rachel, and fifteen children, of whom Julia, afterwards Mrs. Patterson, was the fifth. She was born in a blockhouse inside the stockade fort at Piqua, on August sixteenth, 1811. The children, in the order of their birth, were as follows:

STEPHEN, born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, April second, 1803; Lieutenant United States Navy; died April second, 1848.

REBECCA, born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, September third, 1805; died two years later. (These were the first white children born at Fort Wayne.)

ELIZABETH, born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, September twenty-second, 1807.

ROSANNA, born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, July second, 1809.

JULIANA, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, August sixteenth, 1811.

MARY, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, November twenty-eighth, 1813.

ABRAHAM ROBINSON, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, May

twenty-third, 1815; captain First Dragoons; killed in battle at San Pasquale, California, December sixth, 1846.

Rachel, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, November twenty-fourth, 1816.

Rebecca, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, April second, 1818. Of her the father writes that she was "gentle, dutiful, kind and affectionate."

John H. D., born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, June twenty-fifth, 1820.

Catherine Connelly, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, March eighth, 1822.

William Bernard, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, January twenty-second, 1824.

Margaret Defrees, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, September tenth, 1825. Died at Cincinnati, June twenty-first, 1849.

Harriet Jones, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, August sixteenth, 1827.

James Adams, born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, May fifth, 1830.

The remarkable mother of this remarkable family died July twenty-fourth, 1840. Her monument in the cemetery at Upper Piqua bears this inscription:

"In memory of Rachel Johnston, wife of John Johnston. Born in the city of Philadelphia, July twelfth, 1785. Died at Upper Piqua, July twenty-fourth, 1840. An honored and lamented mother of fifteen children."

"Lo, where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps.
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The Christian virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.

"O, from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne;
Vanished forever from our view,
Thou daughter, sister, friend, adieu."

If one examines the dates in the above family record, it will be found that Rachel Robinson Johnston bore, on an average, a child every twenty months for twenty-six years. This, the sequel to her runaway marriage and her thousand miles wedding journey on horseback, is a bare record as the figures state it; but her descendants should read between the lines to find her services to God and her country. These will be found chronicled nowhere else. Not in government records, for she had no public duties; not in letters, for the pioneers were too busy providing food and protecting themselves to write voluminous ly; not in Colonel Johnston's memoirs, for he was occupied with the Indians. Mrs. Rachel Johnston's great-grandchildren will have to use their imagination to picture the unceasing service of this mother in Israel, and her arduous duties when everything in the household had to be of home production. The supervision of the farm and dairy; the spinning, the weaving, cooking, mending, candle dipping, fruit drying, carpet weaving, bread baking (at the open fireplace, of course), and looking after the beehive full of children were all Mrs. Johnston's daily duties. If her descendants come to the conclusion that their great-grandfather had an easier and simpler time of it with his ten thousand Indians than

COLONEL JOHN JOHNSTON

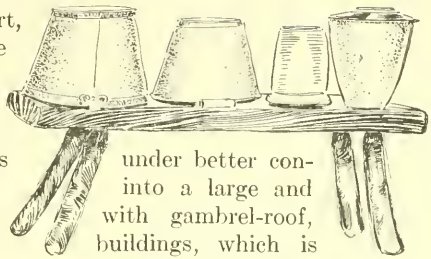
did their great-grandmother with her fifteen little Johnstons, they will be of one opinion with the writer.

But her family burdens did not make Mrs. Johnston careless of the larger duties. She assisted her husband in keeping the confidence of the Indian tribes who lived all around them, and her daughter said, "often her home was full every night of Indians, of which there were as many as six thousand close at hand." When it became apparent, as it sometimes did, that the vacancy left by the absence of the Indians would be more enjoyable than their society, Colonel Johnston would get a circus to come to town. This occasioned a diversion which spared the Johnston family many hangers-on; and, best of all, when the circus broke up and moved away, the Indians were sure to break camp at the same time from force of example. This ruse was resorted to quite a number of times and never failed to relieve Mrs. Johnston of her uninvited guests. Herein is shown the kindness of heart of both husband and wife, who might have cleared the premises in a much more summary manner had they not been filled with the milk of human kindness which prompts delicacy in dealing with the feelings of humble folk.

"Aunt Rachel," as she was often called, was much given to hospitality. A Quaker in her earlier days, no Friend ever went by her door without entertainment for himself and his beast, and the old place was headquarters for all traveling people. Among the demands upon her help and counsel was the church of her choice, and in the Bible Society, of which she was one of the founders, she was a ready worker.

The first child to leave the family circle was Stephen Johnston, who went to Annapolis. There is still living in Piqua Mrs. Rachel Davis, who knew the Johnston family and used to visit there when all of the fourteen children were still at home.

Mrs. Patterson, as has been stated, was one of the children



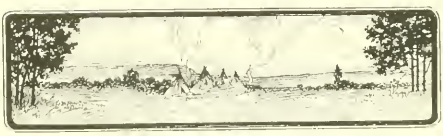
born in the stockade fort, which was their first home after coming from Fort Wayne. Afterwards, when the neighborhood became more settled and the Indians under better control, the Johnstons moved into a large and commodious farmhouse, with gambrel-roof, porches, wings and outlying buildings, which is still existent, one of the old landmarks of Upper Piqua. It stands amid green and sloping pastures, framed in distant woods, and the rolling fields, once the scenes of bloody conflicts between the Indians and whites, stretch right and left for miles. A large barn of generous accommodation stands at some distance southward of the house. Back of the house the land drops into a shady dell, where stands the spring-house spoken of by Colonel Howe, in his "History of Ohio." It is a spacious two-story building, with a low, moss-grown roof, under the shadow of a weeping willow whose boughs caress the timbers. On the upper floor is a long room with a fireplace and with several windows looking upon a porch, now all open and abandoned to the sun, rain and wind, and littered with the hoards of squirrels. In the lower story there are three divisions: one where the churning was done, one where the stores were kept, and one where the sparkling water flowed in from the spring over stone flagging, filling each shallow trough and storing up cool, sweet dampness for the cream and butter. No other place speaks so loud in associations of the farm and the housewife as the spring-house. Here Rachel Johnston and her daughters must have spent many, many hours of the long summer days overseeing and doing the work and preparing for the cohorts of guests who swept down so frequently upon this hospitable household.

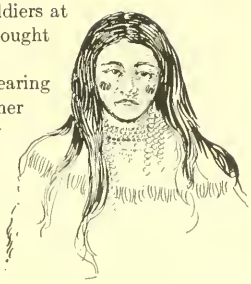
The front of the homestead faces the west, and the slanting sun, entering at the large windows, shows the ample rooms and halls which once sheltered this vigorous pioneer family. The main hall passes from the front entrance through the house to a door opening upon a shady porch which overlooks the ravine and the spring-house. On the left side of the hall is the parlor, a room about twenty-five feet square, with a beautiful old colonial mantel and a good style of wood finish, such as is used in the most expensive modern houses. In this room Mrs. Julia Johnston Patterson stood as a bride, and, at different times, five of her sisters.

Many distinguished people found entertainment under this roof. Gen. William Henry Harrison, as has been said, was an honored guest; also Tecumseh, Little Turtle and Black Hoof, the famous Indian chiefs; Bishop Philander Chase, Gen. Lewis Cass, Thomas Worthington, and other officers of the army and prominent men.

Mrs. Patterson's reminiscences, transcribed for the benefit of her grandchildren, contain some interesting accounts of her childhood during this period. She says:

"I have spent many a day with the Indians in their camps around Piqua when a child. The schooling which we received was in a little log school-house, with rough hewn benches for seats. We used oil paper for panes of glass in the windows. All over the block-house there were places in which to deposit and store away goods for the Indians; such things as saddles, blankets, guns, ammunition, etc. One day a little girl (Eliza Bradford) and myself went up to the garret of the block-house on a ladder to see what we could find. I found one saddle away down and we got together and pulled on it, and there we discovered some Indian scalps. I ran down and called to my mother what I had found, which made her very much frightened, because she said the Indians would kill





us if they found it out. They were taken by the soldiers at the battle of the River Basin and had been brought in by them.

"When I was about four years old father, fearing an outbreak, sent all the children with grandmother here to Dayton. We stayed with a family by the name of Logan, who lived down the river road about four miles below Dayton. One of the girls afterward married and became a neighbor of ours, and she would often tell us about it. We stayed there about six months or a year. At the end of that time, the Indian war being over, we were taken back to Piqua in a wagon.

"When we came to town there was nothing to be seen but a little frame house with a piece of red flannel hanging out in front of it. This was a store. Ashley Brown's grandfather came out and grandmother took a package out of the saddle bags and gave it to him. It was a pair of socks she had spun herself out of fine lamb's wool, and she knit them herself. When we came back he gave her a package, and when she got home she found it was a fine silk dress. His store was on Main Street where the Phillips House is now. This store of Henry Brown's was a post for trading with the Indians who brought in furs, skins, etc., and traded them for store goods. They were paid by the Government out of Brown's store. Perhaps one thousand blankets would be in stock at this place. Twice a year my father would come to Dayton to disburse them. During the war he did this at Dayton, and after the war was over, he distributed them at Piqua.

"The wagon trail between Piqua and Cincinnati was over hills, down valleys and across rivers without any bridges. When the water was too high to cross, we would have to wait on the side of the river until it went down, and then we would go over in canoes and swim the horses. The Fair Grounds hill was so steep that it was a stalling place. Emigrants passing to and fro were often delayed by being stalled on this hill, and Col. Robert Patterson, when he lived at Rubicon Farm, often helped them over the hill with a pair of oxen which he said he kept almost entirely for this purpose. . . . The stage notified people in advance of its coming by blowing on horns. They used four horses to a stage, and changed every ten or twelve miles between Piqua and Cincinnati. We would leave Piqua in the morning, get to Dayton that night and then go down to Cincinnati. It would take in all two days and one night. Before

the pikes were made or stages were used, we traveled on horse-back or in wagons. The mail was carried on horse-back, and passenger travel was confined almost exclusively to horse-back riding.

* * * * * * *

"When I was a child at Piqua we had no matches nor coal, and it was necessary to keep the fire up by putting coals on wood first and then covering with ashes. If this fire went out by accident, we started a new one by taking a flint-lock and striking two sparks together. The spark would fall down into some punk and burn like a match. They could not afford to use powder to start a fire with, as it was too expensive. The powder was kept in powder horns, and was only used for killing deer and pork for the winter meat. The Indians were always glad to trade any kind of game for powder and pork.

"I can remember when we were very saving of flour bread. Wheat and flour were scarce, and the consequence was bread was seldom had. In the place of bread they would take the breast of a wild turkey, roast it by turning it round and round in front of the fire on a spit. Then they would cut off slices of it, and put it on the table and use it in place of bread. Apples at that time were also very scarce, because the trees were still young.

* * * * * * *

"At the garrison in Piqua, we used to save all our old clothes; the soldiers would leave their old clothes there, and mother would have them cleaned, dried and cut up into carpet rags. The British soldiers had red coats and the American soldiers had blue, and this mixture would make a very pretty rag carpet. The chain which we had for these carpets was made out of hemp. The carpets were woven on the farm by an old Irishman, who learned the trade in Ireland. He also wove the coverlids for the beds, table linen, sheeting, towels, etc. Everything we had of this nature was woven on the farm. The yarn was spun first on a big spinning wheel, or the little spinning wheel, and from this stockings were knit and cloth made for dresses. Plaits were made of blue and red, red and white, or any other color. They were dyed with madder, copperas and indigo. The Indians used to dye with dyes they got out of the woods. They dyed red by use of sumach. They also took the leaves of this and made 'kinikinik' to smoke. They would put a little tobacco in, however, to give it an odor. They would take a coon skin, dry it and use it to carry their 'kinikinik.' They did not raise tobacco. The tobacco all came from Virginia, and was brought by white people. It was twisted in a twist like a skein of

yarn, and was called 'dog-leg' tobacco. The Indians would buy this and would put a little of it in with their 'kinikinik.'

* * * * * * *

"My father said that the Indians had the same religious ceremonies as the Jews. There were some of them also Free Masons. They had a Lodge among them the same as we have, similar to the Free Masons. There was a large mound between Piqua and Dayton, and it was said by some that Indian bodies were buried beneath it, but the Indians themselves said they never knew anything of their tribes being buried there. Father also said that the Indians never threw a wheel-barrow of dirt up in that shape, and that consequently the mound builders must have been previous to the Indians.

* * * * * * *

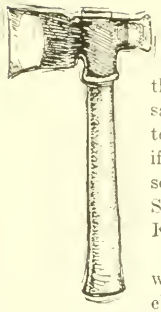
"The first thing I can remember of my grandmother * was as follows: We were in the stockade at Upper Piqua and had a pet deer. My grandmother had some linen yarn hanging up on the line to dry, and this deer got its horns entangled in the yarn. I was born inside of this stockade. The logs were about ten feet high. Our cabin was inside this, and stood off to one side. The stockade included about ten acres, and the spring was inside. It was planned by an officer of the army. When we moved out of the stockade, I had a great big china doll on the shelf behind the door, and as we were leaving, I went back to the cabin and got it. I was only three years old at that time. At another time, I can remember that same deer got its head in the milk and in some way broke its leg. My grandmother went and bound it up and fed it until it got well.

"They used to kill opossums and eat them, but my grandmother would never let them do it when she was around. When we went to church, we did not get back until four o'clock in the afternoon. This was because the road was through the woods and was very poor. When going to church they would never take a lunch, except possibly the children would take a biscuit.

* * * * * * *

"My father found a white boy among the Indians and he tried every way to find the child's parents. At last he sent for a woman from Kentucky whom he believed to be a relative. The woman and the daughter came all the way over from Kentucky on horse-back. They looked the child over and came to the conclusion that he had none of the features of their family. The parents of the child for whom they were

* This was the French girl, Elizabeth Bernard.



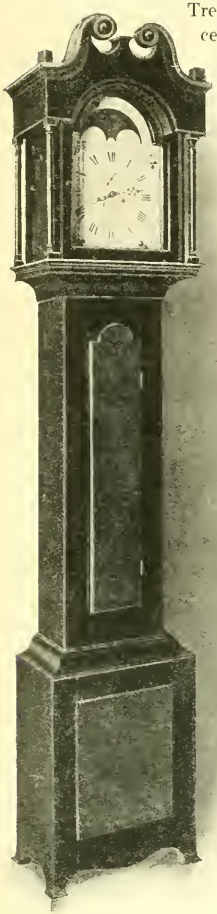
looking had been killed by the Indians and the child taken captive. The age corresponded, but not the features. They were going to go away and my grandmother asked them if they ever sang to the child. The woman said, yes; its mother sang whenever she put the child to sleep. My grandmother then told the old lady to sing some of the old cradle songs and notice if the child observed them. The woman began to sing and had scarcely sang one verse through when the child began to cry. She found it was the long lost child and they took it back to Kentucky with them.

"Billy and John Conners were taken captive by the Indians when they were small. Billy married a squaw and had seven children. When the Indians were preparing to start West over the Mississippi River to their reservation, they began to suspect Conners of not going with them, as he was not getting ready, and the squaw wife was very anxious and very much troubled. Grandmother told him he must go with her and he denied that he was preparing not to go. He went one day's journey with them and came back, deserting his squaw and children. He got one thousand acres of land because she was a squaw and he laid out the town of Connersville, Indiana. He became a very rich man and married a white woman. I do not know what became of the other child, John Conners. Stephen Woodney afterward told me that he saw Conners' squaw, and she said she had taken a vine called 'liveforever,' and stuck a piece for each member of her family in different parts of the home before starting West. 'Liveforever' was a kind of shrub that would grow and spread. She did this because she said she did not want any one to go in there and live.

"The Indians got sixty thousand dollars for their land, which was paid to them by my father. The white men swindled them, though. One man brought in a bill of eight thousand dollars for goods which he claimed to have sold them. The poor Indian chief had signed the paper, and the law required the money to be turned over to the white man. It seemed as if the Indians would have to give way to the people who would use the land for better purposes than hunting. The Indians did not do much farming. They would sell their furs and get what they wanted in that way. They had a different kind of corn from ours. It was called 'Squaw corn,' and was a very small cob, so that they could shell the corn and carry it with them to make 'succotash.'

"Black Hoof said he was born on the Susquehanna River, and came

from there with a tribe of Shoshone Indians; that he remembered the Treaty with the white people by which the Indians ceded their land in Pennsylvania to the Government. The Government in this Treaty stipulated that the Indians should never be moved again; that the new territory would be sacred to them for all time. Black Hoof said the white men would get all their land from them and would leave them no place to live. They would push them West until they pushed them into the Pacific Ocean, and that would be the last of the Indians.



"Our family hated to see the poor Indians move, but my mother never liked to live among them, and would never let her children learn the Indian tongue, as she said we were barbarians enough. My father could understand the Shoshone language. Manitou was the good spirit of the Indians, and Natchee-Manitou represented the devil to them.

"In 1811, my uncle was deputy supply agent at Fort Wayne, Indiana. He was sent by the Government to the territory of Cincinnati and was killed by a Potawatamie Indian. They took his watch, and that is how we knew he was killed by an Indian. My uncle's name was Stephen Johnston. That is the reason my father left the Fort and went to live at the stockade at Upper Piqua."

What would we not give for some detailed account of the family life of the Johnston household at Upper Piqua, for a record of one week, and what they did and said? There

are no diaries extant, and but few letters; and these are of a later day than that of which we write, and were addressed to those children who had left the parents' home. They are the briefest reports of the health of the family and directions about some matters of business. No trifling chit-chat—there was no time for it. No philosophizing—they did not know how. Every-day duty and religious faith made up their correspondence, as it did their lives. Colonel Johnston wrote frequently to his friends and to his absent children, in his beautiful, plain running chirography, and always affectionately. Mrs. Johnston's letters, the few which time has spared, breathe a spirit of the "mother" through every page. Once she owns up to being tired of hearing about "hard times and polyticks," but she never complained of what must have been, at best, a life full of stress and strain, and always (with but one discovered exception, in which she was in a desperate hurry for "one more yard of carpet to be sent by the next canal boat from Dayton") she finished her letters with "God bless you and keep you is the prayer of your loving mother."

It is not to be wondered at that the early settlers were deeply religious. The Lord God who watcheth over Israel was bound to be a living reality to them or they never could have faced the difficulties and perils of their lives, many as these were.

Some of the men, when they got too old to be useful, were wont to spend their time writing their views on immortality or on the Divinity of Christ, on small sheets of paper which are now very difficult to read. Often the religion is of that old-fashioned, vindictive type where so much more is made of the threats against the children of God than of the

promises to them, that we wonder how it could have been a comfort. However, as their lives were hard and uncompromising, it was most natural that their religion should be the same. There was no dilettantism in those days in things temporal or spiritual. Such as their faith was, these pioneers held to it and died in it. Their faith was not for Sunday alone. It was the every-day prop of their every-day existence. It went along with their log-rolling, their farming, their spinning and churning. The old family scrap-books contain letters describing deaths in the family circle, which, from their faith and Christian assurance, are inspiring to read. The fear of the Lord was the beginning of the pioneers' wisdom and the end of all their knowledge. They built first the stockade fort; next, the log cabin, then the church.

The Episcopal Church found its way early into the Ohio wilderness, heralded by that stanch pioneer Christian, Bishop Philander Chase, aided and abetted by such strong laymen as John Johnston and his friends. The service of John Johnston and his wife to the parish of St. James is worth recording. In 1822, Bishop Chase visited Piqua and stayed under the Johnston roof. John Johnston had invited him, hoping that enough interested persons could be found to start a church. An article of association was prepared, which read as follows:

"We whose names are hereunto affixed, deeply impressed with the truth of Christianity and desirous of promoting its holy influences on ourselves, our families and society at large, do hereby associate ourselves together under the name, style and title of the Parish of St. James Church in the village of Piqua, township of Washington, county of Miami, in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the diocese of Ohio.

"Signed;—John Johnston, Thomas Hillier, Robert Johnston, Jas. Johnston, Jr., Wm. Johnston, Jr., Nicholas Greenham, Thomas Greenham, Charles Barrington, Samuel Barrington, Jacob Cox, J. Rinson, James Defrees, Enos Manning, William R. Barrington, John McCorkle, James Tamplin, George Johnston, Joseph Defrees, Jr."

The organization of the parish was finally accomplished on the fifth of January, 1823, with John Johnston and Nicholas Greenham as wardens. Immediately after the organization of the parish, John Johnston was appointed lay reader by Bishop Chase, and at once commenced holding the regular services of the church. In 1825 the vestry of St. James Church called the Rev. Gideon McMillen, who accepted and became the first minister. Until 1828 no Episcopal Church building was erected in Piqua. Services were held in a schoolhouse near the Johnston cemetery.

In 1828 active preparations were made to build a church and fourteen hundred dollars were subscribed toward this end. Colonel Johnston was influential in securing five hundred dollars of the sum through friends in Philadelphia. This church, which stood on the corner of North and Spring Streets, was consecrated by Bishop McIlvaine on November eleventh, 1833, and in it the Johnstons worshipped for many years. When, in 1846, this church was replaced by a brick edifice (lately torn down to give place to a third), John H. D. Johnston, son of Colonel Johnston, gave the ground for the new building. Thus the history of St. James Church, Piqua, has been the partial history of the Johnston family, members of which were baptized at its font, confirmed at its rail, and married and buried from beneath its bell tower.

Mrs. Rachel Johnston was active in the work of the church, though how she found time for it would be hard to tell. She was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and president, for fifteen years, of the Piqua Bible Society. We find in the church records an address delivered by her on the twenty-second anniversary of this organization, held May fourth, 1840, at St. James Church, Piqua. It closes thus:

"Let us be more and more devoted to this duty and let us, by labors of love, invite others to come with us, that we may do them good also; for the consolations of the Gospel are neither few nor small, and it is not

among the least of its benefits that the soul employed in benefiting others for the sake of Christ, shall be more abundantly watered. To do good and to distribute, forget not, for with such sacrifices, God is well pleased. If thou hast much, give plentifully. If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little."

The family circle continued unbroken for twelve years after the removal of John Johnston from Fort Wayne to Piqua. Then the outgoing from the home nest began with the marriage of Elizabeth, the second daughter, to John D. Jones, of Cincinnati, on September twenty-second, 1823. The marriages of the other children occurred in the order named:

Juliana Johnston to Jefferson Patterson, of Dayton, February twenty-sixth, 1833, by the Rev. Alvah Guion.

Mary Johnston to Milton A. McLean, of Cincinnati, June tenth, 1834, by Rev. Ethan Allen, of Christ Church, Dayton.

Rachel Johnston to William A. Reynolds, of Cincinnati, May twenty-fifth, 1836.

Stephen Johnston, Lieutenant United States Navy, to Elizabeth Anderson, of Louisville, Kentucky, July third, 1838.

Rebecca Johnston to James Findlay Whiteman, May thirteenth, 1840.

Catherine Connelly Johnston to George Holtzbecher, July twenty-ninth, 1840.

John H. D. Johnston to Mary Jane Dye on June twelfth, 1845.

Death also came now and then to the family circle. The first to go was the French-Irish grandmother, Elizabeth Bernard Johnston, who died at the advanced age of eighty-nine at Upper Piqua, August eighteenth, 1834, and was interred in the family burying-ground near the farm.

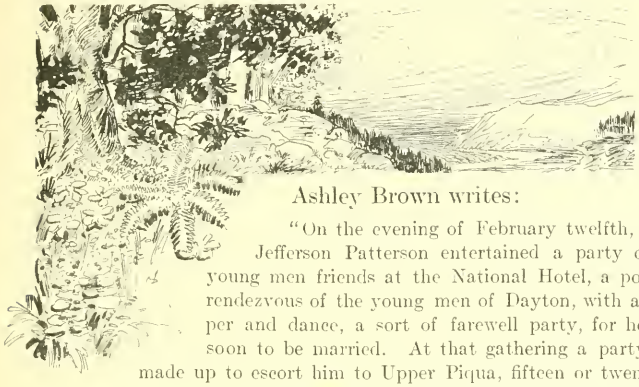
There was much visiting back and forth between Dayton and Piqua in those days, and on one of these occasions Julia Johnston met Jefferson Patterson, the youngest son of Col. Robert Patterson. The attraction was mutual.

Letters passed back and forth, and many a trip on horseback did the lover make through the woods from Dayton to the Johnston home in Upper Piqua in the pursuit of his courtship. We have a few of the letters exchanged during this winter, and they speak for the dignified nature of the engagement. In one of the last letters before her marriage Julia Johnston ends by saying: "I trust you will accept my assurances of sincere affection as a substitute for many words. Yours truly, Julia Johnston." Julia Johnston first went to the Rubicon in the summer of 1832 as a visitor, and spent several weeks there with the family of her husband-to-be.

Jefferson Patterson, like his father, was a public-spirited man and interested in all civic functions and progress. Before the campaign of 1832 all Dayton had united in a Fourth of July celebration; people from the country came in delegations, crowding the streets and camping on vacant lots. Not since the war had the town been so full. Homes of prominent people were filled with guests for three days. Capt. Adam Houk, grand marshal of the day and commander of the procession, had for his aides Jefferson Patterson, Robert C. Schenck, George C. Davis, Peter P. Lowe and George Engle, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses. Many of the business associates and friends of Jefferson Patterson were on the committee of arrangements for that celebration —Thomas Clegg, Charles G. Swain, David C. Baker, Charles R. Greene, George Grove, William Eaker, Peter Baer, Johnson Perrine, William Roth, John Engle, David Davis, Thomas Morrison, F. F. Carroll, Samuel Foley and Thomas Brown. Edward W. Davies read the Declaration of Independence, and Robert A. Thruston delivered the oration. As aide-de-camp, Jefferson Patterson wore his Masonic regalia, and over it a shoulder sash of red silk. First in the procession, following the marshal and staff, came troops of horse, then foot-soldiers, the Masonic order, school children, men and women

marching, the line closing with citizens mounted or in wagons.

This Fourth of July celebration was the greatest demonstration that Julia Johnston had seen since her school days in Cincinnati; the fact that her fiancé took so prominent a part in it increased her interest. The parade of trade representatives was a new feature to her, and her recollections of this and other public events proved of assistance in later years to writers of Dayton histories.



Ashley Brown writes:

"On the evening of February twelfth, 1833, Jefferson Patterson entertained a party of his young men friends at the National Hotel, a popular rendezvous of the young men of Dayton, with a supper and dance, a sort of farewell party, for he was soon to be married. At that gathering a party was made up to escort him to Upper Piqua, fifteen or twenty in number, relatives and friends, married and single, including the groom's brother, Robert L., his nephew, R. P. Brown, R. P. Nisbet and Jack Nisbet, the latter then eighteen years old. It was a jolly company, in carriages and on horseback. The groom's carriage, in which he was to return with his bride, was drawn by four horses and driven by John Shellabarger. Jefferson Patterson and party started from Dayton before day, on the morning of February twenty-fifth, the ground being covered with heavy, fast melting snow. They crossed Mad River bridge and followed the Military Road east of the Miami to Staunton for dinner at a small tavern kept by Peter Felix, then before dark crossed by ferry some four or five miles farther up the river and drove into Piqua without a mishap, putting up at the little tavern for the night. Rain began to fall, and only a few of the party accompanied the groom for an early candle light

call upon Miss Juliana Johnston and her family. Other friends reached Piqua on the morning of the twenty-sixth, and after an early dinner all proceeded to Colonel Johnston's Upper Piqua home, taking with them the Episcopal minister, Rev. Alvah Guion of the Piqua parish. A generous feast of cold meats, bread, butter and hot coffee was served all afternoon to the large company of early arriving guests. At six o'clock, Jefferson Patterson and Juliana Johnston were married in the large parlor, with the Episcopal service by Rev. Alvah Guion."

Family tradition records the fact that Juliana wore a white silk gown and that her father gave her, as to each of the other family brides, a solid silver tea service.

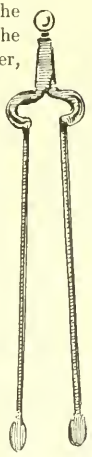
Mrs. Patterson afterwards wrote of the occasion: "At our wedding a large delegation came up from Dayton and a great many people attended from Piqua and surrounding towns. Some of the people came at three o'clock, although the wedding did not take place until six in the evening. The consequence was we had to furnish two suppers. The first one, for the early people who came, was cold ham, etc. For the wedding supper we had all kinds of game and delicacies, well cooked by three male cooks. Two of them were soldiers and one was a colored man."

Henry L. Brown left an account of the Patterson wedding among his papers. He says:

"The waters were too high for the river ferry to be operated, and Mr. Patterson determined that the party should return to Dayton by the more direct but unimproved road west of the Miami. The bride's sisters, Mary and Rachel, with other young ladies and gallants, mounted to ride with the Dayton party until noon. After nine o'clock on the morning of February twenty-seventh, they started from Upper Piqua with luncheon in hampers, the bride's trousseau, wedding gifts, etc., on pack horses. Colonel Johnston stood at the door to say farewells with good cause for expressions of anxiety as to how and when the bridal party would get through to Dayton, as small streams were running bank full and the river rising steadily. They were equipped for storm, and it was a gay cavalcade of carriages, horsemen and horsewomen that stopped in Piqua but a short time for greetings, then rode on into a stretch of

alternate pools and muddy way that soon turned back the Johnston girls and company. Reaching the stone house, erected in 1801, half way between Piqua and Troy, the Patterson party halted for lunch, and to feed and rest the horses. Resuming their journey they passed through Troy without incident, to find increased difficulties in five or six miles of almost bottomless roadway. They had given up all idea of getting home that night, and in a jolly mood arrived at Hyatt's little tavern at Tippecanoe cross roads, and were nicely quartered for the night, half of the party provided with blankets for sleeping on the bar-room floor before a great log fire. After a daybreak breakfast they started in welcome sunshine, and by advice of the landlord took a southwest course to cross Stillwater some distance above Little York. The carriages were more of an encumbrance than on the day before, as but few of the streams were bridged. Leaving the carriages and packs at a farmhouse they ferried across Stillwater in canoes near Harrisburg, swimming the horses; then, mounting, reached Dayton (Bridge Street) and ferried the Miami before dark, the water running over the roadway between bridge and levee rendering fording too dangerous. Within a few days the water subsided and the carriages were brought in from Harrison township.

"Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, being the first over in the row-boat ferry, waited for others of the party and the horses; then all rode to the Jefferson Street home, where they were happily welcomed by the aged mother, Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson, and her grand-daughter, Harriet Nisbet. Candles were lighted, the guests departed, and the bride and groom enjoyed their first supper and evening at home in telling incidents of their novel bridal tour. Mr. Patterson's brother came in from the farm next morning, and town relatives and others called during the day. Social experiences soon began, relatives and friends in Dayton and vicinity calling every day. With her old friends and new the young bride soon felt perfectly at home. By reason of the feeble condition of Mother Patterson the duties and responsibilities of housekeeping fell upon Jefferson's wife.



"The first invitation to the bride and groom was to drive with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Whicher, Mrs. Whicher being a niece of Mr. Patterson, the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Venable. Mrs. Catherine P. Brown gave a dinner for them; then followed a grand ball and supper in their honor at the National Hotel;

afterwards there were card parties and dances at the homes of friends in Dayton and the country around. Colonel Johnston on his way to Cincinnati in April stopped two days with the Pattersons, and called with them upon the Bradfords, McConnells and other friends and connections in the country near by. On the return trip Colonel Johnston arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson to invite a company of their friends to a picnic dinner at Charleston Falls in June. Two of Mrs. Patterson's sisters were then to return to Dayton with her for a visit. The proposed outing and visit were abandoned on account of the cholera, which was then making its first appearance."

For the first few years after their marriage the Pattersons lived on the east side of Jefferson Street between Third and Fourth. There they had a large garden, and it was a happy time for the young couple except that they lost their first child, Rachel, there. A part of this property was sold to a man named Pigeon in order to pay a security debt of nine hundred dollars which Jefferson Patterson had signed for Dr. Clements. A few years after marriage they moved to the Rubicon farm south of Dayton on the Lebanon road.

The separation from the home circle only endeared its members to the young bride, who went back again and again to seek the help and companionship of the mother she loved so much. And to lighten the mother's cares she took during the first year of her married life a younger sister and kept her for many months, making her clothes and sending her to school. The Jefferson Street home became, as the Rubicon home did later, a stopping-place for the family on their journeys to and from Cincinnati, where the other married daughters, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. McLean, lived.

Thus we find that this happy marriage was a natural outcome of the warm family ties in the old Piqua homestead. As Mrs. Patterson had seen her mother's household governed, so she sought to establish and govern her own. Who that has known it will doubt how she succeeded?

Shortly after coming to Dayton, Mr. Patterson decided to

go with Mrs. Patterson into the Episcopal Church, in which faith she had been christened and confirmed. The new Christ Church on Jefferson Street, just one block south of their residence, was built that year. The rector was Rev. Ethan Allen, a very warm friend of Colonel Johnston and family, for he had been a frequent guest at the Upper Piqua home on his tours of missionary work in riding for visits to Piqua and Springfield parishes.

* * * * * * *

We shall keep to the story of the Johnston family in this place, although it may be to anticipate by a number of years various events in the lives of Jefferson Patterson and his wife.

The bereavement which, at first indirectly and then actually, broke up the Piqua home was the death of the dear mother who had ruled it so long. No more could the far-scattered sons and daughters and grandchildren answer her call to the home roof and renew the associations of their childhood with her who knew each heart so well.

Mrs. Rachel Robinson Johnston died at the farmhouse at Upper Piqua after eleven days' illness, on Friday morning, July twenty-fourth, 1840, at three o'clock.

We quote from the sermon delivered at her obsequies by her beloved pastor so often mentioned in her letters, Rev. Alvah Guion:

"She was a most kind, affectionate, loving wife; a most tender, anxious and devoted mother. During the forty years of their married life, her husband cannot recall to mind one circumstance respecting her that would cause a moment's pain.

"The cause of Christ lay near her heart and there was no way of promoting it in which she did not stand ready to lend a helping hand. . . . For fifteen years she filled the office of President of the Piqua Bible Society and her labors in this cause have been a blessing to the whole community. . . . Ministers of Christ, of all denominations, were always welcome under her roof. She loved all that belonged to the 'Holy Catholic Church' without reference to sect or denomination.

L. of C.

"In private life, Mrs. Johnston's manner was cheerful and engaging so as to win the respect and love of all who knew her. Her conversation was at once lively, pleasing and instructive. Her religious duties (however pressed she was with other cares) she was never known to neglect. No night or morning passed without her bowing herself in private before her Maker, and always during the absence of her husband she conducted the devotions of the family. Nothing but sickness or absence from home prevented her from occupying her seat in church. She was firmly attached to the ceremonies of the Episcopal Church, of which she was a communicant. She regarded the ministry and government of the Episcopal Church as spiritual and as a most blessed means of preserving unity and peace; she regarded the liturgy as a safe-guard against error and enthusiasm as well as a most appropriate sacred Scriptural form of worship. She warmly and cordially united in the responsive worship of the church and always after its use appeared to be refreshed. Her behavior, while uniting in divine service, showed plainly that her heart was with God.

"In the death of this pious and excellent woman, her deeply afflicted husband and children, the church and the whole community have sustained a great and, to human appearance, an irreparable loss. Such an example as that which she has set before us who survive, is scarcely to be met with. God grant that all her relations, friends and neighbors may imitate her holy example and be prepared whenever the solemn summons shall arrive to join her in a world of perfect, uninterrupted bliss and peace."

All of the fourteen living children were present at Mrs. Johnston's death except Stephen, William and Mary. Mrs. Julia Johnston Patterson, with her infant son William, remained a week, and Mr. Patterson drove up from Dayton for her. Catherine Johnston's marriage to George Holtzbecher had been set for the day previous to her mother's death. The ceremony was, of course, postponed. On the twenty-ninth of July they were married and started East. Robinson Johnston, who had been recalled to Washington to settle his accounts as commissary at Fort Leavenworth for three years previous, accompanied them.

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After Mrs. Johnston's death (to anticipate the next twenty

years) her husband found it impossible to continue to live in the Upper Piqua homestead. The family scattered to different homes; the daughters were all married save one (Margaret), and the sons were away from the parental roof. Colonel Johnston longed to escape saddening memories; therefore he took a house in Cincinnati on Elm Street between Fourth and Fifth, where, with his daughter Margaret as housekeeper, he lived for nine very comfortable and comparatively happy years. His daughter, Mrs. John D. Jones, was also living in Cincinnati at that time, bringing upa family of grandchildren, who were the Colonel's chief interest in life. He made many trips by canal to Dayton, being always greatly interested in the County Fair which was held near the Rubicon farm.

ERECTED BY DAUGHTERS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION AT COL. JOHN JOHNSTON'S FARM

It will be remembered that seven years before the time of which we are writing, Colonel Johnston had arranged the treaty by which all the tribes of Indians in Ohio pledged

themselves to remove west of the Mississippi. They still kept their fealty to their old friend and benefactor, and when any of their number came to Cincinnati they never failed to call upon Colonel Johnston and pay their respects. We read in the diary of John D. Jones that on Sunday, December ninth, 1849, he and his wife entertained three Indian friends to dinner with Colonel Johnston, who had taken them to church with him. They had waited two days to see their friend, he being in Dayton in the meantime. The diary records that the dinner was good and that the Indians refused wine.

During these years Colonel Johnston was an active and busy man. Although past the prime of life he held to its wider interests, and kept both heart and head busy. But death came again and again into the family circle so frequently robbed in earlier years. On December sixth, 1846, Capt. Abraham Robinson Johnston, commander of the First United States Dragoons, was killed in battle at San Pasquale, California, and was buried next morning at reveille on the field. He had gone out to California with General Kearney with about one hundred dragoons. He was ordered to make a charge with eighteen picked men before daylight. The little band was surrounded by Mexicans and every man killed. Young Johnston was buried under a willow bush on the battlefield, only to be twice removed, once to Governor's Island, and afterwards to the family burying-lot on the farm at Piqua.

This death was a great blow to Colonel Johnston, for the career of his West Point son had always been a matter of intense pride with him. He alludes again and again in his diary to this grief as one which he never could hope would heal.

On March seventeenth, 1847, John Johnston lost his sister, Mary Johnston Widney, aged seventy-nine years, and on December thirteenth of the same year, his only remaining

brother, James Johnston, aged seventy-seven, after a long and painful confinement of three years and three months.

The next break in the family circle was the death of the only remaining son, Stephen Johnston, who had stood in the navy, as his brother had in the army, for bravery and devotion to duty. He entered the navy in 1823 and had seen much service. His last cruise was in the Indian and Pacific Oceans as first lieutenant of the "Columbus," of ninety guns. At Japan he contracted a fatal illness and started home. Death gave him time to see his native shores once more, and he died at Louisville, Ky., on April twentieth, 1848. In April, 1852, by order of the United States War and Navy Departments, the remains of the two brothers were brought to Piqua and buried with appropriate ceremonies by the side of the mother who bore them.

Ashley Brown writes:

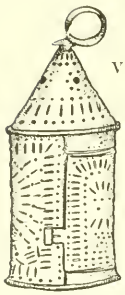
"One more blow remained to the father whose heart had already bled so much. It was in June, 1849, that fatal cholera year. Cincinnati, like all Ohio towns, felt the scourge keenly. Margaret Johnston, her father's pride, his last remaining daughter and keeper of his home, was a most beautiful and popular girl of happy disposition. She had spent the evening of the twentieth with her sister, Mrs. Reynolds, having dined with the other sister, Mrs. Jones. There were quite a party present and all remarked her high spirits. It was the same at breakfast time the next day. At one o'clock the sudden fatal symptoms appeared: she suffered for nine hours, sinking rapidly, and at nine o'clock that evening was dead. The sisters were prostrated with grief and the old father too dazed to realize the depth of his loss."

The journal of Colonel Johnston bears this pathetic entry:

"Thursday, my dearest daughter, Margaret Defrees, was seized with cholera at one o'clock and died at nine o'clock the same evening, sick only eight hours. My comfort, my star, my hope in this world is taken away. She was most dutiful and affectionate to me in my old age. God's Holy Will be done."

There was no more home for him after Margaret's death,

and therefore, after the funeral, which took place at Piqua, he removed to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, who had been for nine years living at the Rubicon farm. Here he hoped to, and did, end his days. He found, indeed, a warm roof and a warm welcome among his Patterson grandchildren. The older ones now living recall with pleasure his presence at the open fireside when he entertained them with stories of his friends the Indians, and his walks with the young people under the very oak trees now standing on the lawn, where he taught them Indian lore and legend. No man in the United States knew the Indian language, habits, superstitions and traditions as did John Johnston. His contributions to the "Archeologica Americana" are now very valuable and frequently referred to. All these things he loved to talk about: they had entered into the most active and useful part of his life, and afforded interesting mental occupation for his old age. His figure was a familiar one on the streets of Dayton and Cincinnati. He walked erect, had snow-white hair and wore a blue coat with shining brass buttons, after the fashion of the day.



However, the passage of the years was telling on his health and spirits. Extracts from his journal during these years are the records of breaking hopes and strength:

"Mch. twenty-fifth, 1854: I have this day closed my seventy-ninth year, born as I have always been informed by my oldest sister, Mary Johnston Widney, on the twenty-fifth of Mch. 1775. Thus have I been permitted thro' the goodness of Almighty God to pass the usual period allotted to man and am now commencing my eightieth year. In 1786 brought by parents from Ireland, in 1793 with Gen'l Wayne's Army on the Ohio at Cincinnati, have had many a narrow escape for my life both in peace and in war, more frequently from the Indian assassin than from open enemy. Thank God for a comfortable competence, for kind, dutiful and affectionate children and that I am yet enabled to take care of myself and not a trouble to any one."

At Upper Piqua, Thursday, May thirty-first, 1855.

"I have spent two weeks this day at this place once so dear to me, and now made so desolate and dreary by the hand of death. Much of my time has been spent in the cemetery among the monuments of my dear mother, brothers, wife and children. I go back to Dayton this day and may never return here again until some surviving friends may bring my remains here to be deposited by the side of my beloved wife Rachel."

A letter written by him at Clay Hotel, Washington, (1861), to Judge Swain reveals his sentiment:

"My heart is sick at what I am compelled to see and hear here daily. To any one like myself who witnessed the origin, rise and progress of the Federal Government, who have seen the great and good Washington with many of the gifted men who aided him in its creation and establishment, and to see now all its benefits and blessings scattered and blasted by wicked and bad men, it seems as though God had forsaken us. May He only who can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men have mercy upon us and restore our bleeding country once more to peace, harmony and prosperity."

And he writes a sad, prophetic paragraph to Jefferson Patterson on the subject of urging his claim before Congress. He is at the Brownsville (Pa.) Water Cure, and feels that if he is to have the benefit of what money is justly due him it should be quickly granted. "The only obstacle," he says, "in my mind in going to Washington is the apprehension of being arrested with disease and death so far away from home."

Colonel Johnston went to Washington in December, 1860. His claim against the Government amounted to twenty-one thousand dollars, which sum he had expended during the two years when, notwithstanding the appointment of a successor, he was obliged to furnish supplies to the Indians. He never lived to see the claim paid. It had passed both branches of Congress and lacked only attesting and sealing when the end came. He had written much upon this matter, and at

the end of one of his papers he says: "It is my purpose to resume it hereafter," but he never did. At eighty, one may plan, but the fulfilment lies beyond human performance. The War of the Rebellion was just breaking out, and it is thought that grief at seeing so many of his friends and relatives ally themselves with the South hastened the end.

The last entry in the journal was written in Washington on Christmas morning, 1860:

"I am here alone in my room in the Clay House, having passed a sleepless night in wretched health, far away from my children and friends and unable to go to church. May the Lord be with me in my lonely and solitary condition and may His blessing in Jesus Christ rest upon me as my necessities require and may that gracious Providence which has protected me all the days of my life be over and about me for the future and in God's own time enable me to return in peace and safety to my children in the West.

"May the grace and spirit of God prepare me for all that may happen to me in the future for Christ's sake, Amen."

One of Colonel Johnston's sons had accompanied him to Washington, and on leaving for New York, he gave instructions to be informed if his father should suffer from any indisposition. Almost upon his arrival, he received a telegram saying that Colonel Johnston was alarmingly ill, and on hastening to his bedside, found his father already gone. The body was brought back to Ohio and buried at Piqua with civil, military and Masonic honors, February twenty-second, 1861. Rev. Dr. Fitch, rector of St. James Church, preached the funeral discourse from the following text:

"Then Abraham gave up the ghost and died in a good old age; an old man full of years, and was gathered to his people."—Gen. 25:8.

The inscription upon the monument in the family burying-lot on the Johnston farm at Upper Piqua reads as follows:

COL. JOHN JOHNSTON
BORN
March 25th, 1775
DIED
Feb. 18th, 1861

Served the United States in various important trusts for a period of forty years.

By his own desire lies buried here close by the side of his beloved wife, Rachel, hoping to rise together at the resurrection of the Just.

Life's labor done, securely laid
In this their last retreat;
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Speaking of Colonel Johnston's opinions upon the war, the Cincinnati *Gazette* said editorially, at the time of his death:

"Sojourning temporarily in the Capitol of the Nation during the perilous times that are now upon us, it may well be imagined how deep and painful was the solicitude felt by the pure and venerable patriot for his beloved country. If the Nation is to be rent in twain, he died none too soon, but we would he had lived to see, as we fondly trust he would, its alienated parts united once more in the bonds of fraternal peace and good brotherhood."

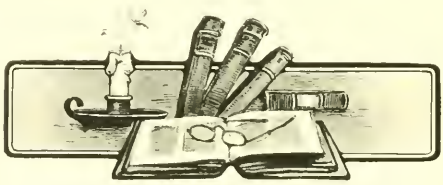
COL. JOHN JOHNSTON'S TOMB

And the same paper, in an obituary tribute, thus recalls him: "Most of our city readers were doubtless familiar with his tall, commanding and military-looking form so often seen promenading our streets, still unbent with the weight of more than four-score years; and with his pleasing and benevolent face that so prepossessed everyone who saw it."

We thus bring to an end an account of a man that Ohio is justly proud to remember, who was, as one of his contemporaries says: "A prominent landmark of the past whose life sheds luster upon the noble name of the present."

* * * * * * * *

Of John Johnston the same might be written which served as an epitaph for his Scotch kinsman and forefather, Sir John de Johnston, three centuries before: "He died much regretted, being a gentleman full of wisdom and very well inclined."



COL. ROBERT PATTERSON

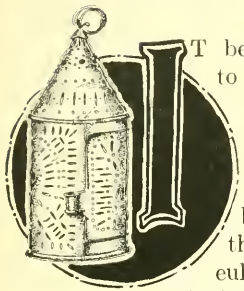
Estimates of his character; Charles Anderson's tribute to his bravery, honesty and kind nature; the Scotch-Irish Pattersons in the old country; Londonderry; church troubles; causes of emigration from Scotland to Ireland, and from Ireland to America; the Pattersons in Connecticut; in New Jersey; in Pennsylvania; the Lindsays; Robert Patterson's birth and boyhood.

CHAPTER V

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON

"Full credit has been awarded to our own heroes and the cavaliers for their leadership in our history, nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander or Huguenot. But it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part of that stern and virile people, the Scotch-Irish, whose patriots have died for the creed of Knox and Calvin."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



IT becomes necessary to pause at this place, to write of Robert Patterson—pioneer, soldier, legislator, hunter, citizen and friend: "One of the earliest, bravest and best of the pioneers and heroes who made the Great West." No better introduction to the biography of this remarkable man can be found than a eulogy of him, written by the late Charles Anderson, of Kuttawa, Kentucky,* which, though it was designed as an epitaph for his monument and might seem to belong at the latter end of the story, so well epitomizes his life and character that we make it the beginning:

"In memory of Robert Patterson. One of the earliest, bravest and best of the pioneers and heroes who made the Great West. Migrated to Kentucky in 1775. Founded the city of Lexington, Kentucky, as sole proprietor, in 1776. Marched and fought as Captain in the campaign

*See Appendix.

under Clark, Bowman and Logan in 1779 and 1780, and as a Colonel in 1782. He was Captain of a company in the Battle of Lower Blue Licks, August nineteenth, 1782, where his life was saved by the heroism of Aaron Reynolds. He was one of the three original proprietors and founders of the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, in December, 1788.

"To this brief and maimed record of his life, it might be added in strictest truth that a more simple, honest, guileless, loving, faithful and heroic man, father, citizen, patriot and Christian never migrated into the wilderness to contend against its savage men and beasts, to plant in their stead Christianity; nor labored in it with more constancy in the service of his God, than did the man who now sleeps beneath this too modest shaft."

It is not often that a man's life wholly justifies his epitaphic eulogy, but in Robert Patterson's case all records we have of him prove this to be no overstatement. Colonel Anderson says he was "simple, honest and guileless." In his simplicity he aimed straight at the highest ideals and clung to them without hypocrisy or subterfuge. In his honesty he rendered to every man his due, and paid his moral and social obligations as he did his debts, to the last penny. In his guilelessness he trusted every man he met with all he owned.

He left Lexington in 1804 because he had gone on a neighbor's bond for six thousand dollars and was obliged to surrender his property, which he had conquered out of the wilderness, literally by the sweat of his brow, to pay that obligation. In connection with this incident, Ranck, in his History of Lexington, writes:

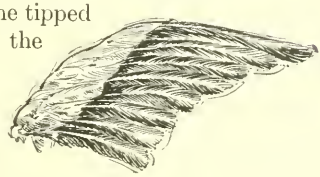
"Robert Patterson was gifted with a fine mind, but like Boone, Kenton and many others of his simple hunter and pioneer companions, was indulgent and negligent in business matters, and like them lost most of his extensive landed property by shrewd rascals."

Colonel Anderson says Robert Patterson was "loving." Was he? Let the old letters answer for this; the letters where the home-made ink has faded into the same dim yellow hue as the paper, both testifying to the lapse of the century

since they were penned. There is one dated the night before he starts on the Bowman campaign to the Miami towns, written, perhaps, on his knees on a slab of wood or on a drum-head by the light of the camp fire. To whom should it be but to his "Eaver luvely Elizabeth," the mother of his two girl babies whom he has left behind in the log fort at Lexington. He tells her he is to start on the morrow "at the head of one of the best regiments that ever crossed the Ohio," and who can tell if he will ever return? He bequeaths his farm lands to her and to the children, and in an incoherent post-script, after signing his name for the second time, goes on to say, with the age-old fatherhood rising in him, "take Becky and Peggy in your arms and tell them it was for father. The God of Heaven bless you: Farewell."

And once again, some years later, he writes to his wife, who is visiting a married daughter in Lexington. It is in the early hours of the morning, after an all-night vigil at the bedside of little Jane (whom he sometimes calls "Jain"), lying ill of a fever. He knows the mother-heart, five days' journey away, is aching with anxiety, and he writes to tell her the doctor says the temperature is abating and that the child has fallen into a quiet sleep. Through the stilted phraseology of the period, the quaint spelling and hardly decipherable chirography, we feel the heart-beats of a warm, affectionate nature. The letters of his sons and daughters are equally strong in their witness to his loving parenthood. The married children are widely scattered, but they neglect no opportunity of sending their dutiful love to the home roof; sons-in-law and daughters-in-law alike joining in the signatures, "Your affectionate children John and Rebecca," or "Margaret and John."

Colonel Anderson says Robert Patterson was "faithful." Witness the Piqua battle-field, where he tipped over the pot of smoking hominy that the



Indians had left in their flight, and tempting the soldiers from battle to the gratification of their appetites. "Your business," he said, "is to *fight*, not to eat," and he led on in the pursuit of the escaping savages with a stomach as empty and clamorous as that of his humblest private soldier.

And was he also "heroic?" We have only to read his memorial to Congress, praying in his old age for the pension which he had refused so long as he was strong and able to support himself; describing his ten engagements with the Indians; his three gunshot wounds and the tomahawk wound in his side, received when a young man of twenty-three, while attempting a difficult and almost impossible journey for the relief of comrades. Witness that time and again he volunteered for active service while suffering weakness and pain from many wounds.

LIKENESS OF COL. ROBERT PATTERSON OF LEXINGTON AND DAYTON

And to know that he was "citizen, patriot and Christian," we need only read the annals of Lexington; how he built a schoolhouse and studied in it, and a church and worshiped in it; how he worked and fought and voted and prayed, and through it all trusted in God and taught his children to do the same. A life so full of thrilling adventure, good

deeds and brave living will bear going into for the sake of the inspiration it must carry to the younger generations of the same name. To do this it is necessary to examine the early records, such as they are, relating to the Pattersons.

* * * * * * *

According to the "Statistical Account of Scotland," there are seven families of Pattersons now in Scotland whose armorial bearings show that they are related to one another. Five of these families spell the name with one "t"; one spells with two; and one with either one or two. Genealogists agree that whether with one "t" or two, they belonged together in the beginning of things. In the struggle for popular rights the Pattersons, as a family, were always forward to take the people's side. Their cardinal principle was the maintenance of true religion, and that undefiled. Out of their ranks have stood many eminent characters in the affairs of both church and state. The motto of all of them has been "*Pro Rege et Grege*"—"For the king and the people"; meaning, that with all reverence and respect for existing civic institutions, the Pattersons have always felt a sympathy for society in the mass; an interest in people who had no armorial bearings, and who stood for themselves and asked no favors of any one. And in times when to be in the upper minority was of necessity to persecute the lower majority, who knows but the Pattersons preferred healthy nonconformity to pampered acquiescence? valued their own opinions above their ancestral estates? It was, doubtless, this instinct, independent of progress, which drove them out of the Old World into the New.

To begin with, they departed from the Established Church. This meant trouble not to be evaded. The church bore heavily upon all dissenters. The Pattersons, with many other Presbyterians, fled from Scotland to the

North of Ireland. Here peace to worship in their own way seemed possible for a time. But the Established Church was like the Throne: they were twin towers of bigotry and despotism. The King, James I, enacted severely restrictive measures as to commerce and agriculture. Fearing the growth of linen manufacture in Ireland, he introduced indirect but effectual means to limit the growing of flax. Sheep were taxed so heavily as to destroy all profit on the manufacture of wool. Thus the two best means of livelihood were discountenanced. No dissenters were allowed to hold public office; all church services but those conducted by the Anglican clergy were forbidden; marriages were illegal under any but the prescribed office. The people were thus subjected to severe spiritual persecution and coercion. The country was apportioned into bishopries. The bishops were imperious and the people obstinate. The Presbyterians worshiped at the peril of their lives. If the clouds of persecution lightened on the other side of the Channel, there took place a reactive emigration back to Scottish shores, where they could hear Calvinistic sermons on Calvinistic soil. So these stanch and wiry Christians went back and forth across the Channel, moved by the emergency of the moment; sometimes crossing in open boats to have their babies baptized or their dead buried.

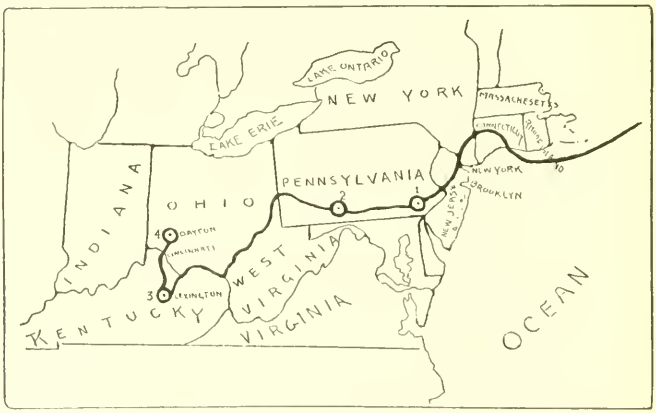
John Patterson, the probable ancestor of all the Pennsylvania Pattersons, was born in 1640. Giving up his home in Scotland he went to Londonderry and took with him his wife and two sons. A worse time for choosing a new home could not have been selected. It was on the eve of the heaviest blow to be struck at Ireland and Irish blood. James II besieged Londonderry with his English troops. The history of that tragic event is told in Hume and Macaulay, the story of weeks of suffering and hardship patiently and nobly borne.

John Patterson and his family suffered cruelly. Provisions ran so low that a mere handful of dried peas remained to the whole family. Mrs. Patterson apportioned them: ten peas to each of the children and five apiece to herself and husband. Afterwards they ate grass and putrid meat, but never suggested giving up their city or their rights to England. One boy, the son of a neighbor, was found dead with his mouth full of grass. John Patterson in his old age used to gather his grandchildren around him and tell them never to forget to be thankful when they sat down to a table with plenty to eat. Then he would describe how hard it was, when wanting good bread and milk, to have no food but grass. That these things were borne to avoid yielding to unjust persecution was always explained to the children; and thus was fostered that spirit of uncompromising steadfastness to principle which marked the Pattersons in their new home a century later.

John Patterson had a son, Robert, who was a half-grown boy at the time of the siege, and of this Robert we have a story which is characteristic of certain family traits. At this time, about 1675, in Ireland every landowner was obliged to serve as warden in the church, if called upon; and the refusal incurred a penalty of five pounds sterling. It was the thrifty plan of the church authorities to select some stiff-necked Presbyterian and elect him warden, with a view to adding to the church revenues through the medium of an obstinate dissenting conscience. Robert Patterson was elected warden. He loved his own church and was loyal to it, but, like all dissenting Irishmen, had no spare five pounds to spend on fines. How was he to reconcile his finances and his ethics? The warden's chief duty was to take up the collection, which in those days occurred early in the service. The office was accepted and the worthy seceder (who hated the Litany as the devil is said to hate holy water, if so disre-

spectful a comparison may be allowed) stayed outside of the church door until prayers had been read; then appearing decorously with his long-handled black bag, he passed it up and down the aisles in true churchman-like manner. Returning the alms and oblations to the minister and retiring to a back seat under the gallery, he watched his opportunity to make off across the fields to his own meeting-house, to his Presbyterian sermon and the safety of his soul. Thus he fulfilled his civic and ecclesiastical obligations, and at the same time saved his conscience and his purse. Although the Pattersons have long since returned to the Anglican faith of their earliest forebears, this story well illustrates their persistence in their own opinions.

Robert Patterson, son of the John Patterson of the siege of Londonderry and hero of the thrifty incident above men-

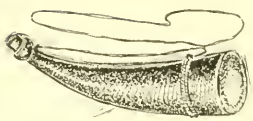


THE PROGRESS OF THE PATTERSONS FROM THE LANDING OF THE EMIGRANT ANCESTOR IN CONNECTICUT IN 1728 TO THE SETTLEMENT OF THE FAMILY IN DAYTON, OHIO, IN 1804.

tioned, had ten children, six of whom early emigrated to America. Of the four who remained, John Patterson (great-grandfather of Robert Patterson, of Lexington and Dayton) returned to Scotland during one of those tides of emigration from shore to shore, and "from there joined the artillery and went back to Ireland in defense of Protestantism."

John Patterson, the emigrant ancestor, though an old man at this time, with grown and married children, felt the pull toward the new country. He had a considerable tract of grazing land on Donegal Bay, together with milling interests, and it was a difficult experience to transplant both family and business to a new soil. In 1723 his holdings had been disposed of and preparations to start were all made, when Mary, his wife, died, and this delayed matters some years longer. In the meantime several of John's children, with their families, had sailed for New England, leaving behind the father with an unmarried daughter, his son Robert and wife Margaret, with their six children. At last this remnant of the family also left the shores of Ireland behind them and landed on the Connecticut coast near New London in the spring of 1728.* The first of the Pattersons who came over had settled in the northeast part of the State. The father John (emigrant John), and son Robert (afterwards of Lancaster), decided to go farther south. It took them, according to the family records, two years to cross the State. They settled on the way, raised a crop of corn and then moved on farther west and south. The family party in wagons were as follows: the emigrant ancestor, John Patterson, and his middle-aged single daughter, whose name has not been preserved; Robert (of Lancaster), his son, Robert's wife, Margaret, and their children; John, aged thirteen (ancestor of the Shaker Pattersons); Mary, eleven, Francis (of Bedford),

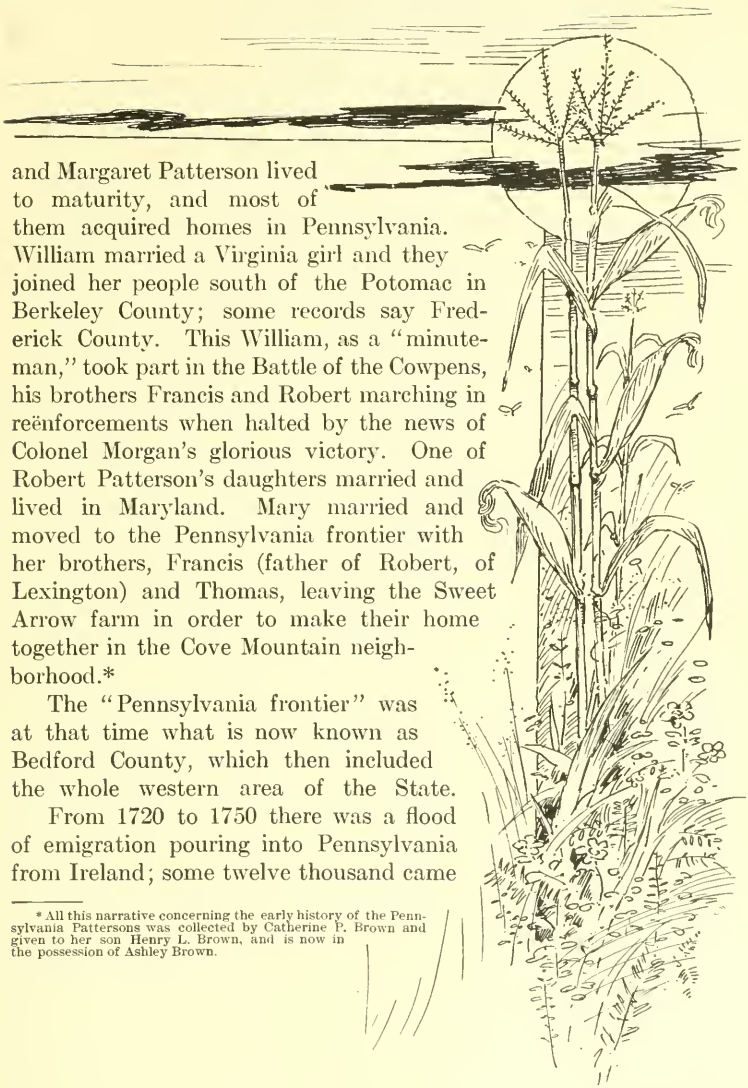
*Death of one of the children at the Hudson River in 1730 "two years after arrival of the family in Connecticut," recorded in old family Bible in possession of the late John Patterson, founder of Watervliet, Shaker Village, Greene Co., Ohio.



nine (afterwards father of Robert Patterson, of Lexington); William, seven; Robert, four; and Thomas, a baby. Another daughter, whose name is not known, was next older than William. Several more children were born to Robert and Margaret after they came to America; Ann was born in New Jersey in 1732.

The Patterson family crossed the Hudson in the fall of 1730 and proceeded south through New Jersey as they had through Connecticut. While "cropping" thus through New Jersey, Father John Patterson, the emigrant, died at the age of seventy-three. Ashley Brown writes: "His will, a brief, unique document, probably never recorded, yet never questioned by the heirs, distributing personal belongings, including money, came into the hands of his great-grandson, John Patterson, founder of Watervliet, with documents showing holdings in the old country, a clearance or passport for the family, memoranda of sales, etc., of no money value, yet data that would now be rated as great treasures."

After the death of John Patterson, his spinster daughter left the family party for a home of her own in a cabin near the Patterson farm and lived alone until her death, some years later. The next move of the family was into Pennsylvania. They spent several years in Bucks and Lancaster Counties, then in 1738 crossed the Susquehanna into York County and lived near Hanover; then, returning to Lancaster County, Robert purchased land on Sweet Arrow Creek; and "Sweet Arrow Farm," as the Patterson home, became as widely known as is the "Rubicon Farm" near Dayton, one hundred and sixty years later. The names of John, Francis and William, sons of Robert of Lancaster, will be found enrolled for military services in the fort companies or troopers of York and Lancaster Counties. Eight of these children of Robert



and Margaret Patterson lived to maturity, and most of them acquired homes in Pennsylvania. William married a Virginia girl and they joined her people south of the Potomac in Berkeley County; some records say Frederick County. This William, as a "minuteman," took part in the Battle of the Cowpens, his brothers Francis and Robert marching in reënforcements when halted by the news of Colonel Morgan's glorious victory. One of Robert Patterson's daughters married and lived in Maryland. Mary married and moved to the Pennsylvania frontier with her brothers, Francis (father of Robert, of Lexington) and Thomas, leaving the Sweet Arrow farm in order to make their home together in the Cove Mountain neighborhood.*

The "Pennsylvania frontier" was at that time what is now known as Bedford County, which then included the whole western area of the State.

From 1720 to 1750 there was a flood of emigration pouring into Pennsylvania from Ireland; some twelve thousand came

* All this narrative concerning the early history of the Pennsylvania Pattersons was collected by Catherine P. Brown and given to her son Henry L. Brown, and is now in the possession of Ashley Brown.

over each year from the North of Ireland. They collected in and about Donegal, Paxtang, Derry, Hanover, Perry and Cumberland Counties. These parts had already been largely settled by the Quakers, to whom there could be no greater contrast than the energetic, turbulent, tenacious Scotch-Irish with the memory of religious persecutions heating the blood in their veins. In 1740 these districts in Pennsylvania contained four times the population they now do; so steadily and consistently has the tide of migration worked westward.

The Scotch-Irish found in the wooded mountains of Pennsylvania a free and glorious refuge from the religious troubles of the mother country. They crossed the rivers, climbed the hills, and the smoke from their cabins waved a pennant to the breeze of the wilderness. Among them no name is more familiar than that of Patterson. Five unrelated families of the name were settled about the same time in the Cumberland Valley. As to the characteristics of the Pattersons as a race, all authorities unite in calling them men of undaunted courage and firmness of resolve. In later records we find a different phraseology, indicating that some of the Patterson virtues had gone to seed. A writer discussing them in 1815 describes them as a "pugnacious and pertinacious race, given to fighting and stubborn to the end." This is a different way of telling the same story. We need not be surprised at the change of diction. The bishops in Ireland and the Indians on the frontier had not, between them, sweetened the Patterson temper.

The two brothers, Francis and Thomas, secured a tract of fairly level land extending as a "cove," or small flat valley, back into the fastness of Big Cove Mountain, three sides of the land a dense forest of heavy timber, with a stream, Patterson Creek, on the eastern boundary. The ground was fertile, and coal, iron ore and stone were to be found for the digging. The cabin, barn and cribs stood near a military road

cut through the mountains. At this time Francis Patterson was thirty-one years old. He had married Jane when he left the Sweet Arrow farm in Lancaster County, she being some years younger. The younger brother, Thomas, lived with them and was killed by the Indians six years later.

Five children were born to Francis and Jane Patterson: Francis, *Robert* (the Colonel Robert, of Lexington), Jane, Mary, and a babe who died young. *Robert*, the second child, was born at nine o'clock in the morning of March twenty-third, 1753.*

Catherine P. Brown and Culbertson Patterson say, in their notes, of Francis Patterson of Bedford:†

"He had been given discharge from the Lancaster military company, but with Thomas was granted indefinite leave of absence on their removal to the Big Cove, then transferred to the Bedford Rangers when organized in 1755. Two years previous, as a frontiersman, he had been ordered for a tour of duty at Fort Ligonier, leaving his wife, Jane, and their two sons, Francis, two years old, and Robert, four months, well provided in the cabin.

"Bedford County in the early day comprised all Western Pennsylvania, forty years later sending many prominent families to settle in Kentucky and Ohio. The Pattersons, Francis, Thomas and Mary, were near Bedford Springs, owning rich tracts surrounded by heavy timbered mountains. Patterson Creek, emptying into the Juniata, was named for them. Their cabin homes, two miles apart, formed the outpost on the Indian trail leading from the Potomac to the Ohio River.

"Jane, mother of Robert, died when he was just passed three years, and within a few months, a short time previous to General Braddock's ill-fated campaign, Robert's uncle Thomas, while on an expedition against the Indians, was ambushed and killed.

"Francis Patterson's cares were grievous, with four little children to provide for, cattle to look after, and liable at any hour to be called for military duty. His second wife was Catherine Perry, daughter of a family who had come to Fort Bedford with the British troops that continued as the garrison at that point for twelve years. For five

*Manuscript compiled by the late Henry L. Brown from reminiscences of William Nisbet and John Patterson. In the possession of Ashley Brown.

†H. L. B. papers.

years, 1758 to 1763, Francis and his brother Robert* of Lancaster County were in almost constant mounted service on the frontier."

William Nisbet wrote:

"Catherine Patterson proved to be a noble woman and mother, affectionately remembered for her loving care by her stepson, Robert Patterson, all of his life. She knew no difference between the little ones she found in the cabin she entered as a bride, and the larger number that came after, and Robert's heart was always filled with a son's love for her.

"The children lived out of doors, their playground limited by danger from bears and wolves. Robert grew to be a helpful boy to father and mother around the cabin and barn, in field and clearing.

"The military spirit began to develop in the boy (Robert) at the age of ten, at the time of the Indian uprising under Pontiac. The Patterson home was on the Military Road, and Francis and Robert were deeply interested in the movement of troops, artillery and pack trains under Colonel Boquet, the boys dividing their time between home chores, school and the camps. Robert, bright, practical, always planning for something, forehanded, enjoying and studying everything that came along, early acquired skill as a hunter with bow and arrow, and like other

* Uncle of Colonel Robert.

FALLING SPRINGS, WHERE IT EMPTIES INTO THE CONOCOCHEAGUE

boys of Bedford at the age of fifteen, equipped himself for mount and drill with the troopers, although too young for enrollment in the 'Bucktails.'

"Francis Patterson operated a tannery while milling and cattle raising, and his sons brought in deer skins and pelts of smaller game and 'varmints' from hunting trips up the mountains, to add to the store. The boys tanned the skins for their own uniforms of caps, hunting shirts, leggins and moccasins. Eight months of the year the boys wore only homespun knee breeches and hunting shirts.

"The change had come, Robert a man at the age of sixteen, skilled in woodcraft, able with rifle and traps to maintain himself in the forest for months, inspired with desire for service with surveyors, seeking consent of father and mother that he go out into the world to do for himself. Settlers were pushing through the mountains into western Virginia, movers passing the Patterson lands en route to the Upper Ohio, and Robert longed to go with them to the frontier. George Washington, leading a party of explorers, camped at Bedford Springs in October, 1770, and Robert Patterson applied for a position as hunter, or in any capacity, but the party had been made up. Washington at that time crossed to the Ohio and descended to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, or from some accounts as far down as the Big Sandy River.

"The Patterson cabin had given place to a roomy stone dwelling, and that was filled with babies. Besides Robert, his brother and two sisters, came William, Arthur, Mary, Thomas and three others, and after Robert left, two were added."*

It will be interesting, in the light of later events, to know something of the friends and neighbors that the Pattersons had in their Pennsylvania home. The Lindsay family, into which Robert Patterson married, were educated, well-to-do people, who had landed at Philadelphia when Andrew Hamilton was deputy governor under the proprietary government of the colony. Intending to locate on Virginia tobacco land in the beginning, they changed their plans, remained in Pennsylvania and prospered. William Lindsay, the grandfather of Mrs. Robert Patterson, born on shipboard, became the head of that branch of the family that settled on the banks of the Conococheague.

* H. L. B. papers.

Where the swift, clear waters of Falling Springs drop over a rocky ledge into the Conococheague were built the first cabins of the settlement called by that name. From 1730 to 1740 the influx of settlers was great. During the month of September, 1736, a thousand families are said to have sailed from Belfast, bound for this particular strip of country. Of course they had trouble with the Indians, immediate and incessant. The Cumberland Valley was occupied by the Six Nations, who regarded the settlers with warrantable jealousy. A letter from Benjamin Chambers to the inhabitants of the Lower Cumberland Valley, dated at Falling Springs, November second, 1755, says: "The Great Cove is destroyed. One hundred Indians of the Delawares and Shawanoese have attacked it. All the homes are in flames."

FALLING SPRINGS CHURCH, WHERE THE LINDSAYS WORSHIPED AND WHERE ELIZABETH LINDSAY PATTERSON'S FATHER AND MOTHER ARE BURIED

This communication is of interest because the William Lindsay family was then in this vicinity and the Pattersons lived at Big Cove. The home-despoiled settlers came up to Falling Springs and were anticipating more attacks of the same kind. Colonel Chambers had constructed a stone fort for the safety of his own family and his neighbors. It was at the confluence of the Falling Springs and the Conococheague, and it must have been quite a feudal enclosure, for the stockade embraced several dwelling-houses and a flour and sawmill. The fort proper (with the mill attachment) was a large stone building two stories high, with the water of Falling Springs running under it. This gave safe access to the water and power to the mill-wheels. The windows were small to

keep out hostile arrows, and the garrison boasted two four-pound cannon brought from Philadelphia. The State Records say: "Almost all the neighboring families found shelter here for some time." Therefore we may conclude that the Lindsays, and perhaps Francis Patterson with his family, lived in this fort for some months.

William Nisbet says:

"William Lindsay, Jr., was born in 1738; married Margaret Ewing, each aged twenty. Mr. Lindsay, a stock raiser, gave attention and profits to the purchase of land, caring for and educating a large family, a man of wealth and influence, owning the Falling Springs in Franklin County, Pa., and the land on either side of that creek, the entire course, and operating the mills.

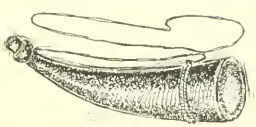
"Elizabeth, daughter of William and Margaret, was born in the Falling Springs house in 1760.

"As Robert Patterson grew up he visited at the Lindsay home, learning to know and love his future wife. Elizabeth's brother William and Robert Patterson had been friends as boys, and when Robert's fame as an Indian fighter and the story of his wounds and suffering reached the Lindsay house, William made a trip over to Bedford to see him. Robert's return visit led to other visits, the graceful sister of his friend being the chief attraction. No more welcome guest had ever been entertained in the Lindsay home, the wounded hero lover wooing the daughter,* shaping the future of the entire family, two of the sons going with him into the army, and later, three of the sons and two daughters following Robert into his far-off Kentucky home."

Robert also went back to his grandfather's farm on Sweet Arrow, in Lancaster County. William Nisbet was his closest friend and associate, the friendship lasting throughout life and to the end of the later years in Ohio. William Nisbet's son married Robert Patterson's daughter, and it is from this son's record of his father's story and from the same as told by Shaker John Patterson, of Watervliet, that we know what we do of Robert Patterson's boyhood. Henry L. Brown writes: †

* This was after his journey to Kentucky and return up the Ohio River, where he was shot by the Indians.

† H. L. B. papers.



"Owning horse, rifle and equipment, nothing pleased Robert so well as hunting expeditions, the furthest into the forests and most venturesome, the better to his liking. 'The bearskin cap, coat and leggins he wore in the winters he was at Sweet Arrow,' said John, 'were trophies of a hunt along the Maryland border with his father. Of fine form and figure, quick in movement, hard worker, slow of speech, a good listener, anxious to learn. What time he had for study was given to books on surveying, and he would walk or ride miles to meet a corps at work. Soldiers or others who had been beyond the mountains were heroes in Robert's estimation. Agreeable to pledge, he promptly enrolled in the Lancaster Mounted Rifles, but soon engaged with a corps of surveyors, the turning point in his career.' . . 'Enjoying the work and association, gaining instruction in the field so long anxiously sought, he drifted away from father's,' said his cousin John, 'with intention of crossing the Alleghenies for a frontier life. He returned to Sweet Arrow one or two winters (1772 and '73), and again after service under Governor Dunmore (1774), filled with enthusiasm over experiences, and determined to emigrate to the rich country down the Ohio of which he had learned from the returned prospectors with whom he had served against the Indians.'"

In another record we find that "John Patterson, of Shaker Village, Watervliet, near Dayton, Ohio, remembered well his father's story of Robert's arrival from Bedford County at 'Sweet Arrow' for a winter's visit, cut short by offer of work in a tannery. This was when William Nisbet and Robert Patterson became such close friends, and it was Robert who induced the Nisbets to move West, aiding them in selection of land in Fayette County, Kentucky, which land they occupied until the removal to Twin Creek* in Ohio, about the year 1805. They were proud of the association with Robert, often referring to him as leader of the younger men of Lancaster County, ever ready for the forest adventures, fearless and cool under all circumstances."†

Thus early was Robert Patterson proclaiming by his personality that he belonged to the master class.

Of the other branches of the Patterson family in Pennsyl-

* New Lexington, Preble County, twenty miles west of Dayton.

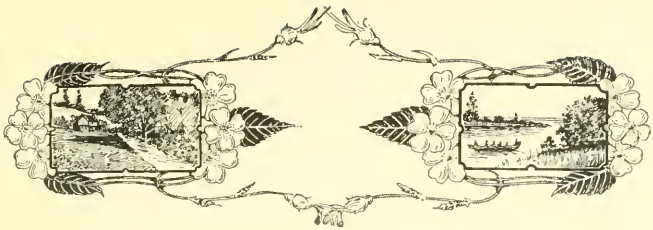
† From Dr. Patterson Nisbet's record; H. L. B. papers.

vania at that time little can be told. Times were too full of the troubles with the Indians and of the effort to wrest a living from the soil, to leave much tangible record. Francis Patterson, of Bedford, was evidently a prosperous farmer and tanner, as we find his name on a number of tax lists from 1751 to 1787 (at which later date he emigrated to Kentucky), as well as dates and location of property purchased by him. We find also an unpublished petition in which he joined with others in a memorial to the Supreme Executive Council relative to the appointing of a civil magistrate. His signature shows him to be a man of force and education. Robert Patterson, uncle to our Robert, listed among the "taxables" in Cumberland County in 1751. Arthur Patterson, of Lancaster County, was in the Fifth Pennsylvania Continental Line under Captain Taylor, and was wounded at Brandywine. His name appears on a list of members of the Rocky Spring Presbyterian Church at Chambersburg in 1786. This was the uncle from whom Arthur Patterson, the third son of Francis (whose descendants now live at Shelbyville, Ky.), was named.

It is a coincidence that the other grandfather in this book, John Johnston, lived in the same locality in Pennsylvania when he emigrated from Ireland. The Johnstons settled near Cove Mountain, not more than a score of miles from the Patterson home. The early associations of both men were in the same vicinity, (though at different periods,) namely, the country near and about Chambersburg, Carlisle, Harrisburg, Shearman's Valley and Cove Mountain. Thus, neighbors in the old country (for Londonderry and Donegal are side by side in the Irish north country), the Pattersons and the Johnstons claimed the same State for their American home, and when the frontier instinct drew them further west, they again met in the Ohio valleys, and their descendants still people the land of that great State.

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

The Pennsylvania Rangers; Lord Dunmore's War; scenes on the Pickaway Plains; Patterson returns to his home and makes a fresh start; journey to Fort Pitt and voyage down the Ohio; settlement at Royal Springs; the camp at Lexington; threatened troubles with the Indians; British encouragement of them; Robert Patterson's perilous journey up the Ohio; is wounded by the savages; return to Kentucky and final Settlement of Lexington.



CHAPTER VI

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—Continued

"Their silence, their cunning and stealth, their terrible prowess and merciless cruelty make it no figure of speech to call them the tigers of the human race. . . . Tireless, careless of all hardship they came silently out of unknown forests, robbed and murdered and then disappeared again into the fathomless depths of the woods. . . . Wrapped in the mantle of the unknown, appalling by their craft, their ferocity, their fiendish cruelty, they seemed to the white settlers devils, not men."

Theodore Roosevelt.

THE beginning of the year 1774 saw increased activity of all kinds in the vicinity of Fort Pitt. Settlers, traders and adventurers were pushing in from the East, demanding land for homes, and allying themselves with whichever faction or party seemed to offer the greatest advantage. Boundary controversies waxed hot between British and Americans, and the promise of military activity attracted many adventurers in search of glory or excitement. An expedition into the Indian country northwest of the Ohio was talked of, and the presence of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, with a

body of troops at Cumberland attracted many recruits. Robert Patterson enrolled in a company of Pennsylvania Rangers for six months' scouting service.

In Henry L. Brown's recollections he says:

"In giving his army service, Robert Patterson usually began the story of his life with the statement of his enrollment in the Lancaster Rifles or Troopers. He was occupied with drilling and camping until the spring of 1772, when he left for the West with a company of surveyors. Enrolling in the Rangers, he was in camp in June, 1774, and marched with Governor Dunmore to Fort Pitt, Daniel Boone having been dispatched to the Falls of the Ohio to warn surveyors of the Indian uprising. The Rangers, fifty strong, 'the eyes of the army,' were thrown across the Ohio for scouting service, and did not return or recross the river at any point until winter, their orders being to follow the trail due west, and communicate with the army at Wheeling Creek (Fort Fincastle). Thus, at the age of twenty-one, my grandfather had opportunity to show the stuff that was in him.

"The movement from Fort Pitt did not occur until September, Governor Dunmore changing the rendezvous to Fort Fincastle, a new base of operations for the Rangers, with reinforcement, including Simon Kenton, James Harrod, David Perry, Robert McClellan, Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan and other splendid men, who, as the future developed, were to be associates of Robert Patterson through the perils of western warfare, and friends through life. With orders to meet the army at the mouth of the Hockhocking by October first, the Rangers, sixty daring men, plunged into the dense forest, following the broad trail to the Muskingum. They avoided villages, concealed their strength from war parties, and scarcely more than exchanged shots with the hostiles. Robert Patterson's horse had been killed, and for two days on foot he kept pace with the advance, since to straggle meant sure death. Others lost horses, and two of the Rangers were wounded. The company could halt only over night in the bivouac on the Muskingum to graze horses, then changing course headed first down the river thirty or forty miles, then directly south over the hills to the Ohio, where near the Hockhocking the army lay in camp constructing Fort Gower. Procuring horses for the dismounted, the Rangers rode up the Hockhocking twenty-five miles, and waiting orders made camp, but were on scout every day while Dunmore communicated with General Lewis at Point Pleasant on the Kanawha. About the fifteenth of October the advance of the Rangers intercepted General Lewis with

orders to halt within two days' march of the Scioto villages. The cross purposes of the two commanders causing delay here, and the subsequent treaty with the Shawanoese and Mingoes, are matters of history."

Robert Patterson's own account is as follows:

"General Lewis disregarded the order, and we rode with him to Congo Creek, where Governor Dunmore and staff came up, uniting the army of three thousand two hundred, a fine body. We erected Fort Charlotte on Sippo Creek, ten miles from Congo camp; then the Rangers were called in. In the days scouting all over the Pickaway Plains, we enjoyed fruit from the Indian orchards and vines, and corn, beans and fresh meat all we could want. We rested inside the fortress at night, being free of guard duty, and made forced trades with the warriors for better horses and blankets such as we might fancy. We had a rollicking time for two weeks or more, and held the Shawanoese, Wyandot, Delaware and Mingoes in the circle until the treaty was agreed, the Indians giving up the Kentucke hunting grounds. Not a shot was fired in the Scioto region except on two days ride under Colonel Crawford against a Mingo village whose War Chief

FORT PITT

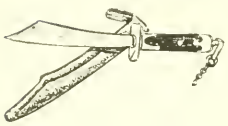
would not surrender. Here we had a small battle, took some prisoners, and plenty of meat and corn carried on captive horses."

This event, trivial as it appears, is called by Roosevelt "The opening act of the drama that closed at Yorktown."

Daniel Boone wrote of the Scioto villages: "The banks of this lovely stream were lined with Indian villages in a high state of prosperity; corn fields waving luxuriantly around humble dwellings, the red men living at peace with each other, relying far more upon produce of the soil than upon the chase for support."

During the time thus spent at Pickaway Plains, Robert Patterson first heard from Boone, Kenton, Harrod and Logan of the endless expanse of unoccupied lands in Kentucky. Their accounts of the abundance of game, fields of wild cane, fertility of soil and glorious climate; their descriptions of the herds of buffalo, browsing elk and deer in the rich lands, so favorably impressed him, that when George Rogers Clark, in camp at Fort Charlotte, sought to interest the young men in a proposed expedition for the next spring, Robert Patterson led his comrades in the enterprise with enthusiasm.

In November the Rangers were ordered to return to Fort Pitt by way of Muskingum Falls, thence to follow the war trace through the hills east, accompanied by a large number of Indians leading horses carrying provisions, furs and corn. Dunmore and Lewis reached the Ohio River opposite the mouth of the Kanawha, and leaving General Lewis at Point Pleasant, Dunmore proceeded up the Ohio to garrison Fort Henry and Fort Pitt. The Rangers coming to Fort Pitt later were disbanded in January, 1775, and Robert Patterson returned to his father's home in Bedford County. Later he went to Sweet Arrow farm, in Lancaster County, his grandfather's homestead. Writing of the withdrawal from the Scioto, he said:*



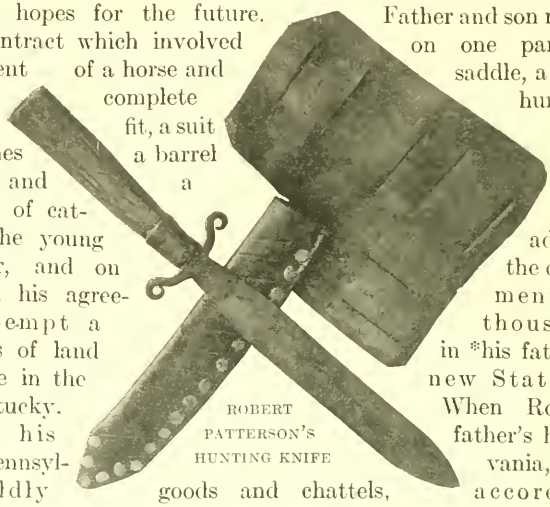
* H. L. B. papers.

"The Rangers covered many miles through dense forests over rough mountains to guard against treachery. I planned to go to Kentucke with Kenton and others, and often through the winter talked about it with Robert McClellan, forming for an expedition, most of us to take up lands."

The project, with possibilities and dangers to be faced, was considered in all its bearings. A journey of six hundred miles into an enemy's country seemed a serious undertaking to both the parents and the boys. Robert Patterson was determined on the expedition, and wished his brother William to accompany him; but the latter was under age, and was persuaded by their mother to remain at home. William, however, made the Kentucky trip four years later, and it shall be told how he found his brother's claim, lived on it, and became the farmer of the family as Robert was its soldier.

Bedford had by this time ceased to be important as either a military or a trading point. The chief structure, the quaint old stone court-house, built during the reign of George III, was intact. British troops had evacuated the fort, and the log houses erected eighteen years before for the accommodation of the officers were now empty. The tide of empire had taken its habitual course Westward, leaving the Pennsylvania hills lonely. The dozen other cabins of the village were occupied by families, and one or more trading houses supplied the country about with goods, utensils, powder and lead, in exchange for furs and wild meat. Bedford, however, would never again be anything but a village. Moving parties were constantly passing through, wagon and pack-horses transporting stores to troops on the frontier. Francis Patterson operated a tannery at this time, the sons learning the trade with him; this, with clearing a little more land each year, farming and raising cattle, made a busy family life.

In the spring of 1775 Robert Patterson made the definite start in life which meant so much to himself and to his descendants. He withdrew finally from the home that had sheltered him from boyhood, and parted from his family with high hopes for the future. Father and son made a contract which involved on one part a present of a horse and saddle, a gun, a complete hunting out fit, a suit of clothes a barrel of flour and a few head of cattle to the young adventurer, and on the other part, his agreement to pre-empt a thousand acres of land in *his father's name in the new State of Kentucky. When Robert left his father's home in Pennsylvania, his worldly goods and chattels, according to his own declaration, consisted of a gun, shot pouch, powder-horn, his horse and saddle, and the clothes he wore. To this may be added a share in a drove of cattle which was the first ever brought to Kentucky. Earlier settlers had driven in cows, sheep and hogs singly, but Robert Patterson was the first man to bring a drove of stock for commercial purposes. His share amounted to nine horses and fourteen cows.



ROBERT PATTERSON'S HUNTING KNIFE

Nisbet, McConnell and Perry accompanied Patterson on the way to Fort Pitt. All were well mounted (for even then

*This arrangement is described in a deposition made by Robert Patterson in 1787, when the title to the land in question was in litigation. Lexington (Kentucky) Court House, Fayette County Records. See Appendix.

young Robert had begun to develop his love for horses); they carried clothing in saddle-bags, and were armed and equipped for bivouac, expecting to join some party for the voyage down the Ohio in boats. Harrod, Boone, Kenton, Williams and Logan were already in Kentucky. The Patterson party passed the summer at Fort Pitt, but not in idleness. By fall a strong company had been made up, and the gathering of seed and provisions began. While some were building covered boats, "broad-horns," as they were called, Robert Patterson and two others penetrated deep into the forest, and spent nearly a month shooting bear and deer for provisions upon the journey. They were successful, two trips with pack-horses being required for transportation of "jerk," pelts and fat to the boats, where the furs and skins were exchanged for winter supplies. One hundred dollars is said to have been the monetary value of this commercial transaction.

EMIGRANT BOAT OF PIONEERS

The party, which included John McClellan and family, Robert Patterson, William McConnell, Francis McConnell, Sr., Francis McConnell, Jr., David Perry, Stephen Lowry and one other, started down the river early in October of 1775. The boats were partly housed against the winter with gunwales of heavy planks for protection against Indian bullets, and each man armed with rifle, tomahawk and knife. Cooking utensils and scant cabin furniture were stowed away, and concealed under meat and shelled corn were the surplus powder and lead. In one boat were fourteen head of cattle,

in the other nine horses. The boats lay by overnight at Fort Henry, Grove Creek and Point Pleasant, but dared not again touch shore until landing at Salt Lick (Vanceburg), Ky., at the end of the two weeks' voyage.

Bands of Indians had been seen at several points along the Indian shore, but the boats passed in safety, the men on guard every minute day and night. It was once stated by an Indian chief that never a boat-load of whites came down the Ohio River that was not watched from the beginning to the end of the journey by the jealous savages hidden along the banks. In the constant and ever-increasing stream of settlers they foresaw the loss of their own hunting-grounds and the annihilation of their race. The wonder is that any party was allowed to reach its destination unmolested. The McClellan party, however, met with no adventures. The landscape rolled by, charming them with its beauty. "Those broad rich acres of blue grass pastures, luxuriant forests and clear streams were, in the Shawanoese language, 'Kan-tuck-ee,' or 'at the head of the river.'"*

At the mouth of Salt Creek the party separated, the families and canoes continuing on their way down the Ohio River, while the young men, Patterson, Lowry, Perry and William McConnell, taking a short cut, followed the creek to its source, They crossed Cabin Creek and struck Stone Lick,where Francis McDremond afterwards pre-empted his claim; thence to the lower Blue Licks, where they met Simon Kenton, so famous in Indian warfare, and John Williams, the only white men, to their knowledge, in the country. Another long march through primeval wilderness brought the young explorers across the Licking and smaller branches of the Elkhorn to Leestown, where, after some delay, they met the canoes and the McClelland party.

*See John Johnston's article on Indian nomenclature in the Archæologia Americana, Vol. I, p. 299.

While grazing the cattle at the Blue Licks, Robert Patterson enjoyed his first sight of buffalo, the herds moving south in advance of winter. He there killed a big buffalo bull, and one of the other hunters killing a calf, they made their first meal of fresh meat in three weeks.

It is to be wished that a picture of the party could be inserted opposite this page, but it was a century too soon for the snap-shot camera. The imagination must supply the details. A contemporary historian will help us to do this:

"Clothed in their quaint pioneer style of buckskin trousers, deer-skin leggins, linsey hunting shirt and peltry cap, and armed each with a trusty flint-lock rifle, a hatchet and knife, they pulled through the trackless woods and almost impenetrable cane brakes in the direction of the future Lexington."*

In deciding upon a permanent settlement the question of a water supply generally fixed the location. The historian, tracing Robert Patterson's path from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, is struck with the fact that he made his new home in the Western State on the bank of the same kind of stream that he had left at home. Falling Springs is a clear, rapid little creek that hurries through green fields and woods and is always sparkling and limpid. The emigrants' journey led them to a fertile valley in the midst of which gushed forth just such another stream. Rather it is a small river, and issues full size from beneath a shelving pile of rocks and tears noisily down the valley. This is now called the Royal Spring, and around it is built the picturesque hamlet of Georgetown, Ky. The beauty of the spot so charmed the settlers that they decided this should be their new home. They were joined by several families from the mouth of the Kentucky River, from the Kingston settlement and Drennan's Lick, and by some young men, among them Alexander and William McConnell, of Pennsylvania, cousins of Robert Patterson.

*Ranck's History of Lexington.

After assisting the McClellans to build a stout log house at the Royal Spring, Patterson, excited by the stimulus of exploration and mindful of his promise to his father about land, pushed out from the rest of the party farther into the wilderness. This was in November, 1775. His only companion was a young man named James Sterritt, also on the outlook for land. On the north fork of Cane Run the two young hunters halted to spend the night of November ninth. This was the real beginning of Lexington; for on that very spot, and because of that night's bivouac, afterwards rose the city that for years dominated the whole northwest. There has been much unnecessary romancing by historians about the settlement of Lexington: unnecessary, because the plain truth is romantic enough as it stands. No crusaders in the Middle Ages, no Knights of the Round Table ever encountered more thrilling adventures nor endured more rigid privations, than these plain Scotch-Irish pioneers in buckskin leggings and linsey-woolsey coats. Ranck says : "The hardships and sufferings of the Puritans in the first years of the Plymouth settlement were not greater than those of the founders of Lexington in her infancy." In this general statement the historian is more accurate than when he comes to details; for he writes of a camp of six young men on this same spot in June, 1775, when they *named the town Lexington.* The news

ROYAL SPRING, GEORGETOWN, KY.

of the battle of Lexington could hardly have carried eight hundred miles in two months. Lexington was not named until its formal establishment as a military garrison by Robert Patterson and a company of twenty-five men in 1779.

Therefore the two young men on that November evening, 1775, were quite unconscious of the significance of their casual camp. Robert Patterson said: "When I came to the place, I had no intention of improving there, but chancing to kill a turkey, and it being late in the evening, James Sterritt, who was the only person in my company, and I concluded to camp there all night. Sterritt and I proceeded on and came to a spring, where we built a *cabin* ten or twelve feet square, and deadened fifteen or twenty trees, and marked 'R. P.' on a tree. I considered it a remarkably beautiful place."

Catherine Patterson Brown, telling in 1855 the story of this camp as she heard it from her father, says:

"Near the close of a long day's land-seeking ride from the armed camp at the Royal Spring, father was rewarded with a first view of the site that was to be his home, a beautiful spot, a grove of stately trees, the center of a mass of ripened cane stretching over gently rolling hills, a herd of grazing buffalo a feature of the scene. A splendid spring in the grove determined his place for bivouac, the winding course of the spring branch through rich grasses marking pasture ground for his horse.

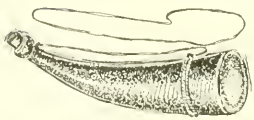
"Fearless and satisfied he enjoyed a night's rest, waking in the early morning to full realization that the object of his Western venture had been accomplished. I remember with what happiness he always told us of that night and morning. He remained at the spring in camp to run the bounds, blazing trees along the lines, with tomahawk cutting into corner trees and other landmarks, his brand ("R. P. Nov. Ninth, 1775,") making legal claim to his first possessions. For this and adjoining tracts, and for lands purchased elsewhere for himself and others he paid scrip and warrants granted to himself, my grandfather and others of the connection for services in the Colonial, Revolutionary and Indian Wars in a period of forty-seven years.

"In the few days' camp at the spring wood was found, and water and stone in abundance, the desideratum of land seekers, and deep loamy soil, fertile beyond his dreams when told of the cane lands two years previous by comrades of the Rangers. He returned to Royal Spring, blazing the way that soon became a familiar route, for he spent as much of the winter at his own spring as he could safely be away, and unmolested by the Indians planned for a cabin, a very hazardous undertaking in opinion of his frontier companions.

"Robert Patterson's hut was built of buckeye poles and stood near the historic Lexington spring, the fertile center of the paradise of the West. The surrounding country, a rich pasture for buffalo, elk, and deer, for centuries disturbed only by Indian hunting camps, had been shelter in turn for whites and savage foes. When early in the year 1777, recovering from wounds, at his Pennsylvania home, he so clearly described the tract and land marks that his brother William, on a trip to Kentucky had no difficulty in locating hut, spring and corn patch. Father's land by right of discovery, a 'tomahawk right,' was made good by settlement and improvements, perfected by all necessary legal steps, questioned in court upon adjustment of boundary lines, a title that has stood eighty years."

At this time Patterson began to use his knowledge of surveying, which he had picked up from old text-books without the aid of a teacher while visiting at Sweet Arrow farm, and which was very valuable in a new country. A party consisting of Patterson, Barton, McBride and three others surveying lands near the Licking River, twenty miles north of Lexington, were fired on by Indians; McBride was killed, but not before he had shot two of the assailants. All the others escaped.

During the remainder of the fall of 1775 Patterson occupied himself in surveying lands on Cane Run and the Elkhorn, and making claims for himself, for his father, and for his brother William. He made about twenty claims, including his own thousand acres, marking some R. P., others F. P. or W. P. He says he marked but few claims in his own name, " for fear of being called a



land robber, a name much detested in the back parts of Pennsylvania, where I had come from." He then writes: "I built a cabin on Cane Run, near where Robert Sander's mill stands." So this was his first cabin on the claim, made in November of 1775, but not occupied as a home until later. Robert Patterson spent the first winter with the McClellans at Royal Spring, and in April assisted in converting the cabin into something like adequate protection against the Indians. Together they felled trees, rolled logs into place, and shortly there grew up a log stockade fort called McClellan's Fort. "The only garrison north of the Kentucky River and forty miles in advance of any other."

The Colonial Government had ordered that if a settler made improvements upon the land, such as clearing off the forests or building a cabin, especially if he raised a crop of corn, he could claim one thousand acres as his own. So Patterson and his friends proceeded to fix their title by a crop of corn. As soon as the weather would permit, in the spring of 1776, he proceeded to Cane Run and, as he wrote it, "grubbed a patch of corn." During that summer he and his friends spent some time on the Elkhorn looking after this corn that made his land title; but repeated threats and outrages on the part of the savages made the occupation of small stations not only unadvisable, but impossible. The young men were obliged to return to McClellan's at Royal Spring, where numbers insured safety. As danger of Indian treachery increased, all the settlers lived closer in the forts.

Robert Patterson's own story covering this period of his life is as follows:

"I became an inhabitant of Kentucky in 1775, where in April * Perry and McConnell helped in building my cabin of buckeye logs. The first depredations of the Indians in that country were committed that month. The few inhabitants then erected forts and formed regulations by com-

* He means April, 1776, according to his sworn statement in deposition.

mittees who enrolled the militia and performed regular duty, forming one battalion, and the officers were shortly after commissioned by the State of Virginia. I procured pay and rations, which enrollment continued until end of the war. Simon Kenton wintered at Hinckston's, Boone and Harrod at their own stations. The winter passed without alarm or discomfort, and in March I grubbed a patch of cane ground, planted it in corn after my cabin was up, and tended it alone.

"Indian hunters threatened, and when my crop had been laid by I assisted in building blockhouse and stockade for McClellan's Station. On scouting duty through the summer I protected the corn from grazing buffalo and elk. I spied Indian camps without discovery and gave alarm to the settlements without wasting a shot, as ammunition was getting short. And I trapped bear and deer with bent saplings. I gathered my corn, cured seed for the next year's planting and on pack horse carried it to Harrod's for safety, and cribbed the balance in my cabin, which the hostiles later carried off."

At one time the garrison at McClellan's Station was attacked by forty or fifty Indians under the Mingo warrior named Pluggy. With horrid war-whoops they rushed upon the stockade from out of the forest, the whites holding the fort bravely, and after a sharp resistance the savages retreated. Pluggy was killed and the settlers lost valuable men. McClellan and Charles White were mortally wounded; Robert Ford and Edward Worthington were wounded, but recovered. Patterson received a slight wound which was the one that, six years later, almost caused his death or capture at the battle of Blue Licks.

As the Indians were constantly threatening the settlers, so the settlers went from fort to fort to give warning of their approach. Robert Patterson once went to visit his future

brothers-in-law, Joseph and William Lindsay. These young men had come from Falling Springs, [now Chambersburg,] Pa., and had established themselves at a large spring near the forks of the Elkhorn. Here they also had acquired "hatchet rights" by blazing a number of trees to enclose a certain tract, and cutting their initials on a large tree near the spring. They had already cleared the ground and had an acre of land in corn. This place was called Lindsay's Springs for many years. The erection of a hut, however poor, on the claim would have given them "cabin rights," a right every settler respected as he would a signed and attested deed. But they were still in camp making their beds out of boughs of trees and cooking over a camp fire. They entertained Robert Patterson with a toothsome repast of roasting ears, cooked over the coals, and snap beans. All the early historians of Kentucky mention that the Lindsay brothers were the first to have snap beans and roasting ears. To them Kentucky owes also her apple orchards, for it is said that they were the first to plant apple seeds on the new soil.

SPRING CAMPING GROUND
(Site of Lexington)

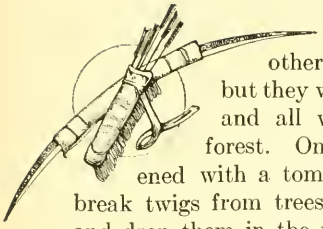
Mrs. Catherine P. Brown writes:

"Men were on guard every night at McClellan's, as was the case at the other settlements, and as danger increased with milder weather, a military company formed including all the men of the Elkhorn country, divided into small parties to scout and hunt in turn. Father was on this duty much of the time, scouting in all kinds of weather from Hinckston's to the Blue Licks, then around to Boone's, sometimes to Harrod's, halting on the tours for work on his own land. He supplied a consider-

able portion of the bear meat and venison used at McClellan's that winter. He told us of killing a young buck near his spring in cold weather, then making tender 'jerk' by hanging the meat in the air for curing in the winds. He lived on 'jerk' two months and had enough for dinner for David Perry and young McConnell, who in April helped him build the hut for which in the winter he had cut the poles and split clapboards."

The year 1775 was called the "peace year," when, following Dunmore's treaty, the Indians were kept in abeyance; but in 1776, incited by the British, they resumed their depredations. Beginning with the spring of 1776, they lined the banks of the Ohio, Kentucky and Licking Rivers, watching for the flat-boats of the white men floating slowly down with the current. With their light canoes so much more rapid than the clumsy house-boats, the savages could dart out from the sheltering thickets along the bank, surprise and murder the settlers, and escape without loss. If the settlers reached their destination unmolested and hoped to make a home for their children, there were still greater perils to threaten them. Ranck says, in his History of Lexington: "The attempt to raise corn was certain death. Game was shot at the peril of the hunter's life." When provisions became scanty in the fort, and the grim specter of starvation forced the father to shoulder his gun and go hunting in the forest, his wife never knew that the door she closed upon him in the morning would open to him again at night.

It was during the summer of 1776 that occurred that thrilling event in the early history of Kentucky—the carrying off of the daughter of Daniel Boone and the two daughters of Col. Richard Calloway. The three girls were paddling about in a canoe on the Kentucky River near Fort Boonesboro when, on drifting near the bank, they were horrified to see a dark-skinned arm reach out of the bushes and pull the boat shoreward. At the same time an Indian of great size, in war paint and feathers, sprang along the side of the boat

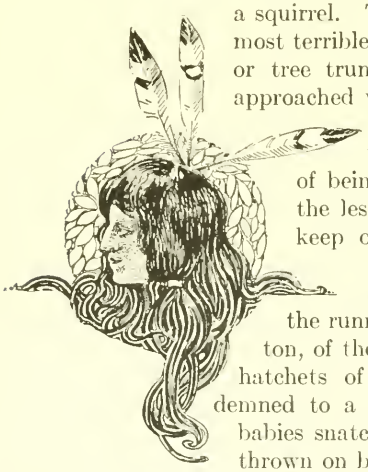


and seized one of the girls. The other two fought bravely with the paddles, but they were soon overcome, their cries stifled, and all were carried swiftly off through the forest. On the way, although constantly threatened with a tomahawk, they took every occasion to break twigs from trees and tear small bits of their clothing and drop them in the path to aid the search that they felt sure would follow. Of course, Colonel Boone had plenty of volunteers to go to the rescue of the abducted girls, and we have reason to believe that Robert Patterson was among the number. The pursuit was carried into Ohio, where the Indians were surprised asleep around their camp fire, the girls rescued and restored to their families.

Let us try to imagine the Kentucky of that day.

Except for the treeless stretches of country between the Salt and Green Rivers, which the settlers called "the Barrens," and which had been burned off by the Indians, Kentucky in 1775 contained not one clearing. The country was almost unbroken forest. Immense oaks and maples grew with branches interlaced, making a roof through which the sun never shone. It was a tangled, whispering, shaded wilderness, peopled with four-footed wild beasts and still more terrible two-footed enemies. It was always twilight in the woods; always sinister and fear-compelling. The only paths were the buffalo traces which were kept open by the wild cattle going to and from the streams. These "traces" the first settlers followed on their journeys in from the East. The woods were the natural homes of the savages. They knew how to hide behind trees and shoot from the shelter of a rotten stump. Their dark skin lost itself among the shadows; their footfalls were noiseless as those of a hunting panther. But the settler was in constant peril. He had

learned to fight in the open, but was no match for the skulking foe in the deep and shadowy ravine. Every feature of the landscape was an advantage to the Indian and a disadvantage to the white man. Logs, trees and bushes were all ambushes, and the Indian made good use of them. He could signal to his companions right across the track of the white settler, who thought the call only the cry of an owl or the chirrup of a squirrel. The hunter knew that death in its most terrible form might be lurking behind a log or tree trunk. Stealthily and slowly the foe approached with no manner of warning, swift and pitiless the onslaught when it came; and of those who, instead of being killed, were taken into captivity, the less written the better, if we would keep our senses. Those who have read of the burning at the stake of Colonel Crawford at Sandusky, of the running of the gauntlet by Simon Kenton, of the prisoners hacked to pieces by the hatchets of the younger chiefs; of girls condemned to a life of concubinage; of the little babies snatched from their mothers' arms and thrown on blazing coals—will not wonder that the white settler, when his turn came, fought with the desperation born of harrowing memories. Theodore Roosevelt writes: "The inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake which marks the red Indian above all other savages rendered these wars more terrible than any others; for the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes, and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle; hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable; indeed, it was in many instances proper



that such deeds should wake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred."

The Indians seldom came to open conflict; they had no pride in it; it did not satisfy their instincts of brutality. But as every scalp at the belt added to the prestige of a warrior, he let slip no opportunity of taking one. Settlers were picked off by arrows from behind trees as they were planting corn, or shot in the back as they proceeded from cabin to fort on horseback. It is told that at one time at the court-house at Lexington were seen twenty-three widows who had come to obtain letters of administration upon their husbands' estates, all of whom had in one year been bereft of their protectors by this ambushed warfare. The whites lived in continual dread. They never dared undress to go to bed, and every dawning sun brought fresh anxiety for the fathers and mothers. The children learned not to stray away from the clearing into the forest in pursuit of a bird call; even two-year-old babies kept their aches and pains to themselves in the night when mother whispered, "Hush! you will bring the Indians." Who knows but the intense nervous temperament of the modern American is a psychologic result of the unlifting strain in the lives of his forebears? What wonder they were so deeply religious! They could say with Job, "I was not in safety, neither had I any rest, neither was I quiet."

In the struggle with the Indians the whites suffered moral as well as material disadvantages. Military discipline was of unknown quantity in frontier warfare. The commissioned officer was obeyed by his men if he was popular and they approved of his plan of action; if not, they followed the lead of any subordinate officer who pleased them better. It was a warfare of individuals, where theories were overlooked and principles forgotten; where each blow struck was a specific personal matter which did not concern the officer in charge. Each man had his private scores to settle, and when he saw

his foe the idea was to get at him as summarily as possible, orders or no orders. The battle of the Great Kanawha was most disastrous and bloody, because the Rangers, not liking the rations issued to them, went off into the woods after game, against orders. The battle of Blue Licks was lost because a hot-headed underling took it into his head to manage things. This state of affairs not only prolonged the bloody struggle on the frontier, but caused frequent tragedies, where the Indian met with as little justice as he rendered.

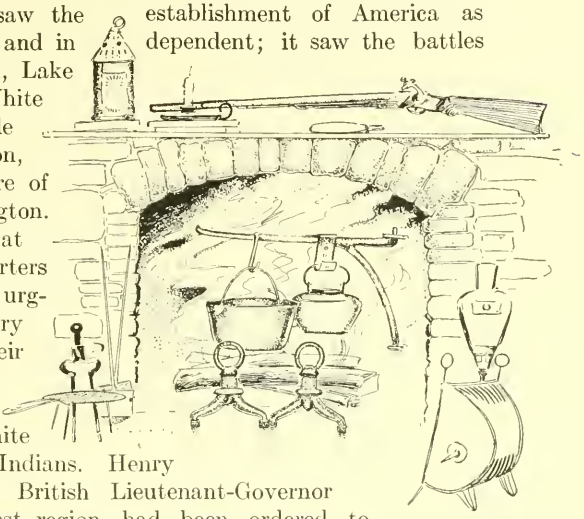
Another strange element in this haphazard warfare was the individual treaties entered into between combatants. Leaders on both sides would agree to exchange prisoners or arrange a temporary truce, and these contracts were, as a rule, conscientiously kept. Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West," quotes from a letter of Daniel Boone to "a leading Kentucky colonel" (Robert Patterson), in which he notifies him that a captive squaw must be returned to her tribe in accordance with an agreement made, and to clear his "promise and obligation."

* * * * * * *

As we have narrated, Patterson and his associates retired from their log cabin for the time being to the shelter of the Harrodsburg Fort, between which place and the settlement of McClellan's at Royal Spring, he lived for the next four years. In the meantime the stir of events pulsated westward from the colonies on the seaboard.

A new nation was struggling to assert herself; on one side against the tyranny of England, on the other against the fierce encroachment of the savage. Her stern pride had spoken in the declaration that "all men are born free and equal and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The coast was rigid in its attitude toward the British. The Western forests and rivers were upholding it in their ceaseless

skirmishes with the Senecas and Wyandottes. The summer of 1776 first saw the establishment of America as free, sovereign and independent; it saw the battles of Long Island, Lake Champlain, White Plains, Rhode Island, Trenton, and the capture of Fort Washington. The British at their headquarters in Detroit were urging on by every means in their power the growing hostilities between the white settlers and the Indians. Henry Hamilton, the British Lieutenant-Governor of the northwest region, had been ordered to gather all the tribes together and have them ready to act unitedly against the Americans as soon as the weather should permit. War councils were held and bounties were offered for scalps.* Therefore, when a settler found his nearest neighbor murdered and scalped in the pathway, his indignation was divided between the savage who did the deed and the enemy who incited him. So, whether the pioneer came into open conflict with the redcoats as at Bryan's Station, or was involved only with the Indians themselves, the quarrel was a double one throughout, and the men who participated in it were truly Revolutionary soldiers whether they held a State commission or one from the Government. Indeed, greater credit should be theirs than that granted to the Eastern



* American Archives, Vol. II.

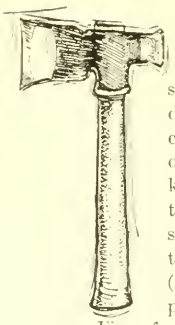
patriots in the Revolution, because the frontier men had so little help from headquarters. Without them the United States would have been much slower "in the borning." The central Government did not and could not concern itself with occasional detached skirmishes in the far Western woods. Its resources were strained to the utmost in its own immediate affairs with the British. The western settlers fought single-handed and unsupported. During the winter that Robert Patterson spent in the fort at Royal Spring all the tribes in Ohio, Illinois and the whole northwestern country were preparing for a united war upon the whites. Kentucky was not the home of any one tribe, but all used it as a hunting-ground, and all resented the rapid incursion of the emigrants into a region which they considered their own, and which contributed to their existence. All winter, runners from the Indian towns along the Miami and Mad Rivers, and from the Illinois prairies, sped over the frozen ground to remote camps to incite the warriors to conflict. The spirit grew with the months, and even the older Indians, some of whom were inclined to be neutral, failed to curb the frenzy of the young braves. War paint and eagle feathers were donned as they danced the war dance around their fires and with their war clubs executed prophetic vengeance which was only too sure to be fulfilled. All up and down the Ohio River ensued the horrors of relentless warfare. Forts were surprised and burned, the fathers killed and the women and children marched to captivity. The first attacks were made at Wheeling, and soon all the borders of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio were terrorized.

Early in October, 1776, the supply of powder and other necessaries at Royal Spring Fort being nearly exhausted, it became necessary for some of the unmarried men to go to Pittsburg to procure supplies before winter should set in. Robert Patterson, then a boy of only twenty-three,

was selected among the rest for this expedition; he was looked upon by the others and by himself, probably, as entirely able to cope with the fatigues and dangers necessary to such an enterprise. The start was made about the first of the month, the party going first to Blue Lick Springs, where they spent several days curing buffalo jerk and tallow. There were seven in the party—Robert Patterson, Joseph McNutt, David Perry, James Wernock, James Templeton, Edward Mitchell and Isaac Greer. They procured a canoe at Limestone and commenced their journey, arriving at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, with no serious adventures. At Point Pleasant was a fort commanded by a Captain Arbuckle, being the only white settlement between McClellan's Fort and Grove Creek, a few miles below the present Wheeling. From this military post the young men carried despatches for the commandant at Wheeling.

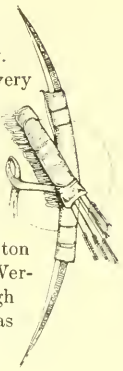
Aware that Indians were lurking all along the banks of the river, the party proceeded with the utmost care, making no fire after dark, but cooking their suppers before sunset and going on again quietly until time to seek the shore for a night's rest. They agreed upon starting out, that if any disaster should happen to them each should stand by the other, and we shall see how faithfully the compact was observed. A single narrative from the pen of Robert Patterson himself remains to us. It is as thrilling a chapter in the pioneer history of this country as any contained in Parkman or Fiske or Schoolcraft. It will give posterity an opportunity to know what our forefathers went through in their efforts to wrest this great continent from savage hands and to make it a future home for their children. We quote the narrative entire, as follows:

"At length the memorable twelfth of October arrived. During the day we passed several new improvements, which occasioned us to be less watchful and careful than we had been before. Late in the evening we



landed opposite the island on the Ohio side of the river (in what is now Athens County), then called the Hock-hocking, and were beginning to flatter ourselves that we should reach some inhabitants the next day. Having eaten nothing that day, contrary to our usual practice, we kindled a fire and cooked supper. After we had eaten and made the last of our flour into a loaf of bread, and put it into an old brass kettle to bake so that we might be ready to start again in the morning at daybreak, we lay down to rest, keeping the same clothes on at night that we wore during the day. For the want of a better, I had on a hunting-shirt and britch clout (so called) and flannel leggings. I had my powder-horn and shot-pouch on my side and placed the butt of my gun under my head. Five of our company lay on the east side of the fire and James Templeton and myself on the west; we were lying on our left sides, myself in front, with my right hand hold of my gun. Templeton was lying close behind me. This was our position and asleep, when we were fired upon by a party of Indians. Immediately after the fire, they rushed upon us with tomahawks as if determined to finish the work of death they had begun. It appeared that one Indian had shot on my side of the fire. I saw the flash of the gun and felt the ball pass through me, but where I could not tell, nor was it at first painful. I sprang to take up my gun, but my right shoulder came to the ground. I made another effort and was half bent in getting up, when an Indian sprang past the fire with savage fierceness and struck me with his tomahawk. From the position I was in, it went between two ribs just behind the back-bone, a little below the kidney, and penetrated the cavity of the body. He then immediately turned to Templeton (who by this time had gotten to his feet with his gun in hand) and seized his gun. A desperate scuffle ensued, but Templeton held on and finally bore off the gun.

"In the meantime, I made from the light and in my attempt to get out of sight, I was delayed for a moment by getting my right arm fast between a tree and a sapling, but having gotten clear and away from the light of the fire, and finding that I had lost the use of my right arm, I made a shift to keep it up by drawing it through the straps of my shot-pouch. I could see the crowd about the fire, but the firing had ceased and the strife seemed to be over. I had reason to believe that the others were all shot and tomahawked. Hearing no one coming towards me, I resolved to go to the river and, if possible, to get into the canoe and float down, thinking by that means I might possibly reach Point Pleasant,

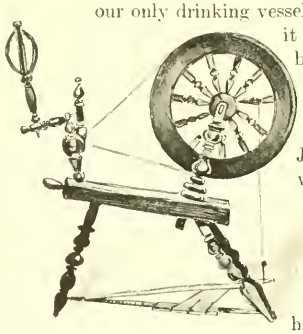


supposed to be about one hundred miles distant. Just as I got on the beach a little below the canoe, an Indian in the canoe gave a whoop, which gave me to understand that it was best to withdraw. I did so and, with much difficulty, got to an old log, and being very thirsty and faint and exhausted, I was glad to sit down. I felt the blood running and heard it dropping on the dry leaves all around me. Presently, I heard the Indians board the canoe and float past. All was silent and I felt myself in a most forlorn condition. I could not see the fire, but determined to find it and see if any of my comrades were alive. I steered the course towards which I supposed the fire to be and having reached it found Templeton alive, but wounded in nearly the same manner that I was. James Wernock was also dangerously wounded, two balls having passed through his body; Joseph McNutt was dead and scalped; David Perry was wounded, but not badly, and Isaac Greer was missing. The miseries of the hour cannot well be described.

"When daylight appeared, we held a council and concluded that inasmuch as one gun and some ammunition was saved, Perry would furnish us with meat and we would proceed up the river by slow marches to the nearest settlements, supposed to be one hundred miles. A small quantity of provisions which was found scattered around the fire, was picked up and distributed among us, and a piece of blanket which was saved from the fire, was given to me to cover a wound on my back. On examination, it was found that two balls had passed through my right arm and that the bone was broken; to dress this, splinters were taken from a tree near the fire that had been shivered by lightning, and placed on the outside of my hunting-shirt and bound with a string. And now being in readiness to move, Perry took the gun and ammunition and we all got to our feet except Wernock who, on attempting to get up, fell back to the ground. He refused to try again, said that he could not live, and at that same time desired us to do the best we could for ourselves. Perry then took hold of his arm and told him if he would get up he would carry him; upon this, he made another effort to get up, but falling back as before, he begged us in the most solemn manner to leave him. At his request, the old kettle was filled with water and placed at his side, which he said was the last and only favor required of us, and then conjured us to leave him and try to save ourselves, assuring us that should he live to see us again, he would cast no reflections of unkindness upon us. Thus we left him. When we had gotten a little distance, I looked back and,

distressed and hopeless as Wernock's condition really was, I felt to envy it. After going about one hundred poles, we were obliged to stop and rest, and found ourselves too sick and weak to proceed. Another consultation being held, it was agreed that Templeton and myself should remain there with Edward Mitchell, and Perry should take the gun and go to the nearest settlement and seek relief. Perry promised that if he could not procure assistance, he would be back in four days. He then returned to the camp and found Wernock in the same state of mind as when we left, perfectly rational and sensible of his condition, replenished his kettle with water, brought us some fire and started for the settlement.

"Alike unable to go back or forward, and being very thirsty, we set about getting water from a small stream that happened to be near us, our only drinking vessel being an old wool hat which was so broken that it was with some difficulty made to hold water, but by stuffing leaves in it, we made it hold so that each one could drink from once filling it. Nothing could have been a greater luxury to us than a drink of water from the old hat. Just at night Mitchell returned to see if Wernock was still living, intending, if he was dead, to get the kettle for us. He arrived just in time to see him expire; but not choosing to leave him until he should be certain that he was dead, he stayed with him until darkness came on, and when he attempted to return to us he got lost and lay from us all night. We suffered much that night from the want of fire and through fear that he was either killed or that he had run off; but happily for us, our fears were groundless, for next morning at sunrise he found his way to our camp. That day we moved about two hundred yards farther up a deep ravine and farther up the river. The weather, which had been cold and frosty, now became a little warmer and commenced raining. Those that were with me could sit up, but I had no alternative but to lie on my back on the ground with my right arm over my body. The rain continuing next day, Mitchell took an excursion to examine the hills, and not far distant he found a projection from the cliff sufficient to shelter us from the rain, to which place we were very gladly removed. He also gathered pawpaws for us, which were our only food, except, perhaps, a few grapes.

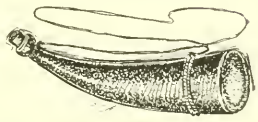


"Time moved slowly on until Saturday. In the meantime, we talked

over the dangers to which Perry was exposed, the distance he had to go and the improbability of his returning. When the time had expired which he had allowed himself, we concluded that we would if alive, wait for him until Monday, and if he did not come then, and no relief should be afforded, we would attempt to travel to Point Pleasant. The third day after our defeat, my arm became very painful. The splinters and leaves and my shirt were cemented together with blood, and stuck so fast to my arm that it required the application of warm water for nearly a whole day to loosen them so that they could be taken off; when this was done, I had my arm dressed with white oak leaves, which had a very good effect. On Saturday, about twelve o'clock, Mitchell came with his bosom full of pawpaws and placed them convenient to us, and returned to his station on the river. He had been gone about an hour when, to our great joy, we beheld him coming with a company of men. When they approached us, we found that our trusty friend and companion, David Perry, had returned to our assistance with Capt. John Walls, his officers and most of his company. Our feelings of gratitude may possibly be conceived, but words can never describe them. Suffice it to say that these eyes flowed plenteously with tears and I was so completely overwhelmed with joy that I fell to the ground. On my recovery, we were taken to the river and refreshed plentifully with provisions which the captain had brought, and our wounds dressed by an experienced man, who came for that purpose. We were afterwards described by the captain to be in a most forlorn and pitiable condition, more like corpses beginning to putrify, than living beings.

"While we were at the cliff which sheltered us from the rain, the howling of the wolves in the direction of the fatal spot whence we had so narrowly escaped with our lives, left no doubt that they were feasting on the bodies of our much-lamented friends, McNutt and Wernock. While we were refreshing ourselves at the river, and having our wounds dressed, Captain Walls went with some of his men to the place of our defeat and collected the bones of our late companions and buried them with the utmost expedition and care. We were then conducted by water to Captain Wall's station at Grove Creek."

Upon a thrilling narrative like this,* an ambitious historian is tempted to enlarge; to trim it up with literary appliqué for the sake of dramatic effect. But ambition should not interfere with candor



*This story is told by Jno. Van Cleve, in the "American Pioneer."

and simplicity. Robert Patterson was a plain man. He had told his own story in his own plain way, and as such we let it stand, feeling that it will appeal to his descendants as no more ornate narrative could. We cannot fail to admire his wonderful fortitude under such perilous circumstances, and to render homage to the memory of a man who could undertake so much for so little reward, and bear the punishment of his valor with such patience.

It is to be remembered that this party was not composed of hardened men of middle age, but of young fellows, almost boys, who in these days would be ministered to by all the conveniences and comforts of civilization. Robert Patterson's wound never ceased to torment him, and the reopening of it fifty years later was the cause of his death.

A visit to that locality in later years suggested that the party believed themselves safer in building a fire in the woods on that side of the river, as the channel ran close along a high wooded bank, while on the opposite side the bivouac would be exposed on a broad gravel beach in view a long distance up and down the river. The Indians had probably followed the party all day, and lay in hiding for the night attack.

Wounded and suffering, Robert Patterson was taken in care of an army surgeon to Grove Creek, and was soon sent to the hospital at Fort Pitt for treatment. Continuing his narrative at a later date, Robert Patterson says:

"I lay in hospital at Fort Pitt half the winter, then by easy stages made the trip to our home in Bedford, where by mother's nursing I began to mend. Arm and back continued running sores, and painful. Pleasant weather in the spring of '77 let me out of doors, and exercise was very beneficial. When able to ride I made visits to cousins in Lancaster County, and the other way to family friends in Franklin, stopping a length of time with the William Lindsay family on Falling Springs, all of them taking interest in accounts of Kentucke and frontier life, the story of our disaster on the Ohio having been heard before my visit. I was given over credit as a scout and Indian fighter by the daughter,

Elizabeth Lindsay, a beautiful woman in my eyes, her age seventeen. Our friendship gave occasion for other visits, and when we parted it was for me to make a home for her in the West."

Much of the story of Robert Patterson's stay in Pennsylvania was gathered by Henry L. Brown from the Nisbets and the Shaker Pattersons, and from Catherine Patterson Brown, who said:

"Father's wounds detained him some months in Pennsylvania, during which he renewed association with boyhood friends, among them the Lindsays of Falling Spring, attracted by their sister Elizabeth, a beautiful auburn-haired girl, of sprightly, happy disposition, taller than father, like him erect in person and graceful in movement. Their betrothal extended over a separation of three years through unsettled war conditions, Elizabeth waiting the time that would release her soldier lover from military obligations long enough for her expected journey as a bride to their proposed Kentucke home. Father was to select land for Uncle William Lindsay, who had decided to go to the new country in the West."

At the time of the threatened overrunning of New York by the British, Robert Patterson had so far recovered as to permit his assisting in forming companies and organizing a regiment to join reënforcements for the American army. This regiment of militia, however, was ordered by General Washington to move from Bedford to reënforce General Hand at Fort Pitt against an expected uprising of the northwestern tribes. Covering that service, Colonel Patterson states in a pension claim:

"I led one of the companies, but the exposure on the forced march was more than I could bear in the weakened condition from wounds, and I again entered the army hospital at Fort Pitt.

"Before this, in the spring, William (Patterson) being near twenty years old had consent of our mother and father to seek his fortune with me in Kentucke, and met no difficulty in reaching Harrodsburg, the in locating my land and cabin under my description.

"Procuring an outfit in September (1777) I joined a horseback party en route to Fort Henry, where my former commander, Colonel Shepherd of the Rangers, was again in the

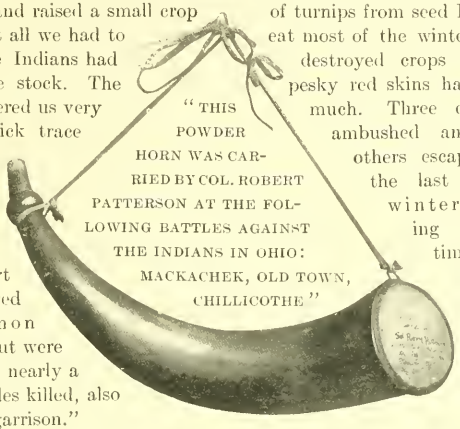
service, the fort filled with settlers and their families in alarm over the number of war parties moving through the forests across the Ohio River. Colonel Shepherd who had cared for me while passing up the river wounded the year before, now offered inducements for me to locate on Wheeling Creek where he owned large tracts, but my interests were in Kentucke, and after two days I continued the ride, next halting at Point Pleasant where Capt. Matthew Arbuckle still remained in command of the garrison, the greatest excitement existing among Kanawha settlers over the recent killing of Cornstalk, the Scioto Shawanoese Chieftain, his son Ellinipsico and the young chief Redhawk, while on a friendly mission at the fort. I met Cornstalk and his son several times on the Upper Scioto, and afterwards across from Fort Pitt, one of the most intelligent and fair Indians I ever knew. Their killing was a result of the alarm following massacre of emigrants and settlers along the Ohio. From Point Pleasant I descended by boat to Limestone, observing bands of warriors along the Indian shore, we escaping attack by keeping the boats close to the Southern shore.

"Landing at Limestone I rode past Kenton's and camped over night, and next evening reached McClellan's. Finding the fortress and cabins deserted I lay in the brush with the horse until morning and met the first who told of the alarm and distress from invasions the previous year, massacres of women and children, slaughter of live stock around stations, improvements destroyed, crops neglected, a number of my acquaintance among the slain. I received good welcome by friends at Harrod's, among them George Rogers Clark, in hearty humor on recovery from my wounds."

It was in October of this year that the plans for the Illinois campaign were first divulged by George Rogers Clark to those brave young Kentucky pioneers whom he knew he could trust for secrecy no less than for sympathy and support. At Harrod's Station he met Robert Patterson, William McConnell, Leonard Helm, John Montgomery and James Masterson, who had all served in the Dunmore War; to them he explained his hopes and plans for this important expedition, which was so materially to change the ownership of the great Northwest. When Colonel Clark left for Williamsburg to plead for funds from the Government, it was with the understanding that those in whom he had confided would join him in the enterprise.

Continuing Robert Patterson's story of his return:

"I stopped at Harrod's Station until William (Patterson) was through tending court, when we with a small armed party proceeded to the Lexington Spring and raised a small crop of turnips from seed I brought along, about all we had to eat most of the winter except jerk, as the Indians had destroyed crops and run off the live stock. The pesky red skins hanging on so late bothered us very much. Three of us on the Blue Lick trace ambushed and killed two, the others escaped, and that was the last of them for the winter. Emigrants com ing in told that a short time after I passed Fort Henry, four hundred Indians with Simon Girty laid siege but were repulsed with loss of nearly a hundred of the hostiles killed, also twenty-five of the garrison."



"THIS POWDER HORN WAS CARRIED BY COL. ROBERT PATTERSON AT THE FOLLOWING BATTLES AGAINST THE INDIANS IN OHIO: MACKACHEK, OLD TOWN, CHILLICOTHE"

Robert and his brother made the cabin bullet-proof, with portholes guarding approach, and put in the winter clearing cane ground for a larger patch of corn and truck, doing also a share of scouting and guard. William's fighting experience began as one of the defenders of Logan's Fort, in May, 1777; then came rough experience in growing crops and caring for cattle and horses. He scouted the country as far as Limestone, although when Robert returned but three of the stations were occupied.

Harrod's, Boone's and Logan's Stations owned one hundred and two fighting men, all told, re-enforced, however, in August, by Col. John Bowman. William Patterson spent all of January, 1778, with a large party making salt at the Blue Licks. Twenty-eight of them, including Daniel Boone, were captured by the savages, William with

two others being fortunately on a trip delivering salt to the stations.

Boone was carried to Old Chillicothe, now Old Town, on the Little Miami between Xenia and Yellow Springs. It was not a tragic capture, as were so many in those days, for the savages took a fancy to their prisoner and treated him rather as a guest than as an enemy. He joined in their sports, hunted, fished and swam with them, and, if we except the incident of his being forced to drink a decoction made of the entrails of a deer, which they insisted was good for his health, he had no fault to find with his captors. But in the meantime, Boone had discovered state secrets: he learned of preparations for war on the whites, and felt the distress of seeing four hundred and fifty warriors all armed, painted and equipped for a descent upon the Kentucky homes of the people he loved. Spurred on by loyalty, and enduring all sorts of thrilling adventures, Boone escaped from the Indians and arrived in Kentucky in time to warn his friends to prepare for invasion. The Indians evidently knew themselves outwitted; they made no concerted attack that fall, but harassed the settlers by attacks of marauding bands until life was no longer safe at any of the stations.

The Ohio lands were grazing and farming lands; Kentucky was the common hunting-ground of all the Indian tribes. Jealous of the encroachment of the white settlers, whose industry was slowly and surely turning game preserves into arable land, the savages made attempt after attempt to destroy their unwelcome neighbors. They appeared suddenly and struck remorselessly, leaving death and destruction in their wake. Then the whites would follow the Indians across the Ohio, up the valleys of the two Miamis to their villages (near the sites of the future Xenia, Clifton, Old Town, Dayton and Piqua), and seek in turn to deal such a blow as would render their homes once more comparatively safe.

These repeated punitive expeditions made the history of a good ten years of the early Kentucky settlement.

During all this time the Patterson brothers were business partners. It was Robert's part to do the fighting and William's to attend to the farm. The elder brother joined one expedition after another, each resulting in increased safety to the settlers, while William devoted himself to making the cane lands productive and remunerative. The ultimate aim of both brothers was to make a safe and happy home later on for the father and mother and children to occupy when they left the Pennsylvania home for the West.

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

Some of the men who helped to make the history of the Northwest; Patterson's various campaigns; the Turkey Foot skirmish; George Rogers Clark's Illinois expedition; building of the Lexington stockade; the Bowman campaign; Robert Patterson's Lexington property; anticipations.

CHAPTER VII

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements and labored mound,
Thick wall and moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad-armed ports.
No; men! high-minded men—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

Sir William Jones.

IT will be germane to this history to know something of the pioneer associates of Robert Patterson during his early life in Kentucky. Most of these men were distinguished for their part in the history of the Western country; some were comparatively unknown except to their friends and descendants, but all were sturdy sons of enterprise and of liberty, loving their firesides enough both to work and to fight for them, and united to each other with that strong friendship which a common danger and a common purpose bring.

It will be remembered that during the Dunmore war Robert Patterson came into contact with seven young Rangers —Simon Kenton, Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, James Harrod, David Perry, Robert McClellan, and John Todd. These men became his associates also in Kentucky, and later his firm friends. It was their account of the beauty and fertility of the land south of the Ohio that aroused in Robert Patterson the desire to make it his home.

Simon Kenton was a rough, unlettered Irishman of

great bravery and fine moral character. He fled into the wilderness from his Virginia home when he was only sixteen, under suspicion of an unpremeditated homicide. This afterwards proved to be a mistake. He was a spy in Lord Dunmore's war and later lived in the "Cane Lands" of Kentucky, alternately tilling the ground and fighting the Indians, as circumstances demanded. He was taken prisoner by the Indians and condemned to be burned at the stake. They did actually tie him up and pile brush around him, but at the last moment he was rescued. He ran the gauntlet no less than seven times,* escaping finally through his bravery and agility. He was a prisoner of war at Detroit, but escaped and fled on foot through the woods to Kentucky. Kenton commanded a battalion of volunteers under Gen. Anthony Wayne in 1793–1794, and was Brigadier-General of Ohio Militia in 1805. Like Patterson, he preëmpted immense tracts of land in Kentucky, but lost them through troubles with incoming settlers and his ignorance of the law. He died in 1836 at an advanced age, on the exact spot where fifty-eight years before he had escaped death at the hands of the Indians.

SIMON KENTON

Daniel Boone's name is familiar to every boy who reads the romantic history of the great West. He is called the Robin Hood of American pioneer life; an ignorant man if we judge him only by the standard of books, but versed in his craft. As the true education is that one which best enables a man to cope with the difficulties of life, it will be granted that Daniel Boone was, after all, a very well-educated man. He could barely read and write, but he knew everything relating to the forests, the fields and the streams.

* Once on the site of the present pike between Xenia and Yellow Springs, four miles from Xenia.

As a hunter he was a genius; as an Indian fighter, a terror; "Strong, brave, lithe, inured to hardships and privation, he traced his steps through the pathless forests, sought out the hiding places of the panther, bear and wolf, and was the match of any Indian in the sagacity with which he detected the footsteps of the red man."* Daniel Boone was allied with the Quakers in Philadelphia in his youth, but moved to North Carolina and thence to Kentucky, establishing the fort called Boonesboro, on the Kentucky River. It is much too long a story to tell here of his capture by the Indians, his flight and journey of one hundred and sixty miles with only one meal; his adoption into an Indian tribe after pulling out all his hair except one lock; his escape by throwing tobacco dust in the eyes of his captors; his flight by the side of Robert Patterson at the battle of Blue Licks carrying his wounded son on his back to safety; his death in Missouri in 1820, and his burial in the coffin he made for himself and had kept under his bed for years. If one wants romance, fairy tale and epic all in one, let him read the life of Daniel Boone.

DANIEL BOONE

John Todd was a Virginia lawyer who came to Fayette County in the same year with Robert Patterson and settled at Lexington. He was a Burgess of the Virginia Legislature in 1776 and afterwards colonel of the Kentucky militia.

* Appleton's Cyclopedia Am. Biog.

He was in the first Kentucky legislature with Robert Patterson, and in the Illinois campaign with George Rogers Clark. The most noteworthy thing John Todd ever did was to introduce a bill into the Virginia legislature to emancipate the negroes. It was in 1780 that he thus anticipated history. He was interested in the Transylvania University and its library, and worked hand in hand with Robert Patterson for the advancement of the young and promising institution. At the battle of Blue Licks he was senior colonel, and fell almost at the first onslaught. His brother Levi was, with Robert Patterson, one of the few survivors of this bloody battle.*

Benjamin Logan was, like Patterson, Scotch-Irish, and a part of that Pennsylvania-Virginia emigration which peopled the wilds of the West. Like Patterson and Kenton he served in the Dunmore war, and joined Daniel Boone in Kentucky in 1775. At the attack on Logan's Fort in 1777, the men who stood guard at the morning milking were fired upon by the Indians. One was killed, one mortally wounded, and the third struck helpless. Logan advanced alone under a shower of bullets, took the wounded man on his shoulders and bore him within the fort, where there were but twelve muskets to keep the savages at bay. For weeks these brave men and women held out; then provisions and ammunition ran low, and Logan with two faithful friends escaped by night through the woods, leaving only nine guns to guard the fort. They reached a settlement one hundred and fifty miles distant, whence came a mounted force to relieve the garrison. Logan commanded the expedition against the Shawnees at Chillicothe in 1786, with Robert Patterson under his command. He led the main body of volunteer reinforcements to the relief of Bryan's Station, and four years later led a force of men against the Miami towns. It was in one of these later skirmishes under Logan, in

* Levi Todd's son Robert was the father of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

the vicinity of Piqua, that Robert Patterson received from an Indian a blow that reopened his old wound, and upon which injury he based his claim for a pension. Logan is described as a powerfully built man of iron endurance and great courage. He was a member of the Kentucky legislature in the same year with Patterson, and died in Shelby County two years before the latter moved to Dayton.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

Gen. George Rogers Clark was a man of fine mental powers and superior advantages. He was a Virginian born, and a pupil of Donald Robertson in the King schools. He was a surveyor, soldier, farmer, and statesman, and early followed the tide of emigration into Kentucky His campaigns are matters of general American history: the Illinois expedition which Robert Patterson describes; the capture of Vincennes, which his men approached up to their arm-pits in icy water through the submerged lands of the Wabash; the relief of Cahokia; the defeat of the Shawnees; the Hood ambuscade on James River; and other engagements less important and decisive. Clark was a vigorous, vital character and a maker of events. He never married, as he detected a want of bravery in his prospective father-in-law, and objected to any such weakness being handed down to his posterity. His old age was passed in

poverty. He felt himself neglected by his Government, and when, in his eightieth year, a committee from the State of Virginia sent him a sword, he said bitterly: "When Virginia needed a sword I gave her one; she sends me now a toy when I need bread." The imputation was true. He had gained for the United States all the territory north of the Ohio, now comprising Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, but he died a poor man. "He had spent his fortune as freely as he had risked his life. He had supported his troops almost without the aid of the State that commissioned him. The bounties promised him were never paid. He won an empire for his country, but was only rewarded with empty compliments."

In an address delivered in Kentucky upon General Clark, his eulogist gives the following sad story of his later life:

"A hero in war, peace fell upon him like a blight. He became intemperate and paralyzed. The enormous land bounties which had been voted him by the Virginia Assembly for his public services were for years withheld from him, and he was left, helpless and penniless, upon the bounty of his kinsmen. The strong, dashing young soldier decayed away as he approached old age, mortified but still proud. Day after day, year after year, he sat meditating on the glories of the past, the ingratitude of the present, and the assured grandeur of the future. His surgeon required the amputation of his right leg. 'All right,' he said, 'bring in the boy of the regiment and let him beat the drum.'

"What a scene that must have been! The old warrior with his mouth firmly set, the surgeon sawing off his leg above the knee, the drummer boy beating as for his life, as he did when he led the victorious little army through the floods of the Wabash. The old spirit came back at times and sat in the ruins of the old temple." *

Clark died February eighteenth, 1818, aged eighty-six years.

James Garrard was another of Robert Patterson's associates in official matters. Their names appear conjointly on many of the Kentucky State papers. They were both

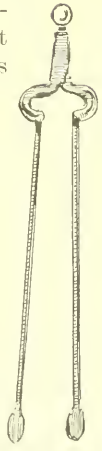
* Quoted from "Geo. Rogers Clark and the Pioneers of Kentucky," by Gen. Gates P. Thruston.

militia officers, both political leaders, and both members of the first convention that framed the constitution of the State. Garrard had a seat in the Virginia legislature, and was made Governor of Kentucky in 1796.

Isaac Shelby was the first Governor of Kentucky, and served two terms. He was not an intimate of Patterson's, although the two had occasional interchanges of opinion on State and military matters. Shelby had a fine record as statesman and soldier. Shelby County and Shelbyville in Kentucky are named for him.

With men of such widely different caliber did Robert Patterson live and work, and the presumption is that he met all alike and formed his friends according to their value as men, whether a rough backwoodsman like Daniel Boone, or a Virginia gentleman like Garrard. It is only when our preferences in the matter of human society are warped by a too refining civilization, or vitiated by the excess of everything social, that we find ourselves choosing our friends according to merely adventitious standards.

On January thirtieth, 1777, the fort at Harrodsburg was strengthened by the arrival of Col. George Rogers Clark, Alexander and William McConnell, Capt. Edward Worthington, Robert Todd, and others from McConnell's Fort (Georgetown), which had been abandoned because of its insufficient protection. The year that followed was one of continual harassing by the Indians. Robert Patterson was in several skirmishes. He helped to defend Harrodsburg from attack, and finally in 1778, "not having had enough of fighting,"* we find him a member of George Rogers Clark's army in the celebrated Illinois campaign — "the most hazardous and most successful campaign ever conducted by the Americans against the British and Indians."† This



* Robert Patterson's personal narrative.
† Robert Patterson's Memorial to Congress.

expedition was an unprecedented instance of an individual enterprise becoming a national event. Clark himself conceived the idea that to conquer the Illinois country (then occupied by French, British, and hostile Indians) would be to control the whole of the great Northwest and insure safety to Kentucky. After discussing his plans with his Kentucky friends, he followed the Wilderness Road back to the Capital to lay his plans before Patrick Henry. He received sympathy and encouragement, but not much financial help, as the Virginia resources were low. A commission as Colonel was given him, with authority to raise seven companies of fifty men each (to be paid in land if successful), and instructions to enlist his men from west of the Blue Ridge only, as the eastern men were wanted for seacoast fighting. Ostensibly Clark was to go to the relief of Kentucky, because any news of his real enterprise would have insured its failure. Troops were raised from scattered points all down the banks of the Ohio, and stores procured from Pittsburg and Wheeling. The news of this projected expedition reached the Kentucky settlement, and Robert Patterson was one of the first to respond. He joined Clark with ten other volunteers, making about one hundred and fifty men in all, and in May they started down the Ohio in flat-boats.

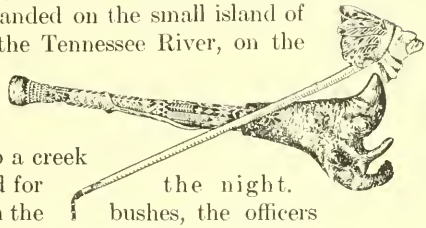
Henry L. Brown, introducing Robert Patterson's story of this campaign, says: "The conquest of Illinois by Colonel Clark ranked in importance with General Washington's victory at Monmouth that summer." Robert Patterson says:

"In April I joined Col. George Rogers Clark as commandant of a small company of volunteers, armed and equipped by the State of Virginia for the memorable Illenois expedition, and lay in camp on Bear Grass at the Falls several weeks before Colonel Clark arrived in boats with the troops from Fort Pitt, bringing also thirteen emigrant families whom we assisted in landing on the island as settlers. . . . In May,

1778, we constructed light, rude fortifications on Corn Island, this island being in extent near fifty acres, which we completed by June first. The companies camped here while waiting reinforcements which mostly failed. I had been on the Indian side scouting, and by order of the Commander led a larger force further into the wilderness. Thirty strong we crossed the river, proceeding cautiously as far as Blue River, then up that stream nearly to White River, and returned to the Falls by a circuitous path without discovering Indians.

"Learning the expedition would be against Kaskaskia and other French settlements on the Mississippi, and our term about expired, we signed for another three months, giving me command of seventeen rangers with rank of Sergeant."

With four companies under good discipline the expedition embarked June twenty-fourth, and with relays of oarsmen working day and night they landed on the small island of St. Philip, in the mouth of the Tennessee River, on the twenty-eighth; then with captive guides they proceeded ten miles farther down the current, ran the boats into a creek near Fort Messac, and camped for the night. Leaving the boats concealed in the bushes, the officers and men carrying each his rifle, ammunition and rations, the expedition started next morning for a rapid march of one hundred and twenty miles to the Kaskaskia, one-half the way through a thick forest, the other through swamp and prairie. The Rangers under Sergeant Patterson were sent ahead to spy out the country, going in Indian file with "flankers," and resting in the general camp at night. Here again is Robert Patterson's account:



"With every man in ranks two hours before sun we marched six days through thickets and sloughs, halting for camp by light of the moon, making meal cakes or parching corn for the next day before lying for rest. The jerk being gone, and flour and meal used up by the fifth day, parched corn carried us through. The secrecy of the expedition forbid shooting game of which we saw plenty. None sickened or fell out

the entire expedition, and none complained of hardship although marching under scorching suns. We covered the ground so fast as to surprise ourselves as well as the enemy. From suspicion of the captive guide after we struck the prairie lands Colonel Clark kept pace with the Rangers in the lead, but when all came out on the fifth day as the guide and his party of hunters had described, the Colonel knew we would surprise and capture the fort, whose commander had no suspicion of our coming.

"The next day being in the vicinity of the fort and on the limits of a cultivated region, the army lay concealed in the forest until evening [July fourth], without much to eat, but nerved for a charge into the fort in the darkness."

The danger of discovery by spies from the fort and by Indian scouts increased tenfold through the hours that Sergeant Patterson describes, as the troops and his Rangers lay concealed in the woods waiting for darkness. Capt. Joseph Bowman wrote that "neither officers nor men in these hours of increased danger faltered in the determination to capture the town or die in the attempt, although the place was so fortified that it might have successfully fought a thousand men."

Robert Patterson continues:

"We lay quiet as possible in the excitement, waiting for the hour I was to start with the guide and picked men to spy a way into the fort. The guide knew we meant to kill him the minute he faulted or even showed sign of treachery. He agreed to lead the way if the gates of the fort were not closed, and he proved true.

"Taking him unarmed I crossed the river with the four Rangers, Simon Kenton, Arthur Lindsay, John Higgins and George Gray. Finding all as the guide described, I sent word back to Colonel Clark, who then crossed with the troops in boats. With us the Colonel rapidly made the way along the river to a gate through which we entered the fort unchallenged. Led by the guide we proceeded quickly to the quarters of the commandant, Capt. Philip Rocheblave, and made him prisoner. The troops had followed us through the gates, terrorizing citizens and garrison. It was a complete surprise and capture. After a good meal from the public stores we were relieved for a few hours' sleep and rest, and were up before the sun in line with rifles loaded for what might

come, but experienced no trouble. The French were quiet and friendly disposed, Indians overawed, and the black slaves of whites and red men peaceful and harmless. Colonel Clark, Major Bowman and the command were pleased more with the victory as dawn revealed the strong fortress, arms, powder, lead and provisions, village of near a hundred houses, mills, trading stores, horses and cattle, a productive farm community."

Colonel Clark's own account, in a letter to his brother-in-law, George Mason, says:

"On the evening of July fourth we got within three miles of the town of Kaskaskia, having a river of the same name to cross to the town. Ready for anything that might happen, we marched after night to a farm, took the family prisoners and found plenty of boats to cross in, and in two hours were on the other shore in greatest silence. I learned they had suspicion of being attacked and made preparations, keeping out spies, but they making no discoveries were off their guard. I immediately divided my little army (one hundred and seventy-five men) into two divisions; ordered one to surround the town, with the other I broke into the fort, secured the Governor, Mr. Rocheblave, in fifteen minutes had every street secured, sent runners through the town ordering the people on pain of death to keep close to their houses, which they observed, and before daylight had the whole town disarmed."

The most vivid and picturesque version of the taking of Kaskaskia, and the one used by Mary Hartwell Catherwood in her novel, "Old Kaskaskia," is told by Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West." It is as follows:

"Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the fort had given a ball, and the mirth loving Creoles, young men and girls, were dancing and reveling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of his captives showed Clark a postern gate by the river side, and through this he enters the fort, having placed his men around about at the entrance. Advancing to the great hall, where the revel was held, he leaned silently and with folded arms against the doorpost looking at the dancers. An Indian lying on the floor of the entry gazed intently on the stranger's face. As the light from the torches within flickered across it, he sud-

denly sprang to his feet uttering the unearthly war whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased; the women screamed, while the men ran towards the door, but Clark standing unmoved and with unchanging face, grimly bade them continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia, and not Great Britain. At the same time his men burst into the fort and seized the French officers, including the British commandant, Rocheblave. Immediately Clark had every street secured, and sent runners through the town ordering the people to keep close to their houses on pain of death, and by daylight he had them all disarmed. The backwoodsmen patroled the town in little squads, while the French in silent terror cowered within their low-roofed houses. Clark was willing that they should fear the worst, and their panic was very great. The unlooked for and mysterious approach and sudden onslaught of the backwoodsmen, their wild and uncouth appearance, and the ominous silence of their commander, all combined to fill the French with fearful forebodings for their future fate."

W. H. English, in his "Conquest of Illinois," thus characterizes this victory:

"It is marvelous that a military post, well provided with soldiers, cannon and provisions in an old town of several hundred families, should have been captured without the firing of a gun, by less than two hundred tired and hungry backwoodsmen, without cannon, army supplies, transportation or even food. This little band had been four days on the river, rowing by turns day and night, and for the next six days marching across a wild and unknown country without roads, much of it in brush or swamp and in the range of savage foes, making ten days of continuous strain and labor, and the last two without food."

Putting all accounts of the taking of Kaskaskia together, we can scarcely overestimate the bravery of the attack or the significance of the capture. It was the turning of the key that unlocked the great Northwest to the American Government.

Robert Patterson says of subsequent events:

"The Rangers after four hours sleep and hearty breakfast, under orders of Colonel Clark, reported with a few others to Captain Bowman, and mounting horses collected from the fort and vicinity, accompanied by a number of French citizen guides, proceeded on forced march to

FIRST COUNCIL OF GEN. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK WITH THE ILLINOIS INDIANS, JULY, 1778, OPPOSITE KASKASKIA. FROM A PAINTING IN THE ILLINOIS STATE HOUSE

capture a small settlement fifteen miles out, then a larger town, St. Philip, and Cahokia, distant seventy-five miles from Kaskaskia, which we did the next day without firing a shot. We found these people raisers and traders in products, as well as cattle, hogs and horses; traders also in furs and meats along the Mississippi."

Having assured the Kaskaskians that they had nothing to fear if they were loyal to the American Government, and leaving a part of his men to take command of the fort, the Rangers pushed on to the other garrison, Cahokia, sixty miles further north.

"Then we marched on and took Cahokia," is the way Robert Patterson tells it in a letter. It sounds easy, but what problems of diplomacy, of executive daring, of patience and faith were solved in compassing the subjugation of the country and the people! The former was a tangled wilderness of trees and streams, the latter were a motley conglomeration of Creoles, Indians, British and French.

"Resting men and horses a few days," says Sergeant Patterson, "we started to follow slowly a priest and citizens ahead of us on a peaceful mission to Post St. Vincent, and lay concealed in camp on the Wabash until we spied the American flag on the fort. I then despatched a messenger to Kaskaskia, and moved camp near border of the town to wait orders, meanwhile keeping on friendly terms with the tribes."

Colonel Clark endeavored to establish a civil government and to enroll a regiment or more of troops in Illinois. He enlisted the aid of the French priest, Père Gibault, to induce the Cahokians to take the oath of allegiance. Bloodshed he wished to avoid, as each successive collision inflamed both sides to pitiless hostilities; but diplomacy was difficult. Roosevelt says: "With a handful of unruly backwoodsmen imperfectly disciplined and kept under control only by his personal influence he had to protect and govern a region as large

as any European kingdom; moreover, he had to keep content and loyal a population of alien race, creed and language, while he held his own against the British and numerous tribes of Indians, as bloodthirsty and treacherous as they were warlike." At last, by assuming the demeanor of a conqueror, offering bribes for loyalty and good behavior, enunciating threats unspeakable against bad conduct, inspiring his own men and officers with enthusiasm and devotion, Clark achieved his purpose. Cahokia vowed allegiance, and the Northwest became American territory.

Robert Patterson continued with the army until the whole region acknowledged itself subject to the Government; but desiring to return to his Kentucky possessions he declined a commission, and in October was ordered with the Rangers to join Maj. William Linn and Quartermaster Isaac Bowman, to guard Capt. Rocheblave and the other British prisoners as far as central Kentucky, en route to the Governor of Virginia at Williamsburg. Capt. John Montgomery accompanied the escort as bearer of despatches and in charge of the prisoners and a large bulk of important official papers and correspondence captured with them.

Major Linn, with a portion of the command, halted at the Ohio Falls, where they were ordered to build a fort on the Kentucky shore.* Here Patterson and the volunteers, including the Rangers, whose term had expired, were mustered out, but continued with Captain Montgomery and the prisoners as far as Dicks River. Here the Rangers were relieved, and disbanding, scattered to their homes. Captain Montgomery, being given other guards, continued the march with his prisoners and despatches to the capital of Virginia.

The home journey was not without its perils. At the

* This was the beginning of Louisville.

close of the first day's travel, the Kentucky Rangers camped on the north bank of Turkey Foot Fork of Eagle Creek, one of the many small tributaries of the Kentucky River. They "spancelled out" their horses (the two fore-feet loosely tied together), took out their provisions, and commenced their simple repast in the early twilight. Patterson, with two friends, Allison and Brown, was seated at the root of a small white oak tree against which stood their rifles. The first intimation of the presence of the enemy was a shot from a party of Indians which killed James Brown. Patterson seized Allison's gun, through mistake, which he discovered when he had run a few steps, and returning, gave Allison his rifle and took his own. He made for the creek and jumped down a little cove, but was afraid to ford the branch, knowing that the noise would attract the attention of the Indians. He therefore scrambled up the bank and through thick brush, some fifty or a hundred yards off, reaching a spot where the dry leaves had been scratched off by wild turkeys. Here he could pursue his way without noise. For the first time Patterson turned his eyes in the direction of the camp, satisfied that he was not pursued, and at this moment saw the flash of a rifle a short distance down. He made his escape, walking all night, and reached Lexington before morning with the loss of horse, saddle and baggage.

The next day a small party from Lexington, led by Patterson, visited the scene of the night's disaster. Brown was found lying at the root of the tree, scalped and stripped, a bullet having passed directly through his head and lodged in the oak. Allison was found a short distance up the branch, tomahawked, scalped, stripped, and with his thigh broken by a rifle bullet. Patterson attributed his own escape to the fact that he ran in an opposite direction from the Indian party, with the white oak tree to screen him from their

view until he reached the branch, not more than twenty yards distant.

Despite the short stay that Robert Patterson made on this spot of ground, most of the time occupied by the attack, he seems to have had opportunity to make a claim by cutting "R. P." on a tree. This piece of land, like the Cane Run lands near Lexington, became the subject of endless lawsuits. Years after, when Robert Patterson lived in Dayton, and the claims of later owners clashed, he sent his deposition to Lexington in reference to the Turkey Foot Fork lands. The name was given the stream from the branching mouth of Eagle Creek, which was spread into three divisions like the foot of a wild turkey. The "R. P." on a big oak remained for many years after and fixed his claim.

The Henry L. Brown papers say:

"Details of Colonel Clark's successes in Illinois as narrated by Captain Montgomery at Williamsburg, and the presence of Captain Rocheblave and other British prisoners, created a fever of excitement. The Virginia legislature recognized the importance of the conquest by immediate and unanimous vote of thanks to Colonel Clark and his soldiers."

Five years later, the State, ceding the territory to the general Government, reserved one hundred and fifty thousand acres for officers and men engaged in the conquest of Illinois.

This Virginia law granted one hundred and eight acres to each soldier, and to Robert Patterson as sergeant, two hundred and sixteen acres.*

An understanding prevailed in the Patterson family, within the recollection of Jefferson Patterson and his sisters, that this Indiana land was afterward given by Robert to

* His certificate called for 16 acres in Division 169 of Clark's grant, as surveyed, and 200 acres in D and E of Division 171.

William; possibly as one of the considerations in closing their business affairs on separation in the year 1785, at which time they owned in common a large herd of cattle and other accumulations.

Upon recommendation of Colonel Clark, "For daring services in the advance through the wilderness, for the gallant dash into Kaskaskia; for meritorious conduct in the capture of Cahokia, and as Commander of the independent expedition to Post St. Vincent," Sergeant Patterson was honored with his first commission, that of ensign (second lieutenant) in Capt. Levi Todd's company at Harrodsburg, signed by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. William Patterson was enrolled in the same company.

At the reënlistment for the Illinois expedition by Robert Patterson and his men on Corn Island in June, 1778, to which reference has been made, Clark had informed his command for the first time of his intention to attack the British forts. He then read the letter signed by G. Mythe, G. Mason and Thomas Jefferson, giving their opinion that Virginia should allow "each volunteer enlisting as a common soldier in this expedition three hundred acres of land, and the officers in the usual proportion, out of the land which may be conquered in the country now in possession of the Indians, and for this we think you may safely confide in the justice and generosity of the Virginia Assembly." Had this been carried out, Robert Patterson's certificate would have been for six hundred acres.

While Robert was engaged in the Illinois campaign, William had been raising corn at Harrod's, the Kentucky settlement having escaped molestation. Robert, as we know, had other things in his mind besides Indians and British. The home instinct, fostered by the memory of Elizabeth Lindsay patiently awaiting her lover in Penn-

sylvania, was stirring him to find a quiet habitation and to establish himself permanently in the new country. The fall of 1778 found the Patterson crops harvested and cribbed, the live stock safely housed for the winter at Harrod's; and now the elder brother began to plan for a home with a wife in it. But orders from the Government changed for a time these plans. It was thought best to strengthen the frontier with additional posts, and in March, 1779, Patterson received orders from Virginia to establish a garrison at some suitable place north of the Kentucky River.

TYPE OF THE PIONEER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

It was also to recognize Patterson's meritorious conduct in the conquest of Illinois and to give him for the first time an independent command that these orders were issued. Given the choice of location for a military post, which would ultimately grow into a town, what more natural than that the new commander should choose the spot where his own hatchet had marked a claim and where his own cabin and crops of corn established the title? The execution of the Government order resulted in the actual founding of Lexington. Robert Patterson, with twenty-five men (the nucleus of that famous regiment that he commanded later), marched from Harrodsburg to the forks of the Elkhorn and there began to make an extended clearing.

Robert Patterson nowhere gives the names of all his associates in this enterprise, but Collins, in his "History of

Kentucky," states that among them were James Morrison, Samuel Johnson, David Mitchell, Josiah Collins, James Parberry, Alexander and William McConnell, Hugh Shannon, John Maxwell, James Masterson, James Duncan, and the Lindsay brothers. These fourteen men and their companions proceeded to build the beginnings of Lexington.

Trees were felled and split in halves to use in the stockade walls. The whole logs were kept for the block-house. At first the fort consisted of a single block-house surrounded by a stockade, and for the first winter Patterson, John Maxwell, James Masterson, William and Alexander McConnell and the two Lindsays occupied the block-house. The rest of the men sheltered themselves by bark coops within the stockade. Ranck, in his "History of Lexington," says:

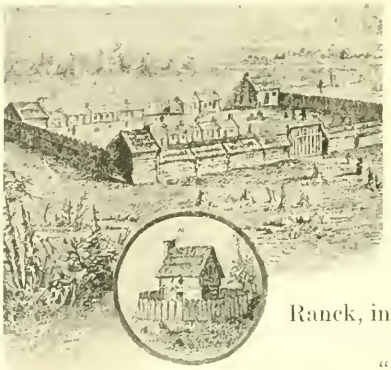
"The party reached its destination the last day of the month, and encamped for rest and refreshment at the magnificent spring whose grateful waters in unusual volume emptied into a stream nearby, whose green banks were gemmed with the brightest flowers, and bright and early the next day, April first, the axes of the stout pioneers were at work. Trees were felled, a space cleared, and a block-house surrounded by a stockade and commanding the spring was soon under headway. This rude but powerful defense was quickly completed without unnecessary labor. Logs for the walls were chopped with ports and the structure raised. Long side clapboards rough rived with ax and firmly secured by wooden pins, formed the roof; puncheon floor, heavy slab door, and these with openings for light and to carry off the smoke, constituted the block-house. . . . .

"The block-house was succeeded in 1788 by a frame; in 1807 by what was then called a splendid two-story brick, and in 1871 the four-story inn which still marks the spot where the settlement of Lexington commenced. The spring near the block-house was the principal one of the series of springs now concealed by a number of Main Street buildings. When Lexington grew to be a 'Station' the spring was embraced within the stockade, and supplied the garrison with water, and when the fort was removed the spring was deepened and walled for

the benefit of the whole town; a large tank for horses receiving the surplus of water, for years known far and wide as the 'public spring' of Lexington.

* * * * * * *

"The block-house being completed was at once occupied by Ensign Patterson and his company, including John Maxwell, James Masterson, William and Alexander McConnell, James, Arthur and Joseph Lindsay, who raised a crop of corn on the ground now covered by Cheapside, the court house and part of Main Street, and all other preparations were made to insure a permanent settlement."



THE STOCKADE AND BLOCK-HOUSE AT LEXINGTON

On the occasion of the centennial celebration on April second, 1879, of the "Settlement of Lexington, Kentucky," George W. Ranck, in his address, said:

"Here, in the heart of a Virginia wilderness, and by Kentucky pioneers, was erected the first monument ever raised on this continent to the first dead of the American Revolution, and here three years later, in the midst of a revolution which has given hope to the world—in the center of a country which Boone declared was a 'second Paradise,' and watching with the rifle while they hewed with the axe, Robert Patterson, William McConnell, John Maxwell, James Masterson, Joseph Lindsay, James Lindsay, Alexander McConnell and their comrades erected and defended that solitary spot around which the events of a century have clustered. Patterson was the commander and leading spirit of the block-house, conspicuous for his military talents and gallant services against the common foe. He headed the desperate forays of its little garrison, and was bullet-scarred and battle-gashed before the age of thirty. William

McConnell, a Virginian, chief of McConnell's Station in 1783, the friend of Boone, and one of the most energetic and prominent of the garrison, was the right hand man of commanding officer Patterson.

* * * * * * *

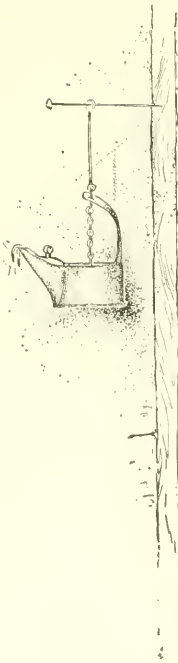
"The Lindsays [brothers-in-law of Robert Patterson] were among the most noted and sagacious of the early scouts, doing inestimable service for the settlers of the dark and bloody grounds, born as they were for pioneer times and sudden emergencies, fighting with signal ability and honor in most of the important expeditions against the Indians and British. Alexander McConnell, known to every reader of Kentucky history as the hero of one of the boldest and most thrilling exploits in the annals of the West, was a brother of Ensign Patterson's trusted subaltern, and was killed in the Battle of Blue Licks. Such were the men, who with their dauntless companions guarded the Kentucky frontier and made possible the homes of to-day."

Only three months after the building of the Lexington fort Patterson and detachment went five miles north of Lexington to assist William Bryan and three brothers in building Bryan's Station, and while thus occupied were called away to form a part of the command in the Bowman expedition of June, 1779, that first disastrous and mortifying defeat of the Kentuckians at the hands of the Miami tribes. There were in the expedition, as Patterson states, "one hundred and sixty men accustomed to Indian fighting, well officered, except in the person of the commander," who started for the Shawanoese villages on the Little Miami. The depredations of these Indians had been incessant and it was judged wise, upon consultation, to follow them to their homes and put an end to their capacity for warfare. Colonel Bowman and command reached the Indian villages * one night in July. Sending Logan's regiment half way around the village of sleeping savages, the others were ordered to the opposite side to signal a general attack when the columns should meet. The accidental discharge of a rifle by one of Bowman's

* The present site of Old Town, seventeen miles east of Dayton.

men alarmed the village.* Logan, Todd, Patterson and Harrod charged, and were fighting their way to victory without Bowman or his men, when the latter astonished them with a command to retreat.

It can be imagined with what reluctance this order was obeyed. Under either Logan, Todd or Patterson the attack would have been entirely successful; as it was, the regiment withdrew, having captured one hundred and sixty horses and a quantity of stores. Thus what might have been a splendid victory remained a colossal blunder from which the Kentuckians suffered during the months that followed. The Indians, with their women and children, had collected in the largest cabins, leaving thirty or forty huts unprotected, which the Kentuckians immediately burned. It was thought imprudent to storm the defended cabins, as the Indian forces outnumbered the whites. Therefore all property was destroyed, and the Kentuckians started homewards, Patterson's company defending the rear. For eight or ten miles, as far as the present site of Dayton, the Indians pursued and harassed them by scattering fire. Twice Bowman formed his men into a square and attempted an open engagement, but the savages refused to meet them. As soon as the march was resumed, the attack was resumed. At length a determined rush was made by the mounted officers, and the Indians were routed. This was the first time, but not the last, that Robert Patterson set foot in the Miami Valley. It was this expedition of which George Rogers Clark complained that it had invaded the Miami Valley



*A portion of this battle-field came into possession of Robert Patterson twenty-four years later, upon which was built a mill operated by himself and son Francis for twenty three years.

instead of joining him in the Illinois country for a movement up the Wabash to take Detroit.

This was the end of two years' campaigning for Robert Patterson. Although at the outset he was but just recovering from wounds, not an hour of sickness or suffering had he experienced, nor had he been off duty for any reason since returning from Pennsylvania. His crops being harvested and many cabins around Lexington completed, he found remunerative employment with the land commissioners and surveyors sent out by Virginia to adjust claims. This gave opportunity to fix the record of lands taken up for himself and for his father and brothers, which preemptions aggregated quite five thousand acres, at a cost, it is said, of forty cents per acre.*

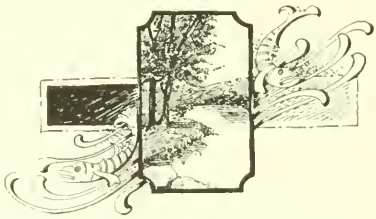
The land which Patterson owned at that time,† embraced all the southwest part of the present city of Lexington, commencing at Locust (now Mexico) Street, and extending southwest to and beyond the Fair Grounds; bounded on the east by "Curd's Road" (now South Broadway), and on the north by "Scott's Road" (now Versailles pike). Farther south, across "Davis Bottom," now occupied by the depots and yards of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, was all Patterson land, and beyond the latter, the present Lexington Fair Grounds and track of the Kentucky Trotting Association. In fact, his possessions included all of South Lexington lying between the Versailles pike and South Broadway as far as the Fair Grounds. This tract, now so valuable, was sold by Robert Patterson to Richard Huggins and others after his removal to Dayton in 1804.‡

The four hundred acres called by him the "Sinking Spring Tract" embraced the grounds of the present lunatic asylum and many streets and blocks besides. Fully one-half the area of the present Lexington belonged to him. All these grants

* H. L. Brown papers.
† See map—Appendix.
‡ W. H. Polk, Lexington, Ky., from old records.

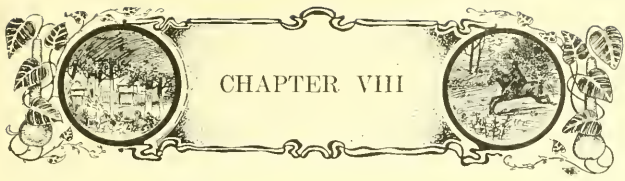
of fertile acres made him an extensive landed proprietor and entitled him to rank as the first citizen, commercially speaking, of the town of Lexington. How he stood in other respects as a citizen will be told later.

Joseph and James Lindsay had arrived in Kentucky about this time, bringing letters from home, among them letters from their sister Elizabeth to Robert Patterson, to whom she was betrothed. These were tender messages in praise of his heroism, prayers for his preservation, encouragement of his efforts to establish a home for her in the wilderness. In spite of hard work and perilous warfare, the blood ran in Robert's veins like spring sap in the maple trees. The cane was abloom on the Elkhorn flat lands, the cardinal birds sang from the bushes, and life was all love and hope and the promise of happiness to come.



COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

Robert Patterson marries Elizabeth Lindsay; wedding festivities and journey to Kentucky; the new home; emigration into Kentucky; George Rogers Clark's Miami expedition; the hard winter; defense of Bryan's Station; battle of Blue Licks; Patterson's life saved by Aaron Reynolds; the Logan campaign of 1786.

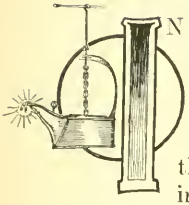


CHAPTER VIII

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

"The mothers of our forest land,
Their bosoms pillowed men:
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort or glen:
To load the sure old rifle,
To run the leaden ball,
To watch a fighting husband's place,
And fill it should he fall."

Henry T. Stanton.



IN the midst of these exciting years Robert Patterson stole time from his Indian campaigns and his hardly tilled crops to take a wife. The engagement to Elizabeth Lindsay had lasted three years, and he was impatient to see her in the new log house as its queen and mistress. So, in the winter of 1779–1780 (celebrated in Kentucky annals as "the hard winter") he obtained leave of absence from the Station, and after being delayed by severe weather and the impassable condition of the buffalo traces (still the only roads for wagons) until late in February, he and a company of young men started on horseback for Fort Pitt. From that point he rode alone to his father's home in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. He lost no time in seeing his sweetheart at Falling Springs and renewing his betrothal vows. Afterwards he visited his grandfather on the Sweet Arrow farm in Lancaster County, where so much of his boyhood had been spent. On his return to his father's home, a

party was made up to accompany him to Falling Springs for the wedding.

In the party were William Nisbet, whose son afterwards married Robert Patterson's daughter; John Patterson and son John ("Shaker John"), the latter not over ten years of age, but who for fifty years thereafter was looked upon as "Sir Oracle" in family history and legend;* one or more other Lancaster County relatives, with several brothers, sisters and friends of Robert Patterson, forming a gay cavalcade on this romantic errand through the woods. It took two weeks for the party to assemble from Lancaster County. They were hospitably welcomed and entertained at the Lindsay's, and John Patterson wrote:†

"The Lindsay home, a beautiful large mansion with stone columns and broad porches, convenient to the Falling Springs from which the seat takes its name, was surrounded by extensive grazing lands. The Lindsays owned the mills and several thousand acres of forests and meadows and many herds of fine cattle. The house and surrounding buildings were occupied by a large company of the family connection and friends from various points, people of position and influence. With these we were entertained several days in generous fashion."

The ceremony took place just at noon on the twenty-ninth of March, 1780, the bride being just twenty, the groom seven years her senior. John Patterson says:

"The wedding dinner, a rich feast of game and viands on tables in the grove, was a great feature of the frolic of several days of feasting and merry making, in which Robert Patterson and bride were preparing for the journey West. With pack horses laden with gifts of cabin furnishings, provisions, etc., accompanied by Elizabeth's brothers, Henry and William Lindsay, and the latter's wife and family with quite a party of friends and other young relatives as escort, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson set out for the Bedford home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Patterson. Besides a handsome saddle horse for herself, the bridal

* H. L. B. papers.

† Preserved by his son Culbertson Patterson; a copy in the H. L. B. papers.

presents included pack horses and panniers, silver and pewter plate, blankets, clothing, and a few articles of furniture now held as precious heirlooms in families of descendants.

"Hearty greetings awaited the bridal party at the Patterson home, where farewell festivities continued two days; then began the ride over mountain roads toward the West; roads already occupied by lines of movers, for that was a great year of emigration to Kentucky. The Patterson party, eleven persons, was ten days reaching Fort Pitt, lodging in taverns or wayside cabins, except one night of pleasant bivouac experience in the woods after leaving Fort Ligonier. At Fort Pitt the cabin outfit was added to and a house boat purchased, named 'Elizabeth' in honor of the bride, and a staunch 'Broadhorn' for the horses and other freight required a day or so to procure. On April fourteenth the voyage down the river began."

The long days of floating on the sluggish Ohio, with its panoramic banks and wooded hills, might have made an ideal wedding journey had it not been for the constant fear of attack by Indians. We may imagine that the young husband did not fail to point out along the bank the scenes of his terrible experience of four years before. Indians were several times in sight on one shore, while from the other safety signals were given by scouts concealed in the bush; but no unpleasant incident occurred, the party finally disembarking at Limestone [Maysville]. The journey was made across the country by way of Blue Licks to Lexington, where the returning commandant and his bride were received with joyous greetings lasting well into the night.

Mrs. Patterson, telling of her bridal trip, said she felt no special fear of the Indians seen along the river, for crowds of emigrants were coming over the country, and the stream was dotted with other family boats carrying parties like their own to Kentucky. This was the fearlessness of inexperience, for she had not yet seen any of the terrors of frontier life. She felt no regret at leaving home, nor dread of the future, except for a short moment when dismounting from her horse she stepped into their cabin home. It consisted of a single room,

with no fireplace, and partially filled with rough chairs, block stools, table and bed. There was a low-roofed loft, reached by climbing from a block placed on the fixed table. She had come from a well-cultivated farm in a thickly settled part of the State of Pennsylvania, with a larger population than

FIRST HOME OF ROBERT PATTERSON

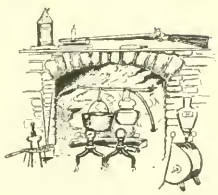
at present; had lived in a stone house, well furnished according to the fashion and requirements of the day, and where neighbors were plenty and the resources of living abundant. The only modern parallel one can think of is that of a girl brought up in one of the fine suburban homes of St. Louis being transplanted to an adobe

hut in central Mexico. But Mrs. Patterson was strong, confident and faithful; much more, she was in love with her young husband. And so the new home began.

"The feeling of hesitation passed quickly and forever," said Mrs. Patterson, "when the women of the Fort came in to welcome me and began showing beautiful furs and pelts to adorn our floor, walls and bed. The kettles, oven and other utensils my husband had provided for my coming were the best to be had on the border. Such was our first cabin home, a sweet home always." *

A month later the bodies of two of the garrison were brought in from one of the trails, killed by horse-stealing Indians, and then the young bride began to realize what frontier life was. A short time after, Alexander McConnell while hunting was captured, but escaped. But the garrison continued to plant corn and to tend the crops, with rifles at hand and armed pickets on all sides for protection. When there was special alarm Mrs. Patterson and the other women stayed within the stockade, with the gates barred all day and rifles loaded for emergency. The strain was relieved in the evening by the greeting of husbands and fathers returning safely from the fields.

As the young people in whom we are most interested were establishing their home in the new country, the same story was being repeated in all parts of the State. During the latter quarter of the century there was a continual stream of emigration from East to West. Reports of the extraordinary fertility of Kentucky and Ohio lands, together with the large inducement of land grants to settlers, operated to attract many men of family to what was then the "Far West." It has been described by early writers in superlative phrase: grass grew tall and rank; clover grazed the horses' knees as they galloped through a sea of



* H. L. B. papers.

blossoms; oaks, locusts and beeches spread to enormous size, as many as one hundred to an acre. Everything was profuse, luxuriant and prolific, compared with the bleak, stony hillsides of New England. No wonder that the settlers thought they were in what Daniel Boone called a "Second Paradise."

The natural inlet for travel towards this second paradise would seem to be the Ohio River, which with its south and west borne current might take the settlers into the heart of the new country. But we have seen that it was many times nothing less than a death trap. It has been written by a historian of those times (Thomas Speed) that "It required courage of the highest order to put out from the post (at Pittsburg) for a river voyage of weeks and no friendly shelter or harbor at which to stop on the way. A more pitiable plight is not conceivable than a cargo of emigrants on a rude, drifting craft, fifteen feet wide by forty or fifty feet in length, helpless on the bosom of the Ohio, receiving a murderous fire from the banks." Another writer says:* "Travellers spoke of 'going into' or 'coming out of' the west as though it were a mammoth cave. Such were the herculean difficulties of travel that it was commonly said that despite the dangers of life in the unconquered land, if pioneers could live to get into the west nothing could, thereafter, daunt them." The land route was as long and difficult as the water.

In 1780 the road from Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to Philadelphia, the seat of Government, when the messenger was proceeding under orders "with all dispatch," was as follows: First, to Lexington, Kentucky; thence to Cumberland Gap, Botetourt and Staunton, Virginia; Hagerstown, Maryland; York, Lancaster and Philadelphia, Pa.—a distance of eight hundred and twenty-six miles, a three weeks' trip. The southerly part of this route was known as the "Wilder-

* Walter Hulbert in Ohio Arch. and Hist. Quarterly, April, 1901.

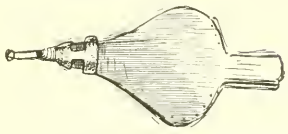
ness Road," in the first place merely a buffalo run, but widened gradually by the many emigrant wagons that followed each other toward the West. Train after train of cattle and emigrant wagons passed over this road, the horsemen going both before and behind to guard the procession against a treacherous attack of savages.

Some of the travelers coming from the East on the waterways or "buffalo traces" were, like the Pattersons, Scotch-Irish emigrants from bleak latitudes under the dominion of tyrants. Some were from the rocky lands of New England, where, as Bill Nye describes them,* "The people were kept busy digging clams to sustain life in order to raise Indian corn enough to give them sufficient strength to pull clams enough the following winter to get them through till the next corn crop should give them strength to dig clams again."

But here was a land without tyrants or rocks or sand hills; without clams, it is true, but with room and soil enough to raise Indian corn and babies; an area of hills and valleys covered with rich forests of beech, oak, ash and hickory, walnut and cherry, maple and sycamore, linden and pine; of plains covered with blue grass, cane and clover; the streams full of fish, and the woods of game. Buffalo and deer stalked among the herbage; birds sang in the branches; the streams whitened their banks with salt deposit; the surface rocks showed indications of coal, iron and saltpeter; the cardinal-flower illuminated the ledges of sandstone, and the rhododendron clothed the mountain sides with glowing beauty. Everywhere the earth, the air and the water seemed created to supply man's wants, both physical and æsthetic. What wonder that the rumor of this Eldorado across the Alleghenies brought an endless procession of immigrants with its back turned upon civilization and its face toward the setting sun!

The wagons were filled with furniture, merchandise and

* History of the United States.



bright-eyed children, and a family watch-dog trotted behind. Twelve miles a day after this fashion was good traveling. Sometimes two feather beds were strapped on either side of the gentlest horse, the nest between them holding the babies—a good arrangement, provided the horses did not walk into an overhanging hornets' nest, which sometimes happened. Wild animals were before and behind them, and a meal of fresh meat was to be had within easy range of the rifle. At night the travelers camped around a bark fire, ate fish from the streams, or broiled venison, and went to sleep under the stars after a prayer that the God who kept them at home would shelter them on their journey. The days were bright and clear, the woods teeming with game, the land a rich, dark loam which promised well for crops, and the future seemed enticing and happy.

This, however, is the bright side of the picture. The Collins family, who helped Robert Patterson to settle Lexington, had severe experiences on the Wilderness Road. They started from Virginia in October. Cold weather came on early. It was the "hard winter," 1779–1780. Their stock died for want of pasture; game was scarce; the horses could scarcely pull the wagons, so the furniture and clothing had to be unloaded and left concealed by the roadside, where they were afterwards found and confiscated by the Indians. The father had chills and fever, which were augmented by wading through half-frozen streams, and the children cried all night from cold and hunger. A little boy,* whose story is told in a History of Kentucky, and who, as we shall hear, was the first one to perceive Captain Patterson returning from the battle of Blue Licks, says that the one comfortable hour the children had was when standing in the warm entrails of a deer which his father had shot, watching his mother toast slices of venison liver on a stick.

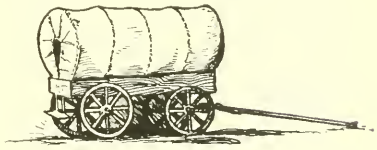
* Joel Collins.

A Kentucky statesman writing in 1843 gives this graphic description of the sufferings of the overland emigrants:

"Through privations incredible and perils thick, thousands of men, women and children came in successive caravans, forming continuous streams of human beings, horses, cattle and other domestic animals, all moving onward along a lonely and houseless path to a wild and cheerless land. Cast your eyes back on that long procession of missionaries in the cause of civilization; behold the men on foot with their trusty guns on their shoulders driving stock and leading pack-horses; and the women, some walking with pails on their heads, others riding with children in their laps and other children swung in baskets on horses fastened to the tails of others going before; see them encamped at night expecting to be massacred by Indians; behold them in the month of December in that ever memorable season of unprecedented cold called the 'Hard winter,' traveling two or three miles a day, frequently in danger of being frozen or killed by the falling of horses on the icy and almost impassable trace, and subsisting on stinted allowances of stale bread and meat. But now lastly look at them at the destined fort—perhaps on the eve of Merry Christmas—when met by the hearty welcome of friends who had come before, and cheered by fresh buffalo meat and parched corn, they rejoice at their deliverance and resolve to be contented with their lot."*

From such experiences as these the settlers passed to the comparative luxury of the log cabin; but even here life was neither easy nor pleasant. To us it would be wholly unendurable. The recent arrival at one of the stations—Bryan's, McClellan's or Lexington, as the case might have been—could depend upon the neighbors to help him raise the walls of his building and get his family under roof for the winter. Such a cabin was the rudest shelter, and contained only the rudimentary necessaries of life. The fireplace, built of mud-daubed sticks, took up almost the whole side of the house and let down more cold air than the fire on the hearth could cope with. The one window was a hole in the logs, covered with paper saturated with bear grease, and the door an opening

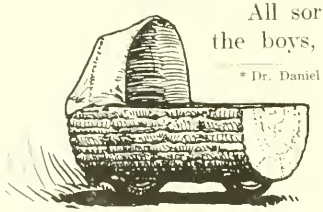
* Chief Justice Robertson in an address at Camp Madison, Franklin County.



over which hung a buffalo skin. The table was a broad puncheon, with splinters left on the surface from the adz, and with sticks thrust into auger holes for legs. Three-legged stools without backs were made in the same way. In a corner were driven into the floor forked sticks which supported poles in the crotches, and the other ends of the poles were thrust into cracks between the log walls; over these were spread buffalo skins—and this was the bed. The cradle, a most necessary article of furniture in the pioneer household, was simply a hollowed log with a hood left at the top to keep off draughts from a door or window. Old, old ladies, who were only little girls in those days, told their little girls that between the uneven floors and the more or less rough surface of the log cradle, the rocking of the baby in it hardly had a soothing effect. Such a cradle would travel quite around the room if the rocking were persistent and vigorous.

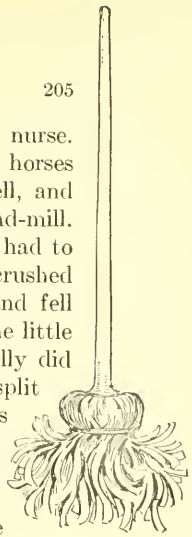
The dishes were bowls hollowed out of dogwood. Two-pronged iron forks and pewter spoons were luxuries found upon a few tables. The cooking was done over the open fire, with what back-breaking efforts the housekeeper of to-day can hardly conceive.

After the rearing of the cabin came the clearing of timber lands and the planting of corn, upon which depended the settler's title to his homestead, as well as the victualing of his table. This was no easy task for the men, but the boys had also to do their part. One pioneer historian* describes having to drive the plow over recently cleared forest land when he was but nine years old, and how, when the share ran afoul of a root, the plow handles would deal him a blow in the pit of the stomach.



All sorts of heavy work fell to the lot of the boys, whose descendants of the same age

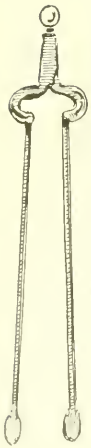
* Dr. Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati.



have only recently emerged from the care of a nurse. Eight-year-old lads had to load sacks of corn on the horses with nice adjustment of portions so as to carry well, and ride the horses to the nearest neighbor who had a hand-mill. If there were no neighbor and no hand-mill, they had to pound corn in the home-made mortar until it was crushed fine enough to cook. If the horse's load shifted and fell off, or the fingers were bruised under the pestle, the little workman knew it was useless to cry, and he generally did not. Corn was cut, sheaves were bound, rails were split for fences (seventy-five being considered a fair day's work for a boy of fourteen). The young pioneer "swingled" flax, carried water for the washing, and helped to hollow out the slabs of buckeye which had to take the place of platters and bowls on the table. Four-year-old lads went for the cows, and learned to break twigs off the paw-paw bushes so as to find their way home again. A seven-year-old girl, the eldest of five children, found her work to do in aiding the busy mother. She knew how to milk a cow, provided her next younger sister kept it still in the corner of the lot. She could work the churn-dasher or keep the kettle of soap from boiling over while her mother was busy with the spinning. If she scrubbed the cabin floor, it was with a split broom which her brother had learned to make with a Barlow knife out of hickory sapling. If she did it well, both she and her brother got a doughnut browned nicely in the hot fat. The mother—oh, what wearisome days she must have had, with every little body waiting to be clothed by her busy fingers and every stomach waiting to be filled by her exertions! We find directions in old letters from one neighbor to another about dyeing the wool goods which had come from the backs of their own sheep and gone through their own looms. The inner bark of white walnut dyed them dull yellow; black

walnut, a dark brown; indigo, blue; and madder, a dingy sort of red. Oak bark with cypress in it supplied the ink they used, whose fading tints have robbed us of much pioneer history. If the Garrards, the Andersons and the Pattersons have shown traits of patience in after life, it may have been partly because they had to untangle the sheep's wool from the burrs caught in it from the bushes. What a kindergarten it was! "Learning by doing," indeed; and we are just beginning to call that principle the "New Education."

What did they have to eat in those early Kentucky days?* At first, nothing but buffalo jerk, which was a poor sort of dried beef, tough and stringy, and cut in thick pieces. Deer steaks were good eating when it was safe to go after them. There was no bread, and it is said that the pioneers came to dislike turkey breast as common sailors hate salt pork. During one season, when the men were ordered off in the militia to protect a threatened settlement, the women and children ate boiled nettle tops for weeks at a time. Dr. Drake tells how, after weeks of meat diet, during a summer's journey over the mountains his mother saw a woman churning at one of the settlements, and, not liking to ask for a drink of buttermilk, went on to her own wagon and cried all night at the loss of such a treat. During the first year of residence in the new country, when the crops were still in the ground, the longing for bread and vegetables was hardly to be endured. With what joy they watched the first corn sprout! Even the baby helped to scare the crows from it. The little corn shoots meant roasting ears, parched corn, Johnny-cake baked before the fire on an ash shingle, and boiled Indian pudding with sweetening from the maple trees. All the salt had to be gotten by evaporation from the salt licks. The



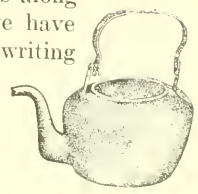
* "Corn dodgers dipped in maple juice he ate with thankfulness;
An ox steak when the preacher came the family to bless;
Rye coffee with molasses sweet; he never used a fork,
But with his knife, ten months a year, poked down the salted pork."
Written of Abraham Lincoln, by *George Alfred Townsend.*

family cow, if she survived the tramp over the Wilderness Road, occupied almost the position of patron saint to the family. With fresh milk and Johnny-cake, what trials could not be borne! Each later arrival from the East brought garden seed and divided it among the neighbors—co-operation instead of competition being the law of life. Another season if the Indians let them alone, they could have watermelons and beans. Clothing, too, was primitive in style, though undoubtedly as vigorous in quality as the wearers of it. The women carded the buffalo wool, spun the thread, wove the cloth and made the clothes. When housekeeping became more advanced, they grew flax and treated it in the same way. The few good garments brought from the East did duty for best on rare occasions.

It was to such a home and such a life that Robert Patterson brought his bride, and to that life both husband and wife brought their highest enthusiasms.

Does it seem possible that with all these privations and toilsome days the settlers still had time and strength for any mere amusements? We read of quilting parties, husking bees and candy pullings, which made the little cabins ring with merriment, and of wrestling and boxing matches and foot races to try the prowess of the young men. Sometimes a fiddle found its way into the wilderness to teach young feet the old mazourka step or the mazes of the Virginia reel. All these things served to offset the three-hour sermons they had to endure from the itinerant preacher.

One wonders how and where they did their courting in such crowded conditions of life, where little brothers and sisters swarmed around the fireside and slept in rows along the wall. That they accomplished it successfully we have indubitable proof; and as Reuben T. Durrett* says, in writing



* President of the Filson Club, of Louisville, Ky.

of these times—"On essential points it was easy to remove the discussion to the open."

The Lexington garrison had an abundance of supplies for the long, bitter winter of 1779 and 1780, when settlers and live stock suffered and wild animals died in the forests of Kentucky and Virginia in as great numbers as in the territory northwest of the Ohio. Cattle and horses were protected within the Lexington stockade; buffalo, elk and deer gathered in deep snow around the gates, and were slaughtered for meat or perished in the cold. No work could be done in the clearings, nor were the garrisons called to perform usual military duties. There was no danger of Indian depredations, the savages remaining in their villages far north of the Ohio, shut in the cabins to escape freezing.

Fine weather in the spring encouraged a renewal of immigration, Lexington having many newcomers who built cabins outside of the stockade at about the time of the return of Robert Patterson with his bride. But these improvements were checked in June by the fate of Ruddell's and Martin's Stations.

It was not long before Elizabeth Patterson began to realize what it was to be the wife of a Kentucky pioneer. She had seen the bodies of two murdered settlers brought into the fort in the days of her honeymoon. Her next experience of frontier life was on the second of August of that same year (1780), when she said farewell to her husband, summoned to command a company under George Rogers Clark against the Shawanoese villages on the Little Miami and Mad Rivers. The latter gathered his troops together at the mouth of the Kentucky River and proceeded to the Falls (Louisville), where others were already stationed—about six hundred in all. The party then separated for the trip up the river, part going on one bank, part on

the other, until they reached the present site of Cincinnati. There they built a block-house and left stores and some wounded men (they having been attacked on the way), and proceeded north toward the Indian settlements.

On the sixth day they reached Old Chillicothe on the Little Miami in Greene County, the town attacked by Colonel Bowman the year before, and found it in flames, it having been set on fire by the Indians when they fled at the approach of the soldiers.

Clark's army camped on the ground that night, and the next day pursued the Indians as far as the Piqua towns, marching two days in a drenching rain, with thunder and lightning and strong wind. The men were soaked to the skin, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they kept their powder dry. Their guns were useless for the time. They came in sight of the villages at sunrise on the eighth. Fires were built to dry the guns and make them ready for service. The troops crossed Mad River about a quarter of a mile below the town, and the advance guard were attacked by the Indians in a prairie of high weeds. There was sharp fighting for a short time and intermittent firing from both sides until five o'clock, when the Indians disappeared.

At the camp fires which the Indians abandoned in their sudden retreat were several pots of smoking hominy which the soldiers, wearied with a forced ten-mile march, were beginning to enjoy; but Captain Patterson had no mind to have victory snatched from them in that ignoble fashion, and tipping the hominy over upon the ground with his foot, he bade the men continue their pursuit of the Indians. "Your business," he said, "is to fight, not to eat." The troops then pursued the savages until they were completely routed.

Captain Patterson and his soldiers subsisted for some days upon the corn in the ear which was growing near the

wigwams, but destroyed it all before they resumed their march towards Kentucky.*

The loss on each side in this battle was about twenty. It is estimated that in the two Indian towns, Chillicothe and Piqua, more than five hundred acres of corn were destroyed, as well as quantities of vegetables. Of course every wigwam was burned, and arms and utensils confiscated. The value of this lay in the fact that the Indians, having no longer any corn to subsist on, were obliged to spend their time and powder and shot on game instead of white settlers, and the Kentucky pioneers had two years of comparative quiet to follow. "In this campaign," says Bradford, in his "Notes on Kentucky," "most of the men had no other provisions for twenty-five days than six quarts of Indian corn each, except the green corn and vegetables found at the Indian towns, and one gill of salt; and yet not a single complaint was heard to escape the lips of a solitary individual. All appeared to be impressed with the belief that if this army should be defeated few would be able to escape, and the Indians would fall on the defenseless women and children in Kentucky and destroy the whole. From this view of the subject, every man was determined to conquer or die." It is one of the abstract lessons of history, that soldiers fight better on grounds of personal grievance than in defense of diplomatic complications.†

This expedition accomplished the total destruction of the Miami encampments, and for the next year or two Kentucky was free from molestation. Thus, step by step, the land was wrested from its original owners, and step by step the original owners contested the right of way until the soil of both Ohio and Kentucky seemed to be drenched with the blood of the early pioneers and

* Patterson papers, L. C. D. collection.

† On the exact spot where this battle occurred afterward lived Col. John Johnston whose fourth daughter, Julia, became the daughter-in-law of Captain Patterson.

The Commonwealth of Virginia

To Robert Pattison — GENTLEMAN, greeting:

KNOW you that our Governour, on recommendation from the court of the county of Fayette — hath conſtituted and appointed you a Captain — in a company of militia in the ſaid county. In teſtimony whereof, theſe our letters are ſealed, with the ſeal of the commonwealth, and made patent. Witneſs, THOMAS JEFFERSON, Eſquire, our ſaid Governour, at Richmond, the ſeventh — day of April — in the year of our Lord, one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty one

Sworn into in Fayette Court June 12th 1781

Test Levi Todd

ROBERT PATTERSON'S COMMISSION AS CAPTAIN IN VIRGINIA MILITIA, SIGNED BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

planted with their bones. Now, when the young descendants of those stubborn pioneers, on their holiday tramps afield, pick up a flint arrow-head in a gully along the Miami River, or take a blunt stone battle-ax from some corn-field bathed by Mad River, does it mean to them more than a mere chance happening? It should be a sign of their own inheritance and their own responsibility.

Later in the year (1780) the question of reorganization of the military became of general interest in Kentucky. Upon recommendation of the Fayette County Court, John Todd was made colonel of the county; Daniel Boone, lieutenant-colonel; and Robert Patterson a captain of Virginia volunteers; his commission dated April seventh, 1781, signed by Thomas Jefferson, Governor.

Captain Patterson had command of the Lexington company in the march for relief of Bryan's Station, May twentieth. After recounting former services, Robert Patterson says:

"I commanded the troops for relief of Bryan's Station in August, 1782, and commanded one of the lines in the Todd battle of the Blue Licks. I met General Clark in council of war at Harrod's and in a few days marched as Colonel of a regiment to the rendezvous on the Ohio at the mouth of the Licking River, for destruction of the Piqua Shawanoese town on the Great Miami and Laramies. Besides a number of other scrimmages in the Revolutionary War, I was in ten engagements where men were killed on both sides, in two of which we lost one half of our men. I was their point blank mark five hours, returning bullet for bullet, and I believe with best success."

It was following the Miami campaign in 1782 that Robert Patterson received his commission as Colonel in the militia and proceeded to guard the Kentucky lands from attack.

In that year the north side of Kentucky was in one county, called Fayette. Five stations, or forts, included

all of the inhabitants—Lexington, McConnell's, Bryan's, Boone's and McGee's. On the first of June, 1782, Patterson received orders from John Todd, colonel commandant of the county, to guard and patrol the whole frontier.* In Robert Patterson's own story of this short and unimportant expedition is an amusing incident which illustrates his dislike of profanity and his practical efforts as a reformer.† He says:

"On the tenth, as ordered, forty men including officers paraded, and next day marched from the commissary with four pounds of ammunition to each man. We had two pack horses that belonged to the commissary. We marched direct to Drenning's Lick,—halted, sent two spies, who brought no account of the arrival of the boat. Sent two spies to Louisville, who brought information of the day that the boat would arrive. We remained twelve days in the neighborhood of the river, subject to surprise by day and night.

"The company was divided into five masses, encamped five yards apart. Every movement was made in the same manner, with two sentinels out; one one hundred and fifty yards to the right, and the other the same distance on the left. We moved once in twenty-four hours one mile, more or less, as ground, water and timber were convenient.

"In the camp immediately in my rear the First Sergeant had a very profane swearing man (Aaron Reynolds). I had borne with him four days and nights, and felt that I must reprove him, and if no amendment took place to discharge him and send him home. The next opportunity, when he had a crowd about and was making his blasphemous sport with oaths and wicked expressions, I stepped into the crowd and observed to him that he was a very wicked profane man: that he could not harm anything or person but himself, and that he was endeavoring to do with all his might; that the company and myself would thank him to desist. But on the next day I heard him going on as formerly. I then reproved him severely, but said to him that if he quit his profanity and swearing, that on reaching the boat I would give him a quart of spirits.

"Four days after that we joined the boat. After making a report of my orders and company to Captain Robert George, who was a regular

* See Appendix.

† This story is told in Roosevelt's "Winning of the West."

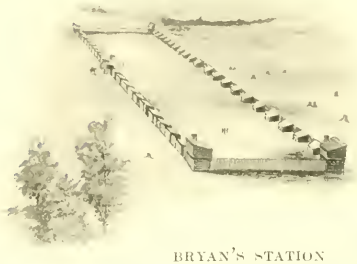
officer, Aaron Reynolds demanded of me the quart of spirits as promised. I suggested a doubt as to whether he had complied with his promise or not, and he appealed to the company, then on parade, and they pronounced in his favor—that they had not heard him swear since he was reproved, as before stated."

The promised reward was not withheld, and Patterson adds, somewhat unnecessarily, "The spirits were all drank." That the end did, though somewhat scantily, justify the means, and that the reform was a permanent one, will be shown by an episode that occurred between Reynolds and Patterson at the battle of Blue Licks some months later.

A few months after the events which we have chronicled, the first child was born to Robert and Elizabeth Patterson, on January thirtieth, 1781, and named William, after Robert's brother. The year following held momentous issues that were calculated to try the souls both of the young husband, who must continually risk his life for the defense of the settlements, and of the young wife, who began her family cares by awaiting at home, by her baby's cradle, either the return of the father or of news of him too terrible to be told.

The next year, 1782, saw the two most thrilling chapters in the history of Kentucky, one of which brought ruin and sorrow unspeakable to the band of settlers. These were the siege of Bryan's Station and the fatal battle of Blue Licks. Bryan's Station was five miles from Lexington, on the head branch of the Elkhorn, amid a thick forest of noble trees such as Kentucky knows not in these later years. In form, it was like the fort at Lexington, though much longer, being six hundred feet by one hundred and fifty, with twenty log cabins along the sides whose outer walls made the walls of the fort. The cabins were sixteen feet square, and each sheltered a family. The roofs sloped in toward the fort, a

fortunate circumstance, as was afterwards proved during the siege. At the corners of the fort were large blockhouses, which, being the most exposed places, were occupied by the unmarried men. A fine cold spring at a little distance supplied the fort with water, and was considered safe because so well within the range of the protecting rifles. Settlers generally built their forts to enclose a spring, and why it was not done in this case, no one can tell.



BRYAN'S STATION

In the summer of 1782, Captain Caldwell, a British officer in Canada, marched down to attack Wheeling, Va., with about three hundred white soldiers and six hundred Wyandotte and Lake Indians. The battle did not come off for some reason, and rather than go back to Canada without having seen blood, the invaders marched down the banks of the Ohio, and Bryan's Station being the nearest and least defensive point, they proceeded to besiege it on August fifteenth, at five o'clock in the morning. Inside the fort were ninety people, of whom forty-five were men who could hold rifles. Two of these escaping early in the day to bring help from Lexington left only forty-three men as the protective force. The plan of the British was to place a detachment of Indians in full view on the side of the fort towards Lexington, and to conceal the remainder in the woods around the spring. At daylight the small force were to fire on the fort, and when the garrison should be drawn out to repel them, the main body was to rush upon the fort and break down the gate or scale the walls. But the Kentuckians had learned some-

thing of Indian warfare by this time, and suspecting that so small a number of warriors could not be the whole force, they paid no attention to the attack, but saw to it that the north side of the fort was well protected, and waited for further developments. Now it was that the mistake in planning the fort became apparent. The supply of drinking water was found to be exhausted. This, a serious enough dilemma during a quiet day when the August sun beat down upon the unprotected fort, was doubly terrible if there was fighting to be done. It was not to be thought of to engage in battle without plenty of water to drink. The Craigs, friends of Robert Patterson (who was at this time in the Lexington fort, ignorant of the peril of his neighbors), settled the question. They believed the Indians would not come out from their ambush until the noise of the firing assured them that the fort was practically unprotected. At this critical juncture, the women of the fort came to the rescue. They said, "Let us go for water. The Indians will never risk the escape of the whole garrison by attacking a few girls and women. That is not their plan. We will pretend that we think the fighting force is on the other side of the fort, and that will keep up the deception." So it was done. Twelve of the married women and sixteen girls issued from the gate laughing and chattering, with pails in their hands and deadly fears in their hearts. The distance to the spring was about fifty feet—a narrow path lined on each side by bushes, among which, so near they could almost hear them breathe, crouched the Indians. The women could not go two by two for the sake of protection, but the smallest girls trotted along, two of them to a pail. At the spring their natural impulse was to dip the buckets full and run; but the stream ran slowly: the water must be caught in a gourd and poured into the pails. Slowly each pail or "piggin," as it was called, was filled, and the proces-

sion of heroines, brave as any matrons Rome ever saw, filed back along the path expecting every minute to hear that blood-curdling war-whoop which meant worse torture than the cry of a panther or the howl of a wolf. The Craigs were right in their conjectures. Not an Indian stirred. They wanted the whole company of settlers, and expected to get them. The gate closed safely on the women with their precious burdens. Then it was that the pioneers played a counter-game. Sending the smallest part of their men into the open field, they made a noisy demonstration against the savages, pursuing them toward the woods with musket shots. This was just what the ambushed Indians wanted. They issued from their hiding places and rushed toward the fort, only to be met with the concentrated firing from the pioneers behind the stockade. Not only the men were busy with the guns, but the women also, the latter loading while their husbands fired; and the children passed gourds of water to the thirsty soldiers, and watched that no blazing arrows set the dry logs of the cabin on fire. One little eight-year-old girl was watching the cradle where her baby brother lay asleep. A piece of burning pitch pine fell on the quilt, which blazed up at the contact. Without calling her mother, and too wise to waste any of the precious water, she pulled the cover off and stamped out the blaze.*

The defense which the pioneers offered was unexpected and bewildering to the enemy, but they persisted in the attack. The fight waged hotly all day and the next, the besiegers threatening the defenders from the shelter of the woods. They said, "We are expecting large reinforcements

* The baby was afterward Vice-President of the United States, Richard M. Johnson.

with cannon, and will burn you down or blow you to hell unless you surrender." Simon Girty, a white man, but so bloodthirsty a renegade that he was more to be dreaded than the Indians, climbed a sycamore stump and hailed the fort with horrid blasphemies. He demanded to know if they knew who he was. For some time there was silence. Then Aaron Reynolds (who a few days afterward saved Robert Patterson's life at the battle of Blue Licks) could hold his tongue no longer. "Yes," he said, "we all know you. I have got a low-down dog who is so worthless a cur I call him Simon Girty after you. Bring on your artillery and be damned to you. We have got friends too and they will be here before long."

The firing ceased for a time, and night came on—a dreadful night to the people in the fort, worn out with watching and grief for those who had been killed. The second day dawned, and just as they were expecting renewed attack, they heard the welcome cry of friends, and then from out the surrounding woods, instead of painted savages came the militia from Lexington, commanded by Robert Patterson, and their troubles were over.

The little troop of sixteen horsemen came at a rapid pace from Lexington; the main body on foot followed. The horsemen slowed up when they neared the fort, that the footmen might have the better chance of reaching the garrison. Patterson's party kept a watchful eye; saw the Indians to the right of the lane in a turnip patch, and fired on them as they emerged into the corn-field. This alarmed the whole body of Indians; then Patterson's party raised the whoop to notify the garrison, put spurs to their horses, and rode into the fort at full gallop amidst a shower of bullets.

Just here there is a discrepancy in the accounts. Some of the histories say that no one was killed. In the late

Henry L. Brown's notes, his mother, Catherine Patterson Brown, says:

"In the desperate fight in the cornfield, odds of six to one against him in hand to hand fighting, my father lost six killed and a number wounded, but skillfully extricated his command by taking a new position. This with the gallant charge through the ambush by the mounted company saved the Station, and next morning Girty and his redskins withdrew."*

Captain Patterson had not been in the fort at Bryan's Station since he helped the Bryan brothers build it two years before, and he entered it again with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure—pain at the loss and terror of the siege, and pleasure that he could be of help to his friends. The British and Indians left thirty slain on the field. They had occupied the last night in driving off and killing three hundred horses and cows, one hundred hogs and many sheep, and laying waste the fields of corn and turnips that had been cultivated with such care. One hundred acres of corn, hemp, potatoes, flax and vegetables were devastated, and every man who saw it grasped his rifle more firmly and

* Catherine was one of the older children of Robert, and doubtless heard her father tell the story of the relief of Bryan's Station.—[Ed.]

THE ROAD FOLLOWING
THE FORD AT BLUE
LICKS, WHERE THE
FIGHTING TOOK PLACE

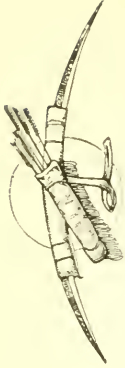
measured his avenging anger in imagination against the perpetrators of such deeds.

This outrage aroused the fire of indignation within the breasts of all the fighting men of Kentucky. They felt that life would be worth nothing unless the Indians could be driven once for all from the State. The settlers began to gather at Bryan's Station as soon as the news of the siege could call them from their homes. They knew that the Indians, although in retreat, could not be far distant, and the unanimous sentiment was in favor of an immediate pursuit. Saturday, the seventeenth, was devoted to burying the dead, and that night the worn-out defenders of the fort slept the sleep of exhaustion. The next day small detachments came in from Boonesboro and Harrodsburg. Forty men under Col. Stephen Trigg and Major Harland arrived from Lexington on Sunday morning, and all were occupied in eager preparation for the pursuit.

In 1777, the whole fighting force of Kentucky is estimated by Ranck to have been only one hundred and two men. Five years later, at the time of which we are writing, it had nearly doubled. The number of those who made up the fighting force at the battle of Blue Licks has been differently estimated. Boone says there were one hundred and eighty-one; Logan, one hundred and eighty-two; Marshall makes it about the same. Robert Patterson says one hundred and forty-four.*

But what was such a handful of men against the hundreds of Indians who could be assembled from the woods of Ohio and Illinois? Sunday afternoon the Kentuckians marched out of the station toward the Licking River, having been informed by scouts that the Indians had gone that way.

* Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West," says Robert Patterson's account is inaccurate, because he wrote of the battle years after, when he was an old man, and it is claimed that Daniel Boone's record is more trustworthy. But it must be remembered that Robert Patterson was an educated and methodical man. Daniel Boone was unlettered. Patterson's narrative and papers of every kind were kept with most painstaking accuracy, and his accounts of the battle, given to his children from time to time, were uniformly consistent.



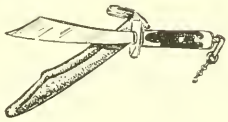
It was not difficult to track them. They had followed the "buffalo trace." Footprints in the soft earth and marks of the tomahawks upon trees showed plainly that the enemy was not far in advance. The men had ridden thirty-three miles since leaving Bryan's Station, and went into camp at midnight, confident of meeting the enemy the next day. They were right. The Indians were not running away, being as anxious to fight as the white men, and bitter with disappointment over the successful defense of the fort. They were just four miles away, waiting for their pursuers.

Arriving at the ford of the Licking River, Boone, Todd and Patterson held a consultation. Boone was the most experienced, and as cautious as he was brave. He advised a delay until scouts could be sent out to report the exact position of the enemy. He knew that the favorite mode of Indian warfare was the ambush, and that appearance counted for nothing. Captain Patterson had had his experience with Indian treachery, and also counseled prudence in attack. But in the midst of the discussion, a man named McGary, an impetuous fool, who thought he knew better than his commanding officers, spurred his horse into the river, crying, "Let all who are not cowards follow me." The proper thing to have done with McGary, as a recent historian remarks,* would have been to shoot him on the spot; but military organization and discipline in those days were as elementary as the church and state and society. Therefore, what might have been expected happened: The horsemen, not wishing to seem cowardly, and following the impulse of the herd (which governs men as well as sheep), plunged into the river and reached the opposite shore, where they paused a moment to reconnoiter. The country was quiet and peaceful in appearance, the foliage glowing in its greenness, the river rippling over the stones and the white clouds

* Theodore Roosevelt, "Winning of the West."

floating overhead. Then came swift destruction, carnage and ruin; a very deluge of blood in the bosom of this quiet valley. From every bush and tree rained bullets and arrows, followed by those who had sent them, tomahawks and knives in hand to further the work. Three to one were they. Two of the advance guard went down at the first attack. Todd fell; Trigg fell; McBride and Gordon were dead; Patterson was down, but up again and fighting against dreadful odds. No discipline could be maintained. Each man for himself, with fearful odds against him. Colonel Boone's son received a shot, and the father lifted the body in his arms and made for the river. On came the Indians with a war-whoop, louder and more horrible through the success of their ruse. In five minutes it was all over. Just that short time before, the Kentuckians had passed over the ford full of health, courage and enthusiasm. Now, seventy-one out of one hundred and forty-four were killed, wounded or captured. Those who escaped toiled painfully through the woods, with the despairing cries of their comrades ringing in their ears.

While on the retreat after the battle, and near the river, Colonel Patterson was on foot, well-nigh exhausted, " lips glued together with thirst," as he himself expressed it. Aaron Reynolds, who had already crossed the river (very likely being in the right wing, among those who were the first to commence the retreat), recrossed to the rescue of his old commander, whose danger he perceived. He rode up without a saddle, the right bridle rein broken, and hastily exclaimed, as he dismounted: "Here, Patterson, take this horse and clear yourself; I'm fresh, and can out-run you." Colonel Patterson with a single bound mounted the animal—a small bay with high haunch bones; the horse sprang forward; the colonel caught his knees upon the haunches; righting himself, guiding the horse with a single rein, dashed



up the river bank a few paces, urged his horse to jump down the bank, a distance of ten feet, and landed unharmed upon the beach. He made for a ripple a hundred yards above, but before reaching it he discovered two Indians jump to a large tree on the bank to intercept his retreat. He still dashed on, the Indian rifles cracking, the balls whistling past, but rode on untouched, and passed the river at the point he had in view. He soon after came across a saddle and a pair of saddle-bags, dismounted, picked

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON'S ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS, AUGUST 19, 1782
(Woodcut from an old poem by Welsh, entitled "The Harp of the West," published in 1830)

them up, and without stopping even to fasten the girth, pushed forward from the scene of danger.

To return to Reynolds: When he so magnanimously gave up his horse to his friend, he bounded for the ford, passing his fleeing comrades, and crossed the stream. He proceeded some hundred yards from the river, when he sat down upon a log to readjust his moccasins, which, from their saturation in crossing the stream, had stretched and im-

peded his progress. While stooping thus, he was suddenly surprised and taken by two Indians—one of very large frame. Just as they were holding him, the large Indian discovered a Kentuckian riding near by in flight, and leaving Reynolds with the other, started in pursuit. The small Indian held with one hand to the collar of Reynolds' hunting shirt, his gun in the other, unloaded, as Reynolds discovered. Intent on watching the success of his companion in pursuit of the fugitive, the Indian's attention was distracted from his prisoner. Reynolds made a sudden spring, loosened himself from the grasp of the savage, and effected his escape. He reached Lexington that night before his commander, who spent the night at Bryan's and reached home in the morning. When Reynolds was asked if he knew anything of Colonel Patterson, he replied that he had given up his own horse to him on the battle-field, and the colonel was doubtless safe; yet so incredible was the story that it was not generally believed. The arrival of Patterson the next day corroborated the statement.

Curious to know Reynolds' motive, Patterson asked why he voluntarily returned on the retreat and gave him his horse. "Why, Colonel," he replied, "I have had a particular regard for you ever since your kind admonition while awaiting the arrival of the galley at the mouth of the Kentucky, and from which I trust I have profited; and I have sought an opportunity to do you a good turn." The inquiry was then made as to what would be a sufficient compensation for so good a service. Reynolds replied that he would feel amply rewarded with the shot-pouch and powder-horn which Colonel Patterson then wore—the former of which was richly worked with colored porcupine quills, and the horn beautifully carved. Both were Indian booty, taken at the attack on Old Town on Bowman's campaign. These were cheerfully given to Reynolds, together with a bay horse,

to which was afterward added a deed of four hundred acres of land.*

Mrs. Patterson said of those six days of terror:

"Myself and the other women, knowing of the atrocities committed by the savages upon captive women, were determined to die in defense of the stockade, rather than surrender. We were on night relief duty all the month to keep the men on duty awake; other men to sleep unless called in emergency."

* * * * * * *

"Within the Lexington stockade during this trying time, while alarm and excitement were intense, perfect order prevailed, though none could sleep, through dread for the little ones as well as for ourselves. The older women had trained for this, and stationing us all as sentinels at the loop holes, rifles loaded, even half grown girls having places, instructed us for action in emergency. Some had skill as marksmen, others timid, but all standing to their posts, some to load rifles for others to fire. Through the long night this guard was kept, and the first signals of relief came from wounded men lying in the line of woods outside of rifle range, awaiting break of day, fearing the women in the fort might be further terrorized at suspicions of presence of a treacherous foe. Wives were called to assist their wounded into the fort, and news came to others of the death of husband or son in the bloody combat. The scenes of mourning and distress were heartrending as the bodies of wounded and dead were borne in on litters. I had messages from my husband by these wounded," said Mrs. Patterson, "but did not see him until the second day after the battle of the Blue Licks, but had a note from him saying 'I commanded the second line in Todd's battle and am safe, with love to you all. Joseph was killed.'" †

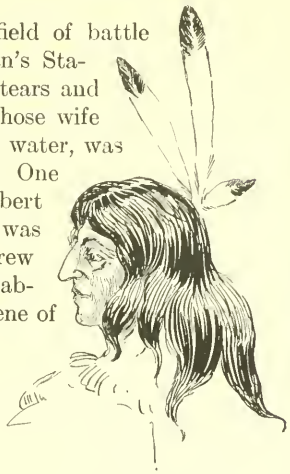
Joel Collins, afterward author of the "History of Kentucky," relates how he was in Fort Lexington at this time, a boy of ten years, and saw the rejoicing of Mrs. Patterson and her children when the father appeared, weak, depressed and fatigued, but still alive. The men, women and children of the fort gathered to hear the story of the fearful battle, and

* This, it may be interesting for the reader to know, remains, in part, to this day in the hands of the Reynolds family in Lexington.

† Joseph Lindsay, brother to Mrs. Patterson.

while they were crowded around him, some of the men observed, "Why, Captain, there are bullet holes in your hunting shirt." "Likely enough," said he, "for I have felt smarting sensations in various parts of my body." When his clothes were removed, several black streaks made by rifle bullets were plainly to be seen on his sides and back.* This incident will give an idea of the literal rain of bullets that fell upon the unfortunate band of pioneers. That any escaped is most remarkable. Reynolds' story of Patterson's escape was told and retold. Another man who possibly helped indirectly to preserve Patterson's life was Benjamin Netherland, who, in the midst of the carnage, paused in his flight and encouraged his men to make a stand and cover the escape of some of their friends who were crossing the river. The minutest action at the proper time may mean much, and that this was appreciated is shown by a letter written by Captain Patterson to Netherland from Dayton in 1826. He says: "I never forget the part you acted in the battle of Blue Licks." Netherland was a member of Patterson's company, and probably had the same affection for his commander that Reynolds had.

As straggler after straggler from the field of battle limped wearily back to Lexington or Bryan's Station, with each his different story, what tears and mourning were there! Jeremiah Craig, whose wife and daughters had gone to the spring for water, was dead. Daniel Boone had lost two sons. One of the Lindsays, brother to Mrs. Robert Patterson, was slain. The gallant Todd was dead. In the quaint language of Andrew Steele,† "To express the feelings of the inhabitants of bothe Counties at this Rueful scene of



* McBride's Pioneer Biography.
† Whose son married Jane Patterson.

unparalleled barbarities, barres all words and cuts description short." *

* * * * * * *

These two crushing disasters coming one upon another, might well have discouraged forever the settlement of Kentucky. Indeed, many families were already turning their steps eastward along the Wilderness Road. But the battle of Blue Licks was in reality the turning point of success for the whites. It seemed to arouse the men that were left to a frenzy of determination. Clark, Logan and Patterson held instant communications and laid plans for a counter-stroke. Runners were sent out to all the stations, calling upon the settlers for men, arms and supplies. The response was instantaneous and fervent. Mere boys begged to be allowed to join the expedition. Volunteers from the eastern stations gathered at Bryan's—those from the west, at the Falls of the Ohio. The two divisions met at the mouth of the Licking (Cincinnati), where the supreme command was given to Clark, and on the fourth of November they began the march northward up the Miami Valley, taking the route which by this time had become a well-defined trail, following the windings of the river. They camped one night at the mouth of Mad River in the unbroken forest that then covered the site of Dayton, and which was in later years to be the home of Colonel Patterson's old age.

About one thousand men were in the command, and the Indians fled as they approached. They marched as far as Piqua, surprising a few Indians and pursuing the rest. There was a peppery little warfare all the time between the advance guard of whites and the stragglers among the Indians. But it was an expedition of intimidation merely, and ended as such. Ten scalps were taken and seven prisoners captured.

* Of Mrs. Patterson's private griefs we have no record save the family Bible. It tells us that this frightful experience occurred just after the death of her first baby boy, eighteen months old at the time, and three months before the birth of her second boy.—[Ed.]

Clark lost one man. The Indian cabins were burned, together with corn and provisions, and the owners once more rendered innocuous for the time being.

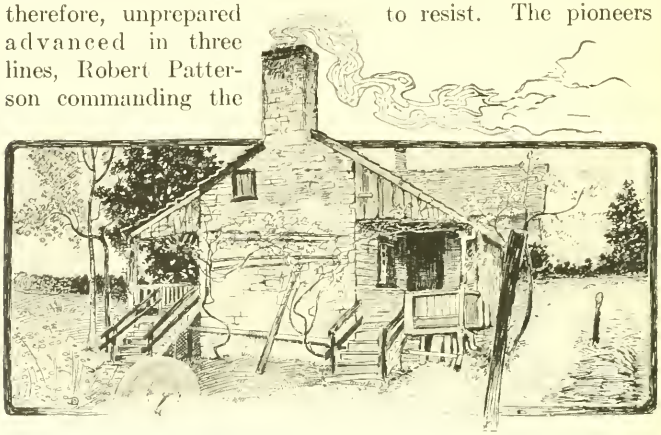
* * * * * * *

As this chapter deals principally with Robert Patterson's Indian campaigns, a short flight will be made ahead of this time to recount his fourth Miami expedition, which resulted so disastrously to him in a physical way.

In September, 1785, Gov. Patrick Henry, "Upon recommendation of the worshipful court of the County of Fayette," commissioned Robert Patterson Colonel in the Virginia Line. This Fayette County regiment was, as Robert Patterson wrote his wife on the eve of a battle, the "finest set of men that ever crossed the Ohio." It was the pride of the State, and its subsequent record fully bore out this reputation. The men in it had followed Robert Patterson through forest and morass, across frozen streams, under the fire of the hidden savages; they had lain out under the stars with nothing to eat but dry corn; they had fought in ranks, and when the ranks were broken then each man for himself, from tree to tree. They obeyed orders until they saw they could do better without, then carried on the campaign from separate stumps until it was safe to obey orders again. But however independently they fought, no man of them ever retreated, and the regiment has no defeat to account for on its scroll of war. In the awful battle under St. Clair, in 1791, flanked and driven by overwhelming numbers, this little band guarded the retreat, fighting inch by inch, half their men tomahawked and dead, every living man a hero.

In the fall of 1785, Colonel Patterson, having returned from the Kentucky Convention held at Danville (in which assembly he represented his county), was ordered to march with his regiment to the Ohio River, once more to repel threatened invasion. The expedition was under command of

George Rogers Clark, but it was in two sections; Clark was to approach from the Wabash region, and Logan, with seven hundred and ninety men, to proceed up the Miami Valley, as in former campaigns. Most of the warriors went to meet Clark's forces, not expecting attack from the south; the villages were, therefore, unprepared to resist. The pioneers advanced in three lines, Robert Patterson commanding the



left and Col. Thomas Kennedy the right; Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton were in advance, and Colonel Trotter commanded the rear. The towns of Macocheek, or Mack-a-chack, and McKeestown were surprised, and after sharp firing surrendered. It was a winning campaign from the first. Logan took ten scalps and thirty-two prisoners; burned two hundred cabins and destroyed quantities of standing corn. Whole towns of Indians fled as he advanced. Among the prisoners taken was the old Shawnee chief, Molunthe. He was conveyed back to where the main body of the troops were stationed, his arms pinioned and seated upon a baggage wagon. There was a dare-devil renegade named McGary, who was always causing trouble in the camp, and he crept up behind

the pinioned chief and without any warning buried a hatchet in his head. Robert Patterson speaks of McGary as "some monster in human shape," and adds: "This dastardly act was severely censured by both the officers and men. So bitterly reproached was the guilty wretch that he found it necessary to leave the army before its return." Roosevelt says, in commenting upon this unpardonable crime, that other murders would doubtless have followed, "had it not been for the prompt and honorable action of Col. Robert Patterson and Robert Trotter who ordered their men to shoot down any one who molested another prisoner."*

In this memorable battle many famous chieftains were engaged: Red Jacket, Tecumseh, Molunthe, Little Turtle, Logan and Big Corn.

In the assault upon Macocheek, Robert Patterson had a personal contest which came near marking "finis" to his career. Molunthe was engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with the Fayette regiment and Patterson vigorously defending it. It was the "every man for himself" warfare, hatchet to hatchet. As Patterson was making a stroke at the Indian's head with his sword, a powerful Indian knocked it off by a blow with his rifle, which he was aiming at the colonel's head. The rifle struck the back of his hand and broke two of the bones. The savage having disabled Colonel Patterson, rushed in fury with uplifted rifle to strike again, when Captain Masterson, from behind, split his head with a tomahawk, saving the colonel's life. Not having proper surgical aid, inflammation ensued and caused the old wound in his arm, which had been partially healed, to break out afresh; and it never healed again, but remained open until his death, more than forty years afterwards.

A memorandum says: "I served as a Colonel second in command under Col. Benjamin Logan on the expedi-

* "Winning of the West."

tion against the Mackachek towns on Mad River in the summer of 1786, where sword in hand I attacked an Indian. He with his gun by a stroke broke two bones in my right hand, and for want of surgical aid, the fever fell into my former wound, which has ever since been a running issue." With the injured hand in bark splint and sling of deer thongs, Colonel Patterson led the regiment next day in pursuit of the Indians and in destruction of the eight villages, including Mackachek, Pigeon Town, Wapakoneta and the Old British blockhouse. None of these was ever rebuilt.

When devastation had been completed, the captured stores of corn, vegetables, meat and furs gathered, the Indians driven to the Scioto and their horses rounded up, the Kentuckians prepared for the return home by loading the booty on the two hundred confiscated animals. Colonel Patterson and his splendidly mounted regiment, with the wounded of the command and the pack train, followed the trail down to where the Mad River empties into the Miami, camping by a big spring in the woods. This was the true "Early Dayton." The course of Mad River was at that time south of the present line of First Street; therefore, Patterson's camp by the spring was on the north bank of the river, where Taylor Street crosses East Monument Avenue. There, in the dense forest, by the light of the log fire, Robert Patterson nursed his wounded arm, dreamed of his young wife in Lexington, and of the home they should some time own. Little did he think at that time that it would be in a city that should spring up on the spot where he was sleeping, where the two rivers mingled and the hills overlooked them.

The regiment had one more skirmish with a party of Miami Indians from the Wabash country who had not heard that they were beaten as a nation. Then, having camped some days around the spring and explored this region with a view to future settlement, the regiment resumed march, follow-

ing the Miami to a trail some distance below the present site of Hamilton, thence to Mill Creek and around the hills to a fording of the Ohio at the mouth of the Licking River. They arrived home triumphant, but exhausted. Colonel Patterson's arm, greatly swollen and very painful, caused a slow fever, his first illness since he was wounded at the mouth of the Hockhocking ten years before.

Conviction of the inequality of the conflict was now dawning upon the Indians. In spite of their overwhelming numbers, in spite of British support, the white settlers were gradually gaining ground and pushing the Indians from one post to another farther towards the West. The indomitable perseverance of the white man prevailed then, as it does now, against the barbarous element of the human race.

In all these thrilling histories our hearts are stirred with sympathy for the women who waited at home while their husbands toiled and fought. Some of them were carefully reared, and belonged in Eastern homes as safe then as are the far Western homes in our day. What did they think, then, of being thrust into such a life of privation and hardship? The little that has come down to us proves that they were not one whit behind the men in physical courage. We read of one woman who, when her husband was disabled, rode fifty miles on horseback to give the alarm and procure assistance; of another who stood by the chained door with an ax, and as each Indian attempted to come in the narrow aperture over the dead body of her husband, she felled him to the floor and dragged his corpse inside. Four perished under her frenzied weapon. When she heard others climbing down the broad chimney to attack her from behind, she threw the feather bed on the fire and smudged them out like bees.

Two brothers lived together with their families, and suffered a night attack. They both fell at the first fire, but managed to die under roof. The women kept the Indians at bay and

prevented their firing the house by putting out the flames first with water, then with eggs, and then with the blood-soaked clothes of the father.

What did these years mean to Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson, the girl of twenty, who had followed her husband into the wilderness? She says little that has come down to us, but we already know that between the dates of the battle of Blue Licks and the Miami campaign, little William, their first baby, died, and in January following, the second William was born and lived but six days. What could that mean except that besides the inexperience of the young mother, there must have been insufficient clothing or improper food, fear, and lack of rest? What was such an experience as the siege of Bryan's Station or the battle of Blue Licks to a young mother with a nursing babe? But we find no complaints of their lot. For the most part we may believe they enjoyed, during the next few years of peace, the novelty and interest of the life, if they did not the dangers of it. They accepted the coarse fare, puncheon beds with buffalo skins, the Indian alarms, the frequent babies and the hard work, as the career which the Almighty had laid upon them, and made the best of it all. While Robert Patterson was wading up to his chin in the Wabash, laying waste crops of Indian corn at Piqua, or beating out the brains of a warrior with a clubbed musket at Blue Licks, Mrs. Patterson was milking, churning, dyeing her petticoats with walnut hulls, pounding corn in a mortar for Johnny-cake, and minding Becky and Peggy in the Lexington Fort.

John Van Cleve's narrative says that she was Robert Patterson's "faithful wife," and that in spite of all these hardships she lived to a good old age, to see her grandchildren and great-grandchildren growing up about her.

"John Filson and companions bold,
A frontier village planned,
In forests wild on sloping hills,
By fair Ohio's strand.

* * *

"Said Filson, 'Comrades, mark my words;
Ere threescore years have flown,
Our town will be a city vast;'
Loud laughed Bob Patterson."

W. H VENABLE
"June on the Miami"

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

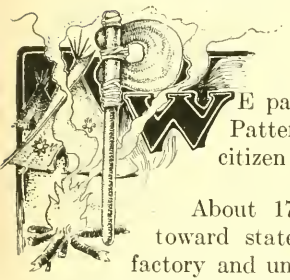
The Pattersons in Lexington; Robert Patterson as citizen and statesman; his influence upon education and religion; the Presbyterian Church and the Transylvania University; the "Kentucke Gazette"; efforts of Kentucky toward independent statehood; the new Government begins; Robert Patterson and his friends at Losantiville; laying out of Cincinnati by the three pioneers; death of John Filson; St. Clair's defeat.

CHAPTER IX

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Continued)

"We have seen the forests gathered and the streams of commeree won,
And the rise of mighty cities with their steeples in the sun;
Ways of stone and ways of iron, crossed and angled everywhere,
Till the wilderness is open for the nation's thoroughfare.
They who came were grand projectors, for a century ago
They gave these States their character and impetus to grow.
Then let our high ambition, in its efforts to forecast,
Throw a shadow on the future from the substance of the past." *

HENRY T. STANTON.



WE pass now from the consideration of Robert Patterson as soldier to that of his work as citizen and statesman.

About 1780 Kentucky began to have ambitions toward statehood. Affairs were in a very unsatisfactory and unsettled condition politically. There were no public funds and no war material. All executive acts must first be sanctioned by the Governor of Virginia. New official powers could be had only from Williamsburg; and the difficulties of the Kentucky situation did not appeal to the Virginians. This limitation, in view of the constant harassing of the Indians and impending invasion, was most trying. During a period of four or five years, conventions

* Read at the Blue Licks Centennial, Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 19, 1882.

were held to discuss the separation of Kentucky from Virginia and her establishment as an independent State. Robert Patterson took an active part whether the work in hand happened to be fighting or organizing. The settlers came together sometimes to shoot and sometimes to talk; but always progress was made toward stability and peace.

The earliest of these meetings was held at the stockade fort at Boonesboro in May, 1776. Seventeen pioneers met under a large elm tree and passed laws designed to increase the efficiency of their protection against the savages, and resolutions for the furtherance of independent statehood. It is recorded that the strictest parliamentary usage prevailed and that the pioneers preserved the dignity of statesmen in all their deliberations. Parson Blythe, the "preacher-hunter," opened with prayer. One of the regulations adopted was that there should be no swearing or Sabbath-breaking allowed in Kentucky. John Mason Brown says of this assemblage: "It may be safely asserted that the gravity, moderation and patience which were then exhibited are unsurpassed in the early history of any of the Commonwealths." We find Patterson's name signed to many petitions now preserved in the records of the General Assembly of the State of Virginia, which were sent in from time to time from the wilderness to the seat of Government. The "Separatists," as the most radical of the Kentuckians were called, were in a hurry for independent statehood. These frontier philosophers knew what was best for themselves and their families better than the legislature in far-off Williamsburg. The earlier meetings, from 1776 to 1783, were held under circumstances of vital peril. The pioneer statesmen rode armed and knew not when they kissed their wives good-by if they should live to greet them again. Not a week passed but some friend fell under the tomahawk. Numerous petitions were offered to the General Assembly of Virginia, some of them, toward the

last, exhibiting an impatient spirit. All delay must have been irritating. The hearths and homes of the settlers and the safety of their wives and children depended upon complete organization of State Government and upon the equipment and control of the militia. But territorial expansion toward the West was not deemed advisable by the seaboard State. As an historian of the time says: "In the face of the appalling difficulties that confronted the establishment of Colonial independence, all thought of acquiring new and unexplored territory seemed chimerical."

The legislative session in May, 1780, divided the district of Kentucky into three counties—Jefferson, Lincoln and Fayette. In the latter county Todd was company lieutenant and colonel of militia, with Daniel Boone second in command. Robert Patterson was at this time Sheriff of Fayette County. In Lincoln County, Benjamin Logan was leader, and in Jefferson, John Floyd.*

Finally, in 1784, there was held at Danville a consultation of the militia officers, followed on May twenty-third of the next year by a large convention from which the most elaborate and imperative message yet evolved went to theVirginia legislature. It was signed by Samuel McDowell, Christopher Irvin, Caleb Wallace, James Garrard, Levi Todd, Robert Patterson and others. The tone and language of this petition have been severely criticised by Marshall in his History of Kentucky, but John Mason Brown says dispassionately: "When the list of delegates is scanned and upon it found such controlling names as Garrard, Irvin, Wallace, Todd and Patterson, the tried and trusted of all the pioneers, it is absurd to impute to a convention composed of such material a design injurious to the people."

Each of the four Miami campaigns hindered, for the time being, political progress. Men could not be sitting in delib-

* Filson papers.

erative council in Lexington and assaulting Miami Valley Indian camps at one and the same time. So affairs dragged on to a tardy conclusion. Kentucky did not become an independent State until 1792. The best blood of the State had been spilled, leaving a hardly earned political and social home for those who survived. In the point of view of the victims of such a struggle it might not have seemed worth while. But the advance of civilization has always been a cruel thing, not only to the pursued and conquered, but to the active agents who reaped its benefits. Kentucky was born and her sons began to prove themselves worthy. They had undergone a training as youths and men that gave them power and poise and courage. Their opinions were thoughtfully formed and of necessity had to be personally declared. They spoke straight along the barrel, clear and to the point, and their words and arguments succeeded, though not immediately, in framing, unassisted by more experienced statesmen, the constitution and policy of the State of Kentucky.

The result was an intellectual self-reliance, very like their self-reliance in physical affairs. We should not make the mistake of supposing that the pioneers were as rough in thought as they were in dress; they were broad-minded, well-read men; what Kipling calls "gentlemen unafraid." Books, to be sure, were scarce, but what they possessed were good English classics—"Pilgrim's Progress," "Paradise Lost," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," "Gulliver's Travels," varied literature on the Bible, Watts's Hymns, and some few textbooks in manuscript. Daniel Boone is said to have been very fond of reading Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." On the shelves of some of the pioneer schoolmasters could be found Rousseau, Voltaire and Paine.

As soon as the settlers emerged from the worst and most critical period of their existence, when the Indians daily threatened their lives, they began to

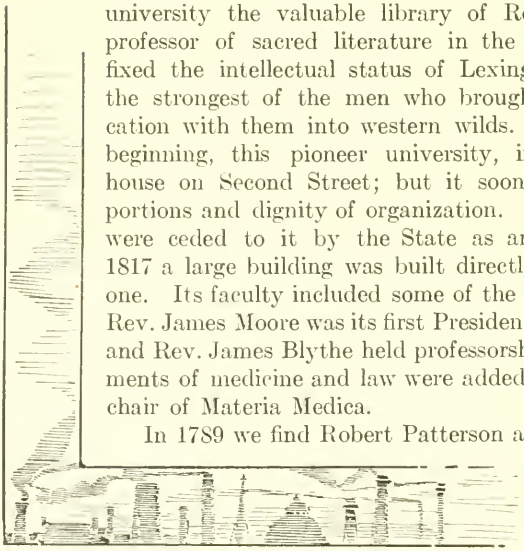
plan for means of education and culture. A log schoolhouse was erected at Fort Lexington near to Colonel Patterson's home, and he introduced a young student from Pennsylvania, by the name of John McKinney, to take charge of it. This teacher was the original of *John Gray* in "The Choir Invisible," who expounded the Latin poets, taught the young Kentuckians their mathematics and who had the fight with the panther. He is described in that glowing romance as "a young fellow of powerful build, lean, muscular; one who, having thus far won in the battle of life, has a fierce longing for larger conflict, and whose entire character rests on the noiseless conviction that he is a man and a gentleman." John McKinney had come early one morning to his schoolhouse to study, and as he sat wrapped in thought a large wildcat sprang into the room and attacked him. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Masterson, who were milking their cows a short distance away, heard his cries and called for help. As any cries of alarm in those times were taken to mean an attack by Indians, the first act was to hurry the women and children into the fort. This was the last time in the history of the old Lexington fort that it was filled with men and women to claim protection. When the alarm proved false, they sought the schoolhouse to find the young man with the teeth of the animal fastened in his breast-bone. He was weak from fright and loss of blood, but had beaten out the life of the beast against his desk. In many old Kentucky books and letters he is referred to as "Wildcat McKinney."*

This alarm, the last which brought the garrison together in arms within the fort, was practically the end of its history, but the structure as originally built by Patterson and his companions remained standing for several years; for

*That panther fight is not fiction, but belongs to the true history of Kentucky, and James Lane Allen should so credit it.

the settlers never knew at what time they might need the protection of its stout log walls. "At last," says Ranck in his History, "the only vestige of the old Lexington Fort went down before the power of advanced civilization, but the memories of the trials and sufferings endured within it and recollections of Boone, Kenton, Harrod, George Rogers Clark, Patterson and Todd consecrate it till death in the hearts of the pioneers of Lexington."

In 1780, Robert Patterson, Richard Henderson, David Rice, Col. John Todd, and others, petitioned for a charter for an advanced school, to be known as "Transylvania University." This institution was endowed by the Virginia legislature and incorporated in 1783, but was not formally opened until 1785. It was the first regular institution of learning founded in the Great West, and owed its growth and stability as well as its beginning largely to the interest and encouragement of Robert Patterson. He was one of the first trustees and aided by both words and subscription in adding to the university the valuable library of Rev. John Todd, first professor of sacred literature in the West. Transylvania fixed the intellectual status of Lexington and drew to her the strongest of the men who brought their eastern education with them into western wilds. It made an humble beginning, this pioneer university, in a plain two-story house on Second Street; but it soon grew to larger proportions and dignity of organization. Eight thousand acres were ceded to it by the State as an endowment, and in 1817 a large building was built directly in front of the old one. Its faculty included some of the best men of the time. Rev. James Moore was its first President; Rev. Robert Stuart and Rev. James Blythe held professorships. In 1799 departments of medicine and law were added. Dr. Drake held the chair of Materia Medica.



In 1789 we find Robert Patterson an interested promoter

of the first library in Lexington; indeed, the first in the West. On New Year's Day, the year before, a company of citizens of Lexington had met to consult in regard to a library to be called the Transylvania Library. Nothing better proves the inherent love of culture in these men than to know that in less than a week subscriptions to the amount of five hundred dollars had been collected. It took a week to raise the money and a year to buy the books. They were selected by a committee, one of which was Robert Patterson; forwarded from Philadelphia in wagons over the Wilderness Road, four hundred volumes, and placed in the Seminary Building. Later, many distinguished men contributed to this library—President George Washington, Vice-President Adams, Rev. James Blythe, Aaron Burr, Henry Clay and others. In 1790 the library numbered over six hundred volumes; two years later it was moved to McCallough's drug store and incorporated under the name of the "Lexington Library." Robert Patterson was one of the thirteen original shareholders. The library was afterward burned.

A few years earlier than this John Bradford, one of Patterson's friends and associates in the settlement of Lexington, opened the first bookstore; afterward, in 1787, the first printing establishment west of the Alleghanies. This was on the corner of Main and Water Streets, and the deed for the lot was signed by Robert Patterson as one of the trustees of Lexington. Bradford has been called the Benjamin Franklin of the West, and in truth he had much of the shrewdness, thrift and smugness of "Poor Richard." He became the editor and proprietor of the "Kentucke Gazette," the first newspaper of the West. It was a quaint little brown sheet about the size of common letter-paper, and the paper and type were brought from Limestone (now Maysville) on horseback through the woods. The large letters of the type Bradford himself

cut out from dogwood. It required a whole day's work on a hand press to run off an edition of five hundred, and the subscriptions were paid in bacon and whisky. The "Gazette," as the only medium of news from the outside world, was hailed with joy by the settlers. We are indebted to the old files of the "Kentucke Gazette" for many items of interest in the life of Robert Patterson.

By the year 1790 Indian troubles were practically over. At least the safety of the Kentucky settlements was no longer so constantly and seriously threatened, and life could be pursued without that persistent, harassing warfare which marked the first years of emigration. The stockade forts here and there had become "stations," and the "stations" villages, with some urban ambitions. Lexington was acquiring courts and schools and churches; and the interests and occupations of life circled about the three. Had it not been for the law courts, school exhibitions and church revivals, life would have been a colorless affair. When the lawsuits were in time disposed of, the crops gathered in and time hung heavy on his hands, the pioneer could get a traveling preacher to sojourn at his house and start a revival. The revival filled the place of the club, theater and lecture in our modern life. It was the sole recreation of the time.

There were five different ways,* it appears, of getting religion: the "singing way," the "shouting way," the "falling way," the "barking way," and the "groaning way." Any of these methods was a legitimate process toward glory. The acme of spiritual ecstacy was reached when the "mourner" at last accepted the theory of a physical hell and endless torment for those who did not believe as he did. As we read their theology it strikes us that these solid, well-

* Davidson's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky"

poised men and women were inclined to be somewhat intemperate in their piety, and that Bill Nye's definition of religious freedom as "the art of giving intolerance a little more room" is specifically true in the history of the pioneer church.

We may well, however, do full justice to the results of this phase of religionism, repellent as it is to our liberalized thought. Stern, relentless and vindictive in spirit, and uncouth in expression, it beyond all question gave to this country the faithfulest, bravest men, the most patient women that history has ever recorded. If it encouraged intolerance it discouraged dilettanteism; if it bred hardness it fostered that moral fiber which stands the strain of temptation, discouragement and difficulty. And, further, their religion never suggested to the pioneers that they make easier standards for themselves than for others.

Davidson, in his "Presbyterian Church in Kentucky," says:

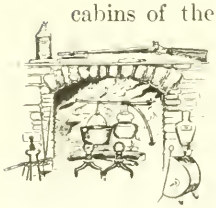
"Reared in the kirk of Scotland, these people brought with them fervent piety and pure morals which are the characteristics of the church. . . . . Thoughtful, austere, industrious and conscientious, they found no pleasure in the license of the hunter's life, which they pursued only so far as their interests required, preferring the difficult labors on the farm. . . . . The church and the school house were among the earliest structures in every neighborhood. At first the churches were built of logs like all the other structures, and up to 1795, the men never went to church without being armed. At the outside end of each pew sat the father of the family with his gun leaned up against the back of the seat in front of him ready to seize at the first sound of danger. The modern habit of the men occupying the end of the pew is a survival of this grim necessity.

"The minister, after holding a few words with some of the elders of the church, would walk down the aisle, deposit his rifle in a corner near him, lay off his shot pouch, gravely mount the steps of the pulpit and read 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' And when he preached he turned the hour-glass three times.

"Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
Each man equipped on Sunday morn
With psalm book, shot and powder horn.
And looked in form, as all must grant
Like the 'ancient true church militant.'"

"Sturdily and stoutly they wielded the ax and the sword, and as stoutly and sturdily did they bear the Bible in their hands and found the institutions of their new communities upon its precepts. . . . . The meeting and the school house grew up together and the foot-prints of the receding Indians were scarcely effaced before grammar, rhetoric and the Westminster Catechism began to be taught."

The first church established in Lexington was organized in 1784 by the Presbyterians. Robert Patterson was an influential member and one of the Board of Trustees. They secured a lot on Short Street, now the corner of Walnut and Short Streets, built a log building, and called the Rev. Adam Rankin, of Virginia, to the pastorate. It is a pity that even a church in the wilderness should be subject to division and dissensions; one would think the Indians gave the pioneers enough strife without their getting up disputes on psalmody. The Rev. Mr. Rankin wanted the Psalms of David sung, and the elders wanted Watts's hymns. Mr. Rankin debarred from the Lord's table those who approved of Watts's hymns. So Robert Patterson and some others, resenting this reflection upon their spiritual and moral soundness, established another church on the corner of Short and Mill Streets, received subscriptions for building it in bacon, hemp and corn, and in 1795 called the Rev. James Welsh (whose son afterward married one of Patterson's daughters) to fill the pulpit.



Early in 1781 the settlers had assembled in one of the log cabins of the fort and elected their first Board of Trustees for the city of Lexington. It was composed of Robert Patterson, Levi Todd, Henry

MacDonald, David Mitchell and Michael Wernock. At this meeting it was decided, among other things, that court should be held at Lexington and that the town should be platted in inlots and outlots of one-third of an acre each, and that thirty lots be reserved for public uses. For nine months these plans were delayed in execution, owing to continual troubles with the Indians. About this time Robert Patterson was elected Sheriff of Fayette County, which office he held for two years.

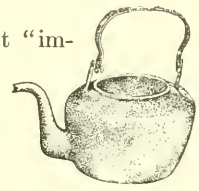
In December of 1781 a log court-house was built on what is now the corner of Main Street and Broadway, and was replaced by a stone one in 1783.

The first cemetery of the Lexington settlers was on a hill on the spot now known as the "Public Church Yard" on Main Street.* It was reached by a cow-path extending along the side of the fort. To this place the bodies of those killed by the Indians had been reverently carried by men who laid down their guns only long enough to lower their burden into its last resting-place.

In 1785 Bourbon County was carved out of the immense territory originally called Fayette County. Two elections were held this year to name delegates to the Danville Convention, and Robert Patterson, Levi Todd and Caleb Wallace were chosen. Improvements were constantly going on in the infant city. The Trustees' Book of Lexington kept at that time would be interesting reading for the descendants of Robert Patterson, showing, as it does, his name on frequent pages in connection with measures for improvement and reform in the town government.

One ordinance required that "all cabins, cow pens and hog pens shall be removed from the street."

Notice was given that if vacant lots were not "im-



* "Romance of Western History," by James Hall.

proved within one year by the erection of a good hewed log house," they would be reclaimed by the town.

Boys were prohibited from obstructing the gangway from the town fort.

One ordinance signed by Robert Patterson prohibited the "cutting and removing of trees from public grounds," and it is cheering to think that his mantle of respect for trees is worn by at least one of his descendants.

Paging over the old, worm-eaten files of the "Kentucke Gazette" from 1787, the date of its first appearance, to 1804, the year Robert Patterson moved to Dayton, we find many items of interest which show his activity in public affairs in the town he founded. He advertises for a fund to purchase a fire-engine, stating that one-third of the price may be advanced in land. He gives notice, as chairman of the Board of Trustees, that "such owners of lots on Main Street as have not made their pavements agreeable to law shall do so by the first of August." The sixth of July, 1789, he advertises for bids for "the building of a meeting-house (the new Presbyterian Church) one hundred and fifteen feet long, forty feet wide and twenty-two feet high, with a gallery round three sides, all to be finished in a workmanlike manner." He offers eight dollars reward for the apprehension of sundry prisoners who escaped from his custody as Sheriff of Fayette County; six dollars reward for a fine red heifer strayed from his farm, and four dollars reward for a "likely negro wench answering to the name of Pegy."

In one issue of the "Kentucke Gazette" we find this notice:

A Sunday School

Is now open at Colonel Patterson's *old house on High Street* for the use of people of color. Those who wish to have their servants taught will please send a line, as none will be received without.

N. B.—No expense attending those who send.

And again:

Notice is given to the citizens of Fayette County to meet at Colonel Patterson's on the twenty-seventh instant (March, 1799) to consult on the nominations of candidates for the convention (Legislature).

As principal promoter of the Vineyard Association, Robert Patterson gives notice that another year will see their vines yielding grapes, and this will be the first vine-growers' association in Kentucky. He owned a large stone-quarry near Lexington, and a store where were sold groceries, dry-goods, queensware, plows and saddles. He was stockholder in the Racing Association, and a great lover and breeder of horses.

Robert Patterson realized the value of good roads and the responsibility of each citizen in keeping them in repair. He was appointed Road Supervisor by the Court of Fayette County, and built the present road from Lexington to Maysville.*

These records of Robert Patterson's connection with the early history of Lexington show one side of his character which it is especially desirable to bring out. One is too apt to consider that when a man has been a soldier he has done the greatest thing for his country that lies in his power. Robert Patterson was a soldier among the bravest, and when public necessity called him he made a good statesman; but when there was neither fighting nor diplomacy on hand, he settled down as an active citizen, alive to every need of the town in which he lived, as he had been to State and National issues. He fought the battles of his State and helped to make her constitution, yet did not think it beneath him to frame ordinances against the depredations of hogs and small boys; to have them enforced and to see to it that the town he founded should grow up clean, orderly and God-fearing, shaded with trees and supplied with books.

* See Appendix.

By the year 1790 considerable progress had been made in Kentucky in the art of living. Game was growing scarce, but plenty of cattle had come into the State; there were large flocks of sheep and herds of cows grazing on the cleared lands. Apple orchards and vineyards were planted, but not yet bearing. Mechanics had come from the East and were plying their trades in the young town. The gardens, now free from savage molestation, supplied cabbages, turnips, peas and beets. Homes, too, were growing more commodious and even luxurious. Trains of wagons coming in over the Wilderness Road brought china cups, mahogany tables, tall clocks, lace berthas, books and slippers, signs of the inevitable rise of an aristocracy in this remote frontier city. There were gay parties held in the larger houses, and with a newspaper, a university and a library, Lexington became cosmopolitan in all directions.

For two years the Pattersons lived in the stockade fort, but in 1783 Colonel Patterson built a commodious log house in the newly platted town of Lexington on what is now the southwest corner of Hill and Tower Streets, near the site of the present residence of S. T. Hayes. The log house was in course of time succeeded by a stone one which stood there for many years. He bought, indeed, all the property on the hill in the western limits of the town.

A memorandum from the papers of Dr. Patterson Nisbet, Elizabeth Patterson's son, says:*

"Grandfather Patterson was elected Justice of the Peace in the year 1783. He moved into his new cabin outside of the Stockade that year, and had his office in a cabin built near by for the purpose, and back on the farm were many other log houses, barns and granaries. With family increase more room was required, and for this reason he erected a large stone house, as fine a structure as any of its time, which after he moved to Ohio

* H. L. B. papers.

was still occupied as a dwelling for many years. I slept several times in it when visiting in Kentucky. In the log house were born Rebecca, Margaret, Elizabeth, Francis and Catherine; the stone house babies were Jane, Harriet, Robert L. and Jefferson."

Colonel and Mrs. Patterson's friends during the years of their living in Lexington were the Clays, Lindsays, Morrisons, Mastersons, Bradfords, Marshalls, Garrards, Hardins, Todds, Welshes, Wickliffes, Nisbets, Shelbys, Madisons, and Scotts.

For a year or so after her marriage Mrs. Patterson did her own housework, like all thrifty pioneer women. In the Patterson-Nisbet papers it is stated that "At Loraine's, grandfather picked up a cripple negro boy named 'Buck,' slave of a Miami warrior, and who could talk Indian. The boy became very useful to grandmother in the Lexington cabin. A short time after that her parents gave her a black man and woman for servants. Grandfather had quite a village of cabins for the farm and house servants, and brought a number of them to the Rubicon, who afterwards were made free." *

The thousand acres which Robert Patterson had preëmpted in his father's name became about this time the subject of a prolonged lawsuit with John Bradford, who claimed that a part of the Francis Patterson preëmption belonged by right to him. In his testimony regarding the transaction Robert Patterson begins: "My father, Francis Patterson, of Bedford county, Pennsylvania, gave me," etc., enumerating the articles he received for his start in life and for which he was to preëmpt and improve a thousand acres of land. Then follow pages of description in surveyor's terms of the land which belonged to Francis Patterson. This lawsuit occupied about ten years of time in the early years of Lexington, and was carried on after the death of the father, by his children. It is fixed by other depositions in this suit that Francis

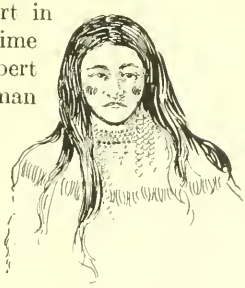
* H. L. B. papers

Patterson followed his son Robert to Kentucky, took up his abode there in 1787 and died in July, 1801. Robert Patterson nowhere tells the date of the migration of his father's family to Kentucky, and the facts are discoverable only among legal papers, such as remain. The record of testimony in the suit above mentioned, "Patterson *vs.* Bradford," states that "the complainant (Francis Patterson) was never in the now state of Kentucky until 1787," which settles conclusively the date of the moving of the family from Pennsylvania. In another place*; "James Wasson deposeth that he assisted to survey the preëmption that Francis Patterson, the plaintiff, now lives on" (1787). Francis Patterson's own statement made in this case in 1793 reads as follows: "Complainant says that from age and infirmity, his memory is so extremely impaired that he has no distinct recollection of transactions which occurred only a few years ago. Do not remember what agreement took place between him and Robert Patterson before the said Robert set out for Kentucky, in the year 1775. But he has been informed that said Robert, in consideration of complainant having furnished him with necessaries for his journey, promised that he would make an improvement for him in Kentucky, which improvement was made accordingly, and the complainant's claim granted thereon."

Seven years later another witness testifies: "I always have heard called the branch nearest Lexington, Cane Run, the branch Francis Patterson, the plaintiff, now lives on." † Francis Patterson had brought his second wife and Robert's half-brothers and sisters with him, and scattered mention of them is made in family letters, in Lexington records, and in the "Kentucke Gazette." There were eight children—Francis,

* Record Fayette Co. Circuit Court. Lexington, Ky., Court House.
† Dep. of Jas. McDonell. 21 Jan. 1800. Lexington Court House Records.

Robert, Jane and Mary (afterward Mrs. Ewing), by his first wife, Jane; William, Arthur, Mary, Thomas, by his second wife, Catherine ; and five others whose names are not known or who died young. They all settled in or near Lexington with the exception of Arthur, Robert's half-brother, who settled in Shelby County, on the site of the present Shelbyville. He married and had a family. The only one of his children we know anything about was a son named for his uncle, Robert, and a prominent lawyer. Mary Patterson Ewing is mentioned in her father's will. In 1802 the old, dusty, burnt-edged record books testify once more: "It is ordered that this suit is set aside, it appearing that the complainant (Francis Patterson) hath departed this life." And again—"that this suit be revived in the names of Francis Patterson and Arthur Patterson, devisees of the said Francis Patterson, deceased." Again—"Your orators, Arthur Patterson and Francis Patterson, children and devisees of Francis Patterson, deceased, humbly complaining, show that said Francis Patterson did in his lifetime exhibit his bill in this court praying, etc. . . . But that before a decree was had in this cause said Francis died, having devised his right in said land to your orators" (1802). This summarizes the last years of the life of Francis Patterson. His will was found *—rather the copy of it defaced from fire, age and decay—in which his personal effects were bequeathed to his children. Among them the knapsack and arms of a soldier prove him to have served in the Continental line. In Pennsylvania he had been a prominent figure in the community in which he lived, but the years he spent in Kentucky were his later years when he could no longer take an active part in public affairs. The scant records of the time have no word for the aged father of Robert Patterson. He has dropped out of human



* See Appendix.

recollection like so many other valiant pioneers, sturdy links between the old generations and the new.* A search for a possible gravestone revealed the fact that the city of Lexington has sold the old burying-ground for commercial purposes. At the time of the investigation, excavations were being made on the old site for a warehouse, and the lettered stones "In Memory of" were being dug out, broken up and hauled away like so much worthless rubbish. The present generation owes much to the third one back of it, and some day will wake up to the fact when there are no more court records and gravestones to tell the story.

Mrs. Patterson's family, the Lindsays, had come to Kentucky to live at this time. The father, William Lindsay, lived with his son Joseph upon a farm on the Frankfort Road. The other three brothers, William, Henry and James Lindsay, lived on Steele's Run. James's wife was named Hetty; Henry's wife was Sally; William's wife was Margaret. The Lindsays, like all the Pattersons, were Presbyterians and stanch supporters of the Bethel Church, which Robert Patterson helped to found. They brought their Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism with them through the woods, having family worship night and morning with their loaded guns leaning against the wall. Later, when the "New Light" revival spread through the State, they with the Pattersons became "Covenanters."

Robert Patterson numbered among his friends two men, Mathias Denman and John Filson, and the three being of an enterprising and ambitious disposition made many plans for improving their condition and the state of the country. In 1787, John Cleves Symmes, the eminent jurist of New Jersey,

*Chas. A. Hanna dedicates his work "The Scotch-Irish;" "To the forgotten dead of that indomitable race whose pioneers in unbroken ranks from Champlain to Florida formed the advance guard of civilization in its progress to the Mississippi and first conquered, subdued and planted the wilderness between.

had been appointed Judge of the Northwest Territory, and had come to Ohio. The year after, he received a grant of one million acres of land from the Government, bounded by the Ohio and Miami Rivers, and had made a settlement at North Bend. In the "Kentucke Gazette" of September sixth of this year (1788) is found:

NOTICE.

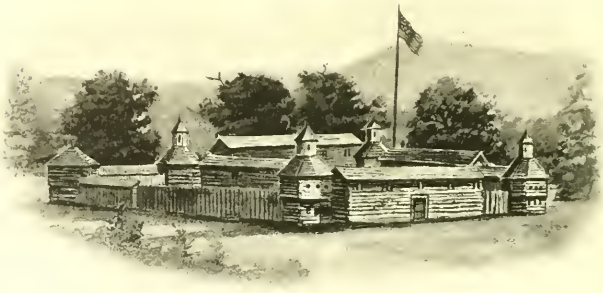
"The subscribers, being proprietors of a tract of land opposite the mouth of the Licking River on the north-west side of the Ohio, have determined to lay off a town upon that excellent situation. The local and natural advantages speak its future prosperity, being equal if not superior to any on the bank of the Ohio between the Miamis. The inlots to be each one-half acre; the outlots, four acres. Thirty each to be given to settlers upon payment of one dollar and fifty cents for the survey and deed of each lot. The fifteenth day is appointed for a large company to meet in Lexington and mark a road from there to the mouth of the Licking provided Judge Symmes arrives, being daily expected. When the town is laid off, lots will be given to such as may become a resident before the first day of April next."

SIGNED: MATHIAS DENMAN
ROBERT PATTERSON
JOHN FILSON.

Herein we find the germ of Cincinnati. What she now is began with these men, who saw in the location of the river bank and the hills the promise of a future city. Of the three, most chroniclers agree that Patterson was the strongest; that the others depended greatly upon his judgment as to details and his influence in winning friends for the new settlement. Mathias Denman says in a letter to a friend that he much counted on Colonel Patterson's assistance in this new venture, "because of his enterprising spirit and general acquaintance."

Denman had come from New Jersey and purchased a large tract of land upon the banks of the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Licking. Filson was an Eastern man also, and had

come from Chester County, Pa., in a wagon through the forests and down the Ohio River by flatboat, as Patterson and so many others had done. He is celebrated as having written the earliest history of Kentucky, a book remarkable for its times, in which the maps of the new territory were based upon surveys made by Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton. This book is now very rare and attains a high price among connoisseurs. John Filson and Robert Patterson had been associated in various ways, both business and social, during



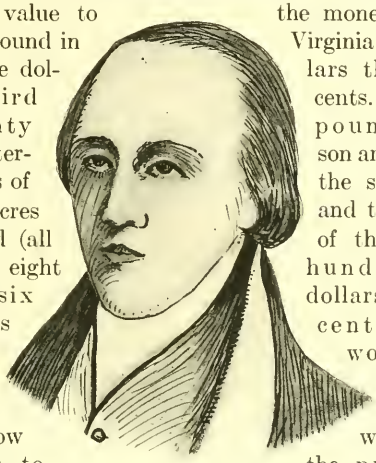
FORT WASHINGTON, AFTERWARD CINCINNATI

their life at Fort Lexington. Old letters from one to the other prove them to have been on terms of intimate friendship. Denman sold to Patterson and Filson each an undivided third of "six hundred and forty acres and the fractional part that may pertain," and, retaining the remaining third himself, the three became tenants-in-common of the original site of Cincinnati.*

At this date, the people of the United Colonies had not yet arrived at the days of the blessing of a national currency.

* A copy of their contract will be found in the Appendix.

The coins of Spain, France and Germany were in circulation, as well as those of England, and the confusion was great. The English pound and shilling had one value in the dollars and cents of this country in the New England States, another value in New York, another in Pennsylvania, and another in New Jersey. Hence a contract like this between citizens of different States must specify the State whose standard was to give value to the money involved. The English pound in Virginia was then equal to three dollars thirty-three and one-third cents. Thus the price, twenty pounds, to be paid by Patterson and Filson for the two-thirds of the six hundred and forty acres and the fractions that pertained (all of this amounting to about eight hundred acres was sixty-six dollars sixty-six and two-thirds cents. Cheap enough it would seem when contrasted with the millions that ground is now worth.



JOHN FILSON

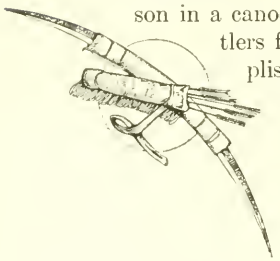
According to the prospectus above quoted, a large party was to start on the fifteenth of September to go from Lexington to the mouth of the Licking and lay out the new town. But we find in the "Gazette" of September thirteenth this notice:

N. B.—The time appointed to go to the mouth of the Licking is put off from the fifteenth, as published last week, to the eighteenth inst., when a large party will start from Lexington in order to meet Judge Symmes on Monday, the twenty-second, at that place, agreeable to his own appointment, and the business will then go on as proposed.

ROBERT PATTERSON.

Denman had gone to Limestone (Maysville) to meet Judge Symmes, and Filson was out in the woods with compass and quadrant laying out the road which the company was to follow. This territory had been traversed but a few times before—once by the British Colonel Byrd, who led his soldiers to the attack upon Ruddles's and Martin's Stations, in 1780, and afterwards by the avenging army of Gen. George Rogers Clark. The former had followed the valley of the Licking and the latter that of the Kentucky; but Filson, with the trained eye of an engineer, found a better road than either. He started north from Lexington through Georgetown (then known as Royal Spring) and McClellan's, and, following the ridge of hills that separated the Licking tributaries from those of the Ohio, reached the mouth of the Licking by a nearly straight line. We might not unreasonably assume that Patterson also had a voice in the selection of this road to the Ohio River, as it was almost exactly the route taken by him and the McConnells in 1775 on their way from Pittsburg to their Kentucky home. Col. Reuben T. Durrett, president of the Filson Club, of Lexington, says of this: "Modern engineering has not improved upon the line of road thus marked out by Filson through the original forest, for the simple reason that it was the best that could be selected. The Cincinnati Southern Railroad adopted it as the best route between Lexington and the mouth of the Licking, and now sends its locomotives thundering along the path over which Filson led his Losantiville adventurers one hundred and ten years ago."

Another account of this expedition says: "Colonel Patterson in a canoe paddled up to Maysville to secure settlers for Losantiville. This he readily accomplished, and on December twenty-fourth, with Mathias Denman, Israel Ludlow, Henry Lindsay, James Tuttle, Captain



Henry and twelve or more others, embarked in flatboats to drop down to Losantiville, but heavy ice-floes compelled them to land at Columbia, the Stites settlement at mouth of the Little Miami, finally reaching their destination December twenty-eighth, landing at the high bank, Sycamore Street, at once using the boat lumber to build huts for temporary shelter. Colonel Patterson had obligated himself to give special attention to securing colonists, and with this in view journeyed a week later on foot to Lexington, and for the next few months divided his time between that point, Maysville and Losantiville."

The three men called their new town "Losantiville." The name (invented by Filson, who was something of a classical scholar) was composed of the initial letter *L*, for Licking; the Latin word *os*, meaning mouth; the Greek word *anti*, meaning opposite to; and the French *ville*, meaning city—Losantiville. The old Indian warpath from the British garrison at Detroit crossed the Ohio at this point; it was also the usual avenue by which the savages on the north side of the Ohio approached the Kentucky stations. Patterson and his party crossed the Ohio where the Licking enters it, and Filson began with his compass and cabin surveys of the new city. First Eastern Row (now Broadway) was laid out immediately opposite the mouth of the Licking, eight parallel streets to follow in a westerly direction and to end with Western Row (now Central Avenue). The streets parallel with the river were to be numbered from the bank upward.

During the first year of the settlement the new city received a blow in the death of John Filson. In September of this year, 1788, a party was organized to explore and survey the region watered by the Great Miami. Symmes, Patterson and Filson started back over the river toward the northwest on this errand, while Denman and Ludlow went directly to the mouth of the Great Miami and up its course for about ten

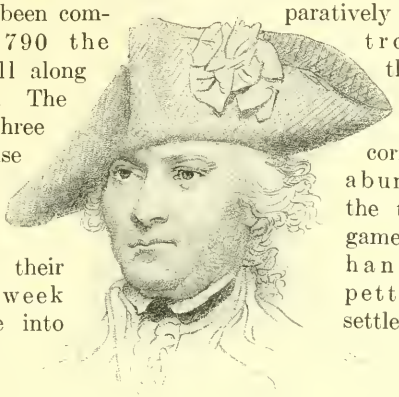
miles. After they had proceeded as far as the fifth range, Filson started to go back to Losantiville alone, thinking it perfectly safe, since no Indians had been seen in that region for a long time. He was never seen again. Somewhere in the mould of the primeval forests, in the land lying between the mouths of the two Miamis, lie the bones of John Filson. He lives in his book, and no one has a better monument.*

The following winter the survey was protected by a fort named "Washington," and some time later than this the name of the whole settlement was changed to "Cincinnati." It is later said that things would have progressed with greater rapidity had Robert Patterson remained on the spot, as his interest and enthusiasm were sure to find sympathetic material, but he had returned to his family at Lexington for the time being. The interval was so long between the initial steps in laying out Cincinnati under the name of Losantiville in September, 1788, and the first distribution of lots under Israel Ludlow in January, 1789, that some of the settlers fell away and went back to their homes. Cist, in his history of Cincinnati, gives this account:

"Israel Ludlow came to Losantiville with twenty persons and joined Colonel Patterson's party. They erected three or four log cabins on Front Street near Main. The ground near the Ohio was covered with sycamore and maple and the higher ground with beech and oak. Through this dense forest the streets were laid out, the corners being marked upon the trees. This plat extended from Broadway to Western Row and back from the river to Seventh Street. At this time the population consisted of eleven families and twenty-four unmarried men, all living in log cabins near the present steam-boat landing. In June, 1789, Fort Washington was begun on Third Street between Broadway and Lawrence. This was a square building of logs, one hundred and eighty feet long and formed in a barracks two stories high. The exterior of the Fort was whitewashed and presented a handsome and imposing appearance. On the

* An old Dilworth's arithmetic owned by the late Robert Clark of Cincinnati, contains this inscription written upon the fly-leaf: "This book was given to me by my brother, John Filson, who was killed by an Indian on the north side of the Ohio, on October 1, 1788."

twenty-ninth of November, General Harmar and three hundred men moved from the East and garrisoned it, and November of the latter year saw that most disastrous engagement known as St. Clair's defeat."



Facsimile of a pencil drawing from life by C. J. Trouillon

MAJ GEN ARTHUR ST CLAIR

For four years following the Miami raid of 1786, the Indians had been comparatively quiet. But toward 1790 the trouble reopened all along the Ohio and north of it. The Indians had had three seasons in which to raise corn, and now, having abundant food without the trouble of shooting game, time hung heavy on their hands. From week to week petty invasions were made into settlers' territory, hunters ambushed, cabins burned, plowing farmers picked off with rifles. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to establish a line of fortifications from Fort Washington on the Ohio, up the Miami valley to the Wabash. Gen. Arthur St. Clair was given command of a large body of rather heterogeneous troops from the seaboard which, with the help of the Western militia, the Government hoped might put an end to the Indian troubles. St. Clair went

to Lexington and consulted with Colonel Patterson, who promised to join the expedition with his own regiment and induce other Kentuckians to do the same. There was a natural and warrantable jealousy between the regulars and the volunteers which operated sadly against what should have been sympathetic and concerted action of the troops. The regulars looked down on men who wore skin leggings and peltry caps and carried any kind of guns. They said the militia could not be depended upon to meet a charge, which was, perhaps, true; that they had no staying powers as soldiers and were impatient of discipline. The militia, being men of caliber and character, each one a commander as often as he was a private, men who read Milton and wrote arrogant letters to the Virginia legislature, did not enjoy keeping rank step with stevedores from the Philadelphia wharfs, although these did wear the yellow facings of the Continental uniform.

Therefore many months were consumed in getting the troops together. Then the provisions were delayed and the summer went by in mild inaction at Fort Washington. At last, in August, 1791, the army was ready to move. It consisted of twenty-three hundred privates and non-commissioned officers. They marched up the banks of the Great Miami and built Fort Hamilton. Forty-four miles north of Hamilton they built another fort, naming it Jefferson. Indians were seen from time to time, assurance enough to a frontiersman that large bodies were in the vicinity; yet no scouts were sent out, and day after day the army marched closer to the death-trap. General St. Clair was the last man to place in command of such an expedition. By common historical consent he is granted to have been a gentleman, but there are times and places when this virtue, fundamental though it be, needs dilution with certain bull-dog traits to carry it through. Vigilance, prudence and common sense become a soldier as well as gallantry and

courtesy. The former three he lacked, and besides, he was ill in body and mind and entirely inexperienced in Indian warfare.

The first disaster was the desertion of a body of sixty militia, which was augmented in gravity by the blunder of St. Clair in sending a whole company of his regulars to bring them back, thus weakening his force by a double subtraction. Many horses died from want of forage, and the soldiers were sullen and discouraged. On November third Colonel Patterson returned with his regiment from a day's scout.* The army was camped on a commanding piece of ground, the right wing composed of Butler's, Clark's and Patterson's battalions, and the left of that of Colonel Drake. The intention was to erect earthworks, but the Indians gave them no time. Just before daybreak the next morning, the troops being dismissed for breakfast, the Indians under Little Turtle attacked the right wing with great fury. The camp was thrown into pitiable confusion, but the officers rallied the men to arms and they were soon making vigorous resistance. Colonel Patterson's regiment not only kept the Indians at bay, but time after time drove them back with bayonet and sword until the woods and the smoke of the guns swallowed them up. But the other battalion suffered severely. The Eastern soldiers were used to meeting an acknowledged foe. Here there were no opposing ranks to charge—nothing but trees, and powder smoke coming in little spurts from behind them. There was a yell, a sortie, some horrid, feathered heads seen dimly through the smoke, then—nothing, but the dead they left behind them. The regulars were deficient in what Roosevelt calls the "wild creature qualities." They could fire in a square and charge in ranks following the bugle; but these were useless tactics where the opposing foe crept on his belly, fired over the top of a log and ran away every few

* The camp was on the site of the present town of Fort Recovery.

minutes only to crawl back again from a new direction. Hour after hour the unequal contest was kept up. The attack was on all four sides at once. St. Clair rode back and forth, at the head of the troops, in utter disregard of bullets and arrows. Having gotten into a desperate place he did all he could to carry himself like a brave officer and soldier. But it was hopeless from the first. The men grew sullen, then discouraged, then terrified, and throwing shame and honor to the winds, fled like animals in a panic. The retreat was down the Miami Valley, past the site of Dayton, Colonel Patterson's regiment keeping guard in the rear. From the battle-ground to Fort Hamilton the Indians followed, harassing constantly; and by the time the remnant of troops reached Cincinnati it was demoralized beyond description. On the fields along the banks of the Wabash were left eight hundred and ninety-four men and sixty-one officers scalped and horribly mutilated. An old squaw years afterward told Col. John Johnston that her arm ached that night from scalping white men, and an officer who took one backward look upon the battle-ground said that the raw and shining heads among the frosty stubble looked like a field of ripe pumpkins. Colonel Patterson never could discuss this battle without unspeakable anger and emotion. Years after, at the Rubicon farm, when his officer associates met with him to talk over their campaigns, he would walk the floor and grow furious with rage to recall the utter defeat and horror of it. The news reached President Washington six weeks after the battle, while he was entertaining a dinner-party. Not until the guests had departed did he express himself upon it, and those who heard it called it Vesuvian in emphasis.

On the return from the St. Clair defeat, Colonel Patterson and party were met by runners spreading the news of an invasion of Kentucky by twenty horse-stealing Indians, and all

joined in pursuit. Turning up the north fork of Licking, Colonel Patterson and party met Bourbon County troopers on the trail. Simon Kenton had killed six of the Indians before the arrival of Patterson. About thirty horses were recovered, but most of the Indians escaped. This was the last Indian party of any considerable size to invade Kentucky.

Neither the colony enterprise nor the fighting was allowed to interfere with active effort in urging upon Congress the petition for authority permitting Kentucky to conduct the war against the Indians in the way experience had shown best. Indeed, it is granted that for once Robert Patterson's statesmanship got the better of his fighting spirit, for he was not enlisted in the Harmar expedition, and thus escaped the humiliation of being a part of that disastrous enterprise.

Prejudice on the frontier against serving with regular soldiers was so much increased by the St. Clair disaster that to overcome it prominent Kentuckians, among them Colonel Patterson, were invited to visit General Wayne at Fort Washington and inspect the camp. For the first time Colonel Patterson and William Henry Harrison met and later became stanch friends. The Kentuckians were impressed with the discipline and appearance of the Legion and the character of the camp; and on the strength of their report Governor Shelby and General Scott found less difficulty in recruiting.

Kentucky, as has been said, became an independent State in 1792. In May of that year the first legislature convened in a two-story log schoolhouse on Main Street, Lexington. Isaac Shelby was chosen governor, and Robert Patterson was among the first representatives from Fayette County. The duties incident to this new legislative department prevented any participation during that year in military campaigns. Robert Patterson represented his district in the

Kentucky legislature for the next eight years. Representatives at that time received a dollar a day as their allowance for public service, and during the first session they passed thirty-seven laws and six resolutions.

From 1788 to 1802 Robert Patterson divided his time between corn-fields, legislative halls and battle-fields, in Lexington or in the new town of Losantiville, as the case happened to be. It is not surprising that the new city increased but slowly in size. Bad weather, Indian defeats and the absence of its founder hindered advance. However, the records show that in 1792, fifty persons were added to the population, and more the next year. So this settlement, begun amid all the dangers and difficulties which the wilderness offered—tangled paths, ice in the river and all order hindered by the ruthless barbarity of the savages, who resented each encroachment upon what they considered their lands—has grown steadily for one hundred years until the vast, smoky, crowded city, which has overflowed from its original site to the hills beyond, would be an unbelievable sight to the three men who founded it.

Collins, in his History of Kentucky, pays this tribute to the memory of Robert Patterson: "It is not a credit to the liberality or gratitude of the authorities of Cincinnati that they should attempt to perpetuate the names of Denman and Patterson by attaching them to little insignificant short streets in the northwest part of the city. A great avenue around the city should be laid out and called 'Denman,' and McMillan Street should be extended to East Walnut Hills and known as 'Patterson Avenue.' Cincinnati should perpetuate the names of these grand founders rather than those of her small beer politicians and wire workers."

The Losantiville enterprise was not a fortunate move for Colonel Patterson. He lived in the fort for one month only, and then returned to his family at Lexington. Mrs. Patter-

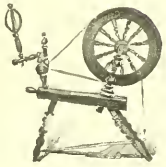
son found that the duties connected with the new settlement kept her husband going and coming between there and his home, then a long, tiresome journey. So when an offer came to buy his third interest, Mrs. Patterson's wishes decided him, and in November, 1794, he sold his title in the site of Cincinnati for two thousand pounds, Virginia money—or about eight dollars an acre. The years between 1792 and 1802 were the most uneventful and consequently the most happy for the Patterson family. The lands on Cane Run had become valuable and the town property well improved.

The following reminiscences of the home life of that time have been preserved from the pen of Catherine Patterson Brown.* She says:

"Lexington was a brisk, thrifty community in 1793, Father at home with Mother and Rebecca, Margaret, Elizabeth and Francis. Sister Rebecca began school the month of my birth, father paying four hundred pounds of pork, tuition fee for the half year.

"From the very first Fayette County made liberal provision for cabin schools, the first in a cabin not far outside the Lexington Stockade in 1785, improving each year with the best of the times. I do not remember much of the Kentucky schools, altho I attended four winters. Father and mother were very careful, all of us attending preaching with them twice each Sunday, a day of rest for the family and servants, except the big dinners with plenty of company. Big Joe, field hand and hunter, supplied turkey, lamb or venison for our Sunday dinner regularly. Father was also a very successful hunter and trapper. Francis did not shoot until after we came to the Rubicon farm. We had four families of blacks in Kentucky, managed without trouble, but other farm help father changed several times.

"My sisters could dye, spin, weave, sew and knit, but I being younger had little work or care while we lived in Kentucky. Servants did the work, but sisters had the responsibility, under mother, of getting the work out, there being a great deal of it outside of daily house keeping, as besides our family necessities, food and raiment was to be provided for the large number of servants. We had the wool, flax and hemp to be worked into material to clothe the family and help, except our own



* Third daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Patterson.

Sunday wear. Father and mother being neat in attire, endeavored to give us all tidy habit.

"In neighborhoods, and later in social circles, we found pleasure in 'bees,' picnics, parties, fruit pickings, barbecues which were often great frolicks, and much visiting. Sisters exchanged visits with young friends of Frankfort, Paris, Georgetown and Maysville. The Blue Licks were places of popular resort for young people.

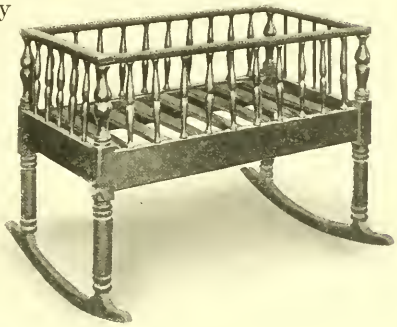
"On the farm we had cattle, horses and mules in droves, besides small stock, and raised hemp, grain and vegetables. Mother said that bear meat and grease entered largely into kitchen supplies, and that she did not use much pork or lard for the years she lived in the first cabin, and therefore father had little butchering done until the number of servants required more regular supply of meat.

"Father was noted for fine stock in Kentucky and on the Rubicon and we all had fine saddle horses. I rode a great deal, at first using Francis' pony.

"At home in Lexington we entertained a great deal, friends from the East coming and going, Virginia officers, prominent Kentuckians on State affairs, and gentlemen for conferences to engage father in land or town site speculations. I do not think his inclinations were for speculation after selling his Cincinnati interests, having plenty to do on his Kentucky farms."

Robert Patterson's unvarying kindness of heart, extended to all in need, often led him into trouble. He became security for one John Arthur, a deputy revenue collector, who failed, owing a debt of six thousand dollars to the United States Government. This obligation came upon Robert Patterson and seriously crippled him. His wealth was in land and houses and stock. Ready money seems never to have been in anybody's hands in pioneer days. There was still another sum of four thousand dollars which might have to be paid, and of which he did pay five hundred dollars. Under these difficulties Robert Patterson longed to find a new home where land was cheaper and where he might begin anew. Perhaps, also, it was that passion for unbroken ground which pulls the settler onward with a fascination hard to understand: all this new country seemed

to beckon to him and to offer a home for his old age and for his children's children. Of his children there were nine to support, and he remarks (not complainingly, only plaintively) in his memorial to Congress praying for a pension, that his family "are mostly females."



THE PATTERSON CRADLE

In the crisis that urged Robert Patterson to abandon the home in Lexington that had been conquered out of the wilderness by his own hard labor, his mind turned naturally to the Miami Valley. The various expeditions against the Indians in which he had participated had given him opportunity to see the finest farming lands in the country. Most of the territory of the Indian battles lay between the Scioto and Little Miami Rivers. All this ground he had been over, but he had been most agreeably impressed with the valley of the Great Miami, especially that part lying near and about the mouth of Mad River.*

His favorable opinion of these rich, rolling, unoccupied lands, the natural advantages of watercourses and materials, and fertility of soil, formed on his first advance up the valley in July, 1779, was more than confirmed during the four later expeditions. Yet his property interests were in Kentucky, where he held high political and social station. Lexington seemed to belong to the Pattersons, and the Pattersons to Lexington. The farm would well provide for old age, and wife and family were content. Notwithstanding all this, he felt a duty to

* The present Dayton.

seek prosperity in a broader field, where his children would have the advantage of inheriting a large instead of a restricted property. The result of these plans was that Robert Patterson left his Lexington property to indemnify the Government, while the proceeds of the Cincinnati sale were devoted to making payments on a farm and mill site near Clifton, Ohio, and on a large tract south of what is now Dayton. The removal north did not take place, however, until some years later.

The Nisbet papers tell us that

"When the Indian border across the Ohio had become quiet, opposition to slavery in Kentucky caused many excellent citizens around Lexington to move north. John and James Patterson, cousins to Robert, had sold their property and left in 1798 to settle near Dayton, James being just twenty-one, and John nine years older. A number of the Pattersons' friends and members of the congregation also emigrated to the frontier, William Nisbet, James Purviance, William King and others to the number of twenty. In 1799, Robert Patterson set out with tents, provisions and servants on pack horses, to ride to Mad River. At Dayton log hamlet they separated to prospect, Colonel Robert following a path through the Van Cleve tract to the new cabins which John and James Patterson had erected on Beaver Creek. They rode with father to the Little Miami and the falls above the old battle ground. Wm. Nisbet and party explored Wolf Creek and to the Indian Villages on the Twin. Harvest was over when the travellers reached home."

Three years later (1802), the question of removal still agitating the family, the Colonel made another trip to Ohio, spending most of his time on the Little Miami above Waynesville, his headquarters being with John and James Patterson on Beaver Creek while negotiating the purchase of land. Upon the return of Colonel Patterson from this last trip with glowing accounts of the climate and land in Ohio, the rush of settlers for the fertile ground along the Miamis and the establishing of schools and churches led Mrs. Patterson to

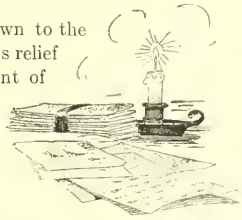
yield. Announcement of plans was, however, withheld until the time of celebrating Robert Patterson's fiftieth anniversary, which occurred on March fifteenth, 1803.

Margaret Patterson, afterwards Mrs. Venable, wrote:

"Those were pleasant, busy weeks on the farm, mother and sisters with friends and corps of colored cooks at their best in preparation for the barbecue, that being the only character of feast possible in entertainment of a large company, the hunters bringing in venison and other game. The house was filled with company several days in advance of the anniversary, including guests from Frankfort, relatives and friends from all about. Conspicuous in attendance on the day were the Colonel's old army associates, the center of groups interested in stories of the wars. Some of these old fighters visited the Patterson home in after years on the Rubicon.

"Bright spring weather facilitated celebration on the anniversary. Deer, lamb and wild turkey carcasses were barbecued, and long tables under the trees well filled with steaming meats and vegetables, oven bread, pickles and salads, no fruit, but an abundance of rich preserves and jellies, cakes, pies, coffee and bowls of toddy of home made liquors and wines. Greetings of comrades were an interesting feature of the anniversary, and for instruction and pleasure of the large company, especially of the younger participants, these heroes of frontier times, altho wounded and otherwise disabled, gave an exhibition of scenes on the war paths. For this purpose the fresh carcass of a deer had been reserved. They cut it up, made 'jerk' and cooked for themselves as many a time alone in the woods each had provided for himself in years gone by. Entering into the spirit of the occasion, as their host desired, they cut the venison in strips the size of a tenderloin of a young hog, then with slices of the juicy meat held on forked sticks over coals of the barbecue fires until roasted, which seasoned only with salt they distributed as a rare treat, enjoying a share themselves. To further carry out the illustration of backwoods feasting Mrs. Patterson served Johnny-cake and pone, flavored (or in frontier parlance 'anointed') with bear's oil, the cakes baked on hot stones and boards in circles of glowing coals. With this also 'bear jerk' from the family smoke house supply.

"In the hour of after dinner cheer, father made known to the company his intention to move to Ohio. All knew of his relief from unfortunate financial embarrassment by payment of



security debts, and had hoped that rumors of removal might prove untrue, but this anniversary announcement made certain the change."

Ashley Brown writes from family notes:

"When a few weeks later spring farm work was well under way Colonel Patterson, attended as usual by a servant, proceeded to the Little Miami River and erected the mill which he held until his death. Afterwards he called upon the Pattersons on Beaver Creek, and visited old friends in or near Dayton. Here learning that the Cooper Mills, distillery and farm south of the village were for sale, and appreciating the fact that as the county seat, this would be a fine trade center, he followed Mr. Cooper, who had gone to Cincinnati to be married, and there struck a bargain, June, 1803, for purchase of the entire property, which next year he named the Rubicon, a portion of which land is now [1902] owned by his grandchildren, Stephen J., John H. Patterson and Julia Patterson Crane.

"This purchase changed his plans, for instead of moving to the Clifton land, the family settled at Dayton and never had cause for regret. He returned to Dayton for more careful inspection of the mills and to get the lay of the land, but had started for Kentucky before arrival of the judges and attorneys for holding the first Montgomery County Court. He afterwards bought more land, some of it west of the river, giving him altogether seven hundred acres. He paid for the Greene County land with proceeds of sale of his Cincinnati property, leaving a balance to apply in part pay for the Dayton tract. The first election for Congress was held during Robert Patterson's first visit to Dayton in 1803."

One other important family event occurred at this time, the first family wedding. Robert Patterson hurried home from his prospecting trip in Ohio to be present at the marriage of his oldest daughter, Rebecca, to Dr. John Goodlet, of Bardstown, on June first, 1803. The wedding took place in the family home on the hill and the Rev. Robert Marshall was the officiating clergyman. The young couple made a bridal tour on horseback as far as Louisville, stopping for brief visits at the homes of various friends on the way, and before the end of June had settled down in their home at Bardstown.

The break-up at the old Kentucky home is remembered very little by the children. Mrs. Catherine P. Brown tells of the confusion following Rebecca's wedding, the disposal of furniture and other household articles, then after harvest the sale in Lexington public square. Colonel Patterson spent some time at Dayton in the fall of 1803, and again the next spring when Mr. Cooper was building a home in the village preparatory to vacating the Rubicon farm after the harvest of 1804, as had been agreed upon. When in the summer farm implements could be spared, two wagon loads, partly of furniture, were sent to Dayton, and late in the fall of 1804 the Patterson family were to follow.

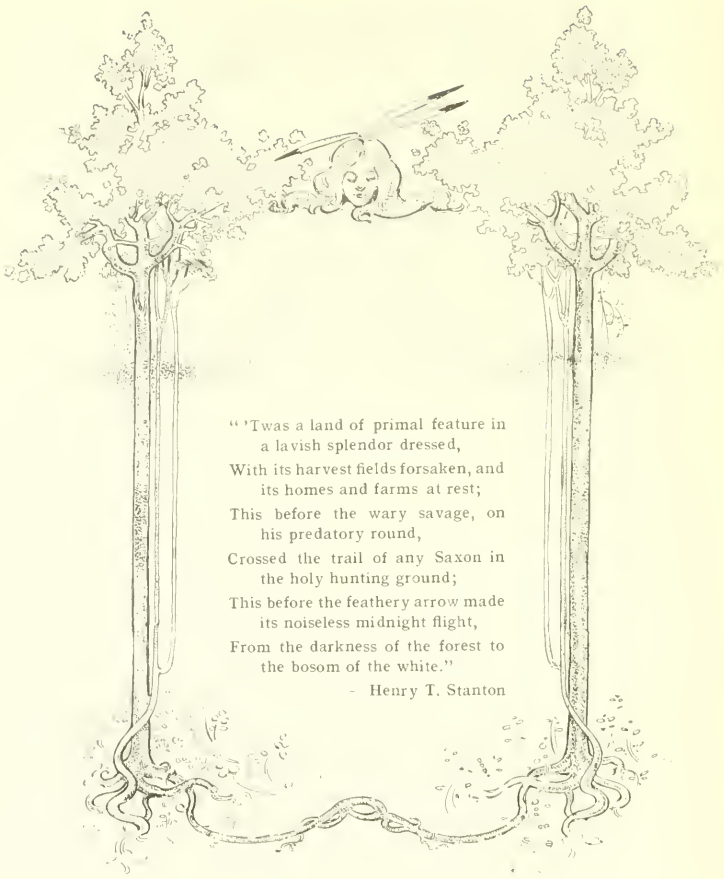
The thirty years that had elapsed since the coming of Robert Patterson, a raw youth of twenty-one, to the stockade fort at Royal Spring, to the day when a man of fifty-one he said farewell to his home, had been the making of the State of Kentucky. He had seen it develop from "the dark and bloody ground," as it was known to the early settlers, into a land of peace and plenty and safety. Green fields took the place of the dim, unbroken forest, peopled with terrors. The church and schoolhouse had succeeded the camp fire and the stockade, and direct communication with the East was making life easy and happy and wholesome. To all of these ends had Robert Patterson worked.

INSCRIPTION ON CHAIR

This chair was made about 1780 by an enlisted soldier at Bryan's Station, Ky. It was made in the Block House which was surrounded by a stockade of logs. In 1804 the chair was brought from Lexington, Ky., to Rubicon farm by Col. Robert Patterson to whom it had been presented by the soldiers (so she told me in 1833). — Julia Johnston Patterson.

"No longer now the savage made his rounds
Among Kentucky's prehistoric mounds,
No longer on the bison's lickward track
Was heard his whoop and deadly rifle's crack,
And o'er Ohio's waters still and blue
No longer sped his silent war canoe—
The unknown land had wakened from her dream,
The night had passed and morning reigned supreme."*

*H. T. Stanton.



"'Twas a land of primal feature in
a lavish splendor dressed,
With its harvest fields forsaken, and
its homes and farms at rest;
This before the wary savage, on
his predatory round,
Crossed the trail of any Saxon in
the holy hunting ground;
This before the feathery arrow made
its noiseless midnight flight,
From the darkness of the forest to
the bosom of the white."

- Henry T. Stanton

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(Concluded)

The arrival of the Patterson family in Dayton; weddings and freshets; Robert Patterson's influence in the church; his friends and associates; Rubicon farm; his pursuits; his family connections; his part in the War of 1812; his death in 1827.

CHAPTER X

COL. ROBERT PATTERSON—(CONTINUED)

"This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THAT Robert Patterson had lived the resolute life, no one who reads this history will deny. From whatever point we view him we find determination of purpose and both physical and mental activity. And this activity was only partially directed to personal ends. From the time that he made his first clearing on the site of Lexington until he took up his abode in Dayton, his days and years were devoted to *work*—primarily for his country, incidentally for himself and those dependent upon him. He had great physical vigor, to begin with, which his life out of doors and his regular, simple habits confirmed. He is described* as being about six feet in height, of a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and sandy hair, the coloring now seen in so many of his descendants. His sinewy frame was most erect and stately in spite of wounds which would have weakened the carriage of an ordinary man. Not until the closing decade

* Lyman C. Draper's MSS., Wis. Hist. Soc.

of his life did he show in his walk or attitude the effect of his wounds or his years. He never would have known a day's inconvenience from physical causes had it not been for these unhealed wounds which gave him increasing trouble as he grew in age. He had given to the State of Kentucky and the town of Lexington his best service, and hoped to do the same for the young city which he had just adopted as his later home.

Catherine Patterson Brown says in her memoirs:

"Father retired from military life in the fall of 1795, ending an active service of twenty-five years in which tomahawk, axe and loaded rifle were in hand ready for use day or night. Beginning with the expedition to the Pickaway Plains in 1774 he had been in service in the Northwest Territory every year but one, until we moved to Ohio in 1804."*

It was this kind of citizen that Lexington lost and that Dayton acquired. His coming was an event that helped to shape the history of the town; a family migration resembling that of a patriarch of the Old Testament, except that with all the flocks and herds and children there was only one wife.

Others of the Lexington party of friends afterwards bought land, and, following the Pattersons' example, settled around Dayton. The Nisbets named their settlement on Twin Creek, New Lexington. William Patterson and William Lindsay lived in Dayton; John Patterson, a cousin of Robert, the founder of the Shaker Community, came later with his wife Phœbe.

The family of Robert and Elizabeth Patterson, at the time of their removal to Dayton, had been as follows:

William, born in the Lexington Stockade, January thirtieth, 1781; died September twenty-fourth, 1782.

William Lindsay Patterson, born January second, 1783,

* Mrs. Brown is somewhat inaccurate here. Robert Patterson was enrolled in the Lancaster Mounted Rifles of Pennsylvania when he was only seventeen. His service thenceforth was almost continuous until after St. Clair's defeat. From 1795 he wore civilian uniform until the breaking out of the War of 1812, when he served as quartermaster.

also in the Lexington Stockade; died six days later, January eighth, 1783.

Rebecca, born February ninth, 1784.[1]

Margaret, born June ninth, 1786.[2]

Elizabeth, born January twenty-seventh, 1788.[3]

Francis, born April sixth, 1791; died a bachelor at Palmyra, Missouri, September eleventh, 1854.

Catherine, born March seventh, 1793.[4]

Jane, born May twenty-fifth, 1795.[5]

Harriet, born March twenty-fifth, 1797.[6]

Robert Lindsay, born May twenty-seventh, 1799.[7]

Jefferson, born May twenty-seventh, 1801.[8]

Elizabeth Patterson Nisbet wrote of the journey of her father's family, from one home to another, made when she was a girl of sixteen:

"The excitement of packing and leaving may have afforded pleasure to us younger ones, but farewells were very trying to father and mother who could not altogether suppress tears at parting from relatives and old friends.

"We started from Lexington the last Monday in October, mother and the rest of us walking, or in wagons or on horseback, with servants, goods and provisions, implements, drove of cattle, and several led horses with packs. Uncle William Lindsay and father in turn rode ahead to select camping ground or tavern as suited best, and we cooked from supplies in the wagons. I, like the rest, changed from horse to wagon at pleasure, and walked some of the way. We camped near Covington the first Sunday

(1) Married Dr. John Goodlet before Colonel Patterson moved from Kentucky, and lived at Bardstown.

(2) The wife of Dr. Venable, in 1807, later of Rev. Jas. Welsh, lastly of Samuel Caldwell.

(3) Married James I. Nisbet.

(4) In the log house, Lexington; married at the age of eighteen Henry Brown, and was the mother of Robert Patterson Brown, Henry Lindsay Brown and Eliza Jane Anderson. Married the second time, Andrew Irwin, who died in 1827, leaving a son. Her third husband, H. G. Phillips, of Dayton, died November tenth, 1859. She died August twelfth, 1864, and is buried by the side of her first husband, Henry Brown, in Woodland Cemetery, Dayton.

(5) Married John Steele, of Fayette County, Ky., April twenty-fourth, 1815. They lived on their farm on Steele's Run, where their children, Andrew, Elizabeth and William, were born. John Steele died December eighteenth, 1863; Jane died in 1876, and was buried by the side of her husband in the family lot in the rear of the old homestead.

(6) Married Henry Stoddard, a lawyer of Dayton, December fourth, 1821, and died October first, 1822, a few weeks after her son Asa was born. She was buried in Woodland Cemetery, near Dayton.

(7) Died a bachelor at the Rubicon home, August thirtieth, 1833, and was buried on the family lot in Woodland Cemetery, near Dayton. His mother died a few weeks later.

(8) Married Julia, daughter of Col. John Johnston of Upper Piqua, February twenty-sixth, 1833. Julia Johnston was born at Upper Piqua, August sixteenth, 1811.

and the next day crossed into Ohio, safely swimming the live stock, as the ferry was very slow.

"Father and mother left us the morning we started from the tavern outside of Cincinnati. I think it was the Blue Goose Inn, a large brick, very respectably kept, and had large feedyard. I stopped there for meals on several trips after that, but never again over night. Father and mother took Jefferson and Robert with them and reached Dayton three days ahead of us. Father becoming anxious returned to meet us, the cattle being very slow travelers. We had fine weather all the way, no sickness and plenty of company."

Mrs. Chas. Anderson, late of Kuttawa, Ky., remembered hearing her mother, Catherine Patterson Brown, tell of the journey to Dayton and how she, a little girl of eleven, teased her father to tell her what kind of a house they were going to live in. He explained that it was not a stone house, such as they had left in Lexington, but a log house. After that, at every log house that came in sight, Catherine would ask, "Is that our house, father?" At last they reached a point on the Miami road, opposite the present Rubicon farm, where now a lane runs down to a small wooden bridge over the canal. There stood a good stout log house near the road, the predecessor of the present "Rubicon."*

We are indebted to the memory of Catherine Patterson Brown for details of this beginning at the farm:

"If there was disappointment at first view of the new home, or chagrin at change from the stone residence in Kentucky to log house on the frontier, the feeling did not find expression, for in mother's example we took hold cheerfully in arranging the house and furniture.† There were three rooms downstairs, and four bed rooms upstairs, for the family of ten. The house faced the river a quarter mile away, and stood in an orchard of bearing apple, pear and peach trees; there was an outside kitchen and smoke house, and a spring at the foot of the hill. Mill and farm hands lived in cabins around the mills, and at the spring back on the farm. Cabins were built for the blacks.

* H. L. B. Papers.

† It will be remembered that this was the second time in Mrs. Patterson's married life that she had left a stone dwelling to live in a log cabin.

"Before winter was over we were as comfortable as ever, finding pleasant society with old and new friends, for in no settlement could nicer people be found than in and around Dayton. We had pleasure in anticipation, having pledged before leaving Lexington that father and mother should have a silver wedding celebration.

"Our little mills were running nearly all winter, men and boys coming one, two and three days' ride with grain, camping along the creek to await turn. When snow came logs were sledded with teams of six or eight oxen or horses, lumber engagements being more than the mill could cut. We walked to Dayton to school, taking dinners with us, and could go on horseback to church if we liked.

"From the saw mill a few rods north of the house a road led through the woods to Dayton, the road we used, entering at site of the new graveyard (Fifth street graveyard between Ludlow and Wilkinson), established that year (1805). The 'big road,' now Brown Street, led from Dayton, passing the grist mill a half mile east of the house, thence through Lebanon to Cincinnati, sixty miles. South of our house was the sugar camp, and I think in February we tapped quite a hundred trees, making some molasses, mostly sugar. We had no other than tree sugar as long as I lived at home and for many years after in my own home. Sugar making gave us children plenty to do that first season, as the creeks were up and the men all busy at the mills or clearing north of the saw mill.

"Gardens could not be made until very late, for March was a month of heavy rains, causing a great flood in the rivers, a new and strange sight for us. The waters nearly reached our door. The frontyard fences and bottom field fences were carried off, and the torrent covered with drift spread into the woods west of the river channel as far as the eye could reach. Rubicon creek was like a river, mills stopped, the roads under water, and we could not get into Dayton for two weeks. The town was a sorrowful picture, mud covering everything, streets and yards piled with drift, the people disheartened by the sickly season which followed. Not so with us on the farm, where the fences were soon rebuilt, and there was no other damage.

"The flood prevented anything but a family celebration of the wedding anniversary. We had an extra dinner, and I remember the fish the men trapped, big fish, and we had them often after that.

"With the work that we always had to do about the house, and improvements constantly being made and our surroundings pleasant, we became attached to our Rubicon home, and these warm feelings for the old place never left me, and it was the same with my brothers and sisters who

lived there longer so happily with father and mother. I lived there seven winters; as I grew into womanhood I had a saddle horse of my own, riding often to visit Elizabeth (Mrs. Nisbet) on Twin Creek, or Mr. Hole's family. sometimes with Francis on business for father in the little German settlement called Hole's Station, or near there to visit Major Adams and family at the Muster Prairie. With mother I frequently rode over to the Bradfords, and down to Beulah or to our cousins on Beaver, where I many times stayed over night or for longer visits. We had many pleasant times at the Edgar and Van Cleve homes, and with the Millers on Stillwater, or farther up in the quiet Waymire neighborhood, or east of the Miami at times in the Whittan home. The Williams and Kings were nice people on Wolf Creek. The Kings had been pleasant family acquaintances, members of the same church in Kentucky. We visited Rev. Robinson and wife up Mad River, and other friends at Mercer's and Xenia; and with the Ewings, Archers and others on Sugar Creek.

"That only in part made up the acquaintance, for families were all on equal social footing in the early times. Father had a very close friend, Col. Samuel Hawkins, with quite a large family at the Forks of Twin, to whose house, a tavern I believe, I rode with father on one occasion. Philip Gunckel and family were prominent.

"Col. Hawkins, Major Adams, Dr. Hole, Dr. Elliott, Judge Spinning, James Galloway, with father and possibly others whom I may have forgotten, made up a circle of Revolutionary soldiers respected in the community, and honored on all public occasions during their lives. Besides these older friends, were neighbors and comrades who had served with him in the Indian Wars. In later years his closer friends were, like mother's friends, nearly all in the Presbyterian Church. Father and my husband were closely associated in business; and father was very fond of his other sons-in-law, Capt. Nisbet, John Steele and Henry Stoddard.

"When the flood of 1805 had subsided, father sent to the Cincinnati market two wagon loads of flour, ten barrels in each, and one of ten sacks of wheat, four horses to each wagon. The mill teams hauled back goods for Dayton merchants. The other team belonged to Uncle William Lindsay, having brought a load of our furniture from Lexington in the fall, and was sent on to him near Georgetown from Cincinnati. Father shipped flour, grain and meat by boat to Cincinnati, and in turn my brothers Francis and Robert took cargoes to New Orleans, and selling out returned home on horseback."*

* H. L. B. Papers.

It will be interesting for the descendants of Robert Patterson to attempt to reconstruct the Dayton of our present knowledge into the Dayton that their grandfather found when his wagons and cattle emerged from the thicket of second-growth trees and hazel bushes which tangled the road from Cincinnati all the way up to Main Street. Indeed, at that time, the town was mostly on paper. Lots were platted about the corner of Third and Main, and that was called the center of town, but there was no sign of buildings. The river bank, now Monument Avenue, was cleared of brush and trees, and there stood Newcom's Tavern in the prime of its youth, and one or two other houses. Strangers visiting the place came up the track through the middle of Main Street, and asking at Newcom's where Dayton was, were told that they had just passed through it.* There was a deep ravine or gully across Main Street at Third, which was later filled up.

The land which Robert Patterson had purchased of Daniel Cooper and Peyton Short was an immense tract stretching east and west, from what is now the lake at the Soldiers' Home, across the river to the Shakertown Pike. It included the Fair Grounds, the present Rubicon farm, the site of St. Mary's school, the Wead farm, and the ground upon which St. Elizabeth's Hospital is built. The Cook farm, of two hundred acres, also belonged to him, as well as a farm between Clifton and Yellow Springs, in Greene County, where he built and operated a mill. This property amounted, in the aggregate, to twenty-four hundred and seventeen acres.

There were no bridges over the Miami when the Pattersons came to Dayton, but there were two ferries—one at the end of First Street, which took passengers over to what is now Dayton View, near Schantz's brewery; the other at the foot of Fourth Street, which was the beginning of the journey to Cincinnati. The approaches to these ferries were mere tracks

* John Van Cleve.

through the woods. The first bridge was built in 1819, Robert Patterson being one of the Commissioners who had the matter in charge.

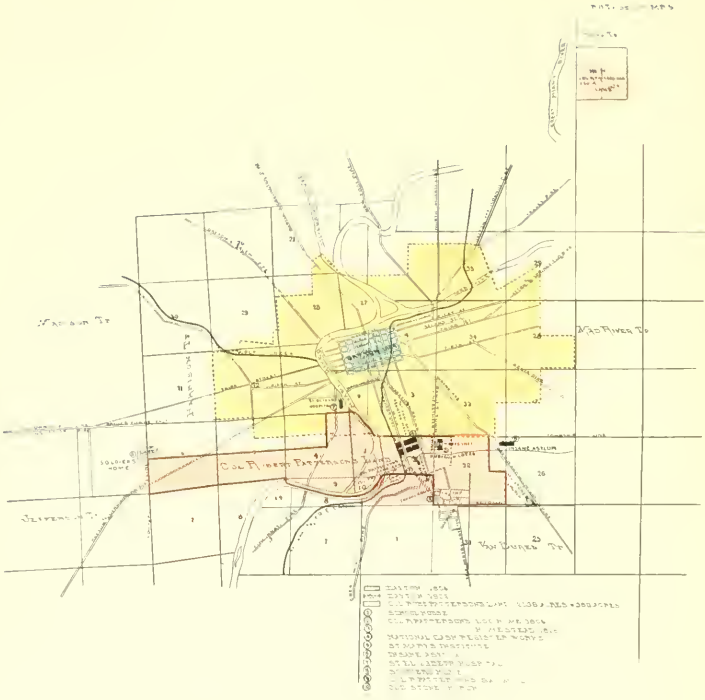
In March, 1805, the great flood referred to by Catherine Patterson Brown swept over the town plat. No levees had been constructed; the little settlement was at the mercy of the Miami, and we knew that river to be a formidable foe when roused. The Pattersons, secure upon their farm on high ground, suffered no loss, but the river broke through its banks at the head of Jefferson Street, as it has done in the more recent annals of Dayton, and swept through the town in a stream so deep that a horse could not cross without swimming.* The water was eight feet deep on Main Street. This disaster caused much concern, and it was urged that the low site be abandoned and Dayton moved to higher levels.

By the time Robert Patterson had been living in Dayton four or five years the town had put on quite a cosmopolitan air. There were five stores and three taverns. Two blocks on Main and one on First Street were built up. To be sure, the east side of Main Street was still a tangle of wild fruit-trees and grapevines, but the new court-house gave an air of distinction to the town, and the dinner-bell in the belfry of the fine two-story inn belonging to Colonel Reid, on the site of the present Baptist Church, gave a festive tone to the street.

In 1808 the town had a weekly paper—the "Repertory." In 1817 was started a line of keel boats on the river, connecting with Lake Erie by way of the Miami and Maumee Rivers, and with the Mississippi by way of the Miami and Ohio. The journeys of these boats were great events for Daytonians, who crowded to the head of Main and Jefferson streets at every arrival and departure.

The first brick house in Dayton was built in 1806, on the southwest corner of Main and Second Streets, where the

* "Early Dayton," Mary D. Steele.


Cow River Parkway

MAP OF ROBERT PATTERSON'S DAYTON LAND

McIntire Building now stands. The Presbyterian Meeting, house, built of logs, was near the corner of Third and Main, but so hidden by the thicket that it could not be seen by travelers on the road. It was eighteen by twenty feet in size, seven logs high, and had a puncheon floor. Colonel and Mrs. Patterson and their children were among the first worshipers in this church. There was a sawmill on First Street and a grist-mill at the head of Mill Street, and the citizens had begun a levee to protect their property from floods. Mr. Cooper had given land at the corner of Third and Main Streets for a graveyard, but property in that locality was rising in value, and the graveyard was removed to Fifth Street.

In the year 1803 there were only five families living in Dayton. The next year, however, witnessed quite a growth; besides the addition of Robert Patterson's family, the population was increased by the arrival of Henry Brown (who married one of the Patterson daughters), Luther Bruen and Joseph H. Crane.

Robert Patterson's taxes for that first year in Dayton did not impoverish him; for we read that the amount paid by the entire town in 1804 was only four hundred and eighty-five dollars and forty cents.* Of this sum Colonel Patterson paid two dollars and twenty-four cents; John Patterson, Sr., one dollar and sixty cents; John Patterson, Jr., fifty cents; James Patterson, eighty cents; James I. Nisbet, three dollars and twenty cents. Dayton became the county seat in 1803, and improvements of many kinds began. The town was included in the mail route from Cincinnati to Detroit, and a post rider arrived and left once in two weeks.

Robert Patterson soon began to add to the importance of the growing town. He built the old stone mill that stood for many years on Warren Street, and operated the sawmill which had already been erected on the west side of the farm.

* Mary D. Steele, "Early Dayton."

He owned a grist-mill, a fulling-mill, a sawmill, and a double carding-machine, all in complete order. The farm itself lay between two much-traveled roads, and was well furnished with live stock, farm implements and provisions. The name "Rubicon" was fastened upon it quite early in its history. A small stream ran across the field between the farm and the town, making a natural division line. One day, shortly after the purchase of the farm in 1804, Colonel Patterson discovered a hired man in the service of Mr. Cooper digging up shrubs from the wrong side of the stream, to enrich his employer's garden. Robert Patterson drove him off with the command: "Go to your master and say that this stream shall be the Rubicon between us. He or anyone that belongs to him crosses it at his peril." This classical allusion on the part of the pioneer soldier-surveyor-farmer suggests that he had found time for reading as well as for fighting in his busy years. The servant told Mr. Cooper of the circumstance, and friends of both parties, hearing the story, dubbed the little stream the Rubicon; the farm began to be called the Rubicon, and this was finally adopted by the owner as its name, and has so continued to this day.

New stores opened in Dayton in 1805 and 1806; and in 1807 many log cabins gave place to frame and brick dwellings. People were

on an equal social footing; no caste lines had been invented, and gatherings for pleasure or mutual aid were most informal. The court-house and the tavern were used for dances, dinners and political meetings. There was dancing in the street in the daytime, it is said—before the court-house, along the river bank, and in places through the woods east of Main Street, as far as Benjamin Van Cleve's cabin. Other social gatherings were held in the Main Street taverns from Fourth Street to the river—at Strain's, McCullom's, Reid's, Grimes's and Newcom's. Horseback riding was universal, and nothing was thought of a ten or fifteen-mile trip through the woods.

Catherine P. Brown writes:

"I remember in 1809 or 1810 riding in a party to a large Indian camp on the Military road along Stillwater somewhere near Ludlow Falls. Mr. Henry Brown [afterwards her husband] carried dress goods, blankets, bridles, saddles, axes, kettles and other government annuities on a hundred pack horses for distribution among the Wabash Indians. Camps of traders were there from Detroit, Cincinnati and Pittsburg for barter with the tribes that were coming and going, several weeks disposing of bales of skins and furs. The Indians in these camps were always engaged in some sport, target shooting with rifle or bow and arrow, ball games, foot races and horse races.

"Great rivalry existed among our men as to the speed of their horses, and pride in training the many spirited animals, thoroughbreds that never wore collar, being saddlers only. Rubicon farm Kentucky stock was noted, and father was pleased at Frank's report of running races on court days or at other gatherings in town. The mile of level road passing our grist mill, and the First Street stretch from Main Street East were the usual race courses. Regular tracks for racing came after the war, but what the men called scrub races, foot races and rifle shooting were of almost daily occurrence in town until stopped by law.

"The Rubicon mills were at their best in 1809, the Dayton mills and Shaker mills having equally as much to do, as the country was being settled up, and for six years thereafter father had all that he could attend to, with the farm work to look after also.

"From his prominence in celebrating of the Fourth of July in 1809, father's name without his seeking was placed on one of the tickets as candi-

date for State Senator, to which office he did not aspire, and making no effort was defeated by Daniel C. Cooper. I think that Joseph H. Crane of Dayton, and David Purviance of the Mississinnewa were elected to the other branch of the legislature at that time. The election created as much excitement as we have now, the returns very slow coming in.

"Father visited Kentucky that summer, his first since our move, and returning stopped at Cincinnati some time disposing of two boats of flour and grain, and several wagon loads, for he had large crops that season, and the mill took in considerable. The next spring he shipped meat, wool and flour by boat to the New Orleans market."*

The Patterson family was not destined long to keep together. There had been one break in the circle by the marriage at Lexington of Rebecca to Dr. Goodlet, of Bardstown, Ky. The next wedding in the Rubicon farmhouse was that of Elizabeth Patterson, the third daughter, to James I. Nisbet. The Nisbets were old friends of the Pattersons in Lexington, and came to Dayton at about the same time. James Nisbet was born January twelfth, 1777. In prospecting for new lands in the Miami valley in 1799, the Nisbets separated from Colonel Patterson, and selected Twin Creek, in Preble County, as their home. After several such visits of inspection, the whole family moved in 1803 or 1804, and became the pioneers of that county. James Nisbet was in active service as captain of a company through the War of 1812.

Catherine Patterson Brown, in her reminiscences, says:

"Sister Elizabeth and James I. Nisbet were married Feb. twentieth, 1806. I was but thirteen years old and we had a great time. Some of the Nisbets were over from Twin, the Pattersons from Beaver, and a good company from town and surroundings, filling the house for the usual big dinner. The young people made up a party and mounted to escort them through town and accompanied them to the top of the hills five or six miles west. The party returned for supper and merry making until late. Rebecca and Elizabeth with their babies came home for Christ-

* Ashley Brown.

mas in 1807, the last time the family circle was complete until after the war."*

Another break occurred in the following year, when Margaret married Dr. Samuel Venable, son of Abraham Venable, of Walnut Hill, near Lexington, Ky.

Ashley Brown says:

"Dr. Samuel Venable, son of Abraham Venable, was born about 1782, near Lexington, Kentucky, and grew up with the Patterson children, the families being quite intimate. Samuel studied medicine and was practicing when, in 1806, he visited Rubicon Farm to attend the marriage of Elizabeth Patterson to James I. Nisbet. It was then that Dr. Venable and Margaret Patterson were betrothed. Late in the summer of 1807 they were married in the Patterson home.

"The Venables started on a wedding tour on horseback through Cumberland Gap to Philadelphia, where Dr. Venable spent some time attending the medical college. On their way home he died at Brownsville, Penn., and was buried there. Their daughter Mary Eliza, was born June sixteenth, 1808, and was fifteen months old when her father died. Margaret returned to the Rubicon farm where she afterwards married on Jan. fifteenth, 1811, Rev. Dr. James Welsh, Presbyterian minister and practicing physician at Dayton. They moved in 1817 from Dayton to Vevay, Indiana, where he died Nov. tenth, 1826. Margaret's third husband was Samuel Caldwell of Franklin, Ohio. They moved to Muscatine, Iowa, where she died at the home of her daughter, Mary Eliza Venable Whicher, on April twenty-first, 1857. (Mary Eliza and Stephen Whicher married in Vevay, Indiana, July twentieth, 1826.)"

Perhaps the most charming of Robert Patterson's daughters was Catherine, known in Lexington and Dayton always as "Kitty Patterson." She was fair haired and blue eyed, the true Patterson coloring, and her vivacity, good humor

* The Nisbets lived all their lives at New Lexington and brought up a family of ten children. Dr. Robert Patterson Nisbet, their son, was well known in that vicinity for many years. Their daughter, Harriet Nisbet, born February nineteenth, 1820, being but seven years old at the time of the mother's death, made her home with her grandmother Patterson on Rubicon farm, and later, while living on the Rubicon with Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, attended boarding school in Cincinnati for several years. She later lived at West Alexandria, but returned to Dayton, where she died March seventeenth, 1893, and is buried at the Patterson family lot in Woodland Cemetery.

and fine qualities of head and heart made her an ancestor worth having.*

Henry L. Brown writes:

"In 1810 my mother, (Catherine Patterson,) visited relatives at Georgetown, Paris and Lexington, finishing with a two weeks' visit with Dr. and Mrs. Goodlet (Rebecca Patterson) at Bardstown, Ky. She visited them all again several times in the few years immediately following the marriage of her sister Jane in 1815, driving from Dayton with her three children, Eliza being the baby. Mr. Brown each time rode with them as far as Cincinnati or Covington. Before her first visit in 1810 she and Henry Brown were engaged, and upon her return to Dayton in the fall, preparations began for the wedding. Mr. Brown was living on the west side of Main street, first alley north of Third, the first brick residence erected in Dayton, and furnished for his bride." †

KITTY PATTERSON, AFTERWARDS CATHERINE PATTERSON BROWN, THEN MRS. ANDREW IRWIN, LASTLY MRS. H. G. PHILLIPS

Since the recollections of Catherine Patterson form so large a part of this family history, a detailed account of her wedding, as in after years her son, Henry L. Brown, wrote it, will not be out of place.

He says:

"Preparations for the wedding were by no means what would now be considered elaborate. Kitty and her mother accompanied Colonel Patterson to Cincinnati to shop after her return from the Kentucky visit, and sewing was going on all winter. The wedding presents, with silver and china, were in the line of useful articles for the house, which had been largely

* Kitty Patterson's characteristics, physical and mental, still hold good in the family strain. She has great and great-great-grand-daughters with pure blonde hair, clear color and high spirits, who are as well worth knowing as was their fore-mother. Some of them are "Kates" too.—[Ed.]

† Ashley Brown.

furnished in advance by the groom, who also had a well filled smokehouse and provisioned cellars and kitchen; his faithful old black servants ready to do the bidding of the 'Young Miss' whom everyone liked.

"Town and country friends were invited to the wedding, with others from Franklin, Waynesville, Xenia, Hamilton and Springfield, Mr. Brown's brother James and family being the only ones of his relatives attending. Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet were over from Twin Creek with venison and other game for the feast, and the house was lively with guests for several days, pleasant weather permitting open doors for all, including mill and farm men and families, to witness the ceremonies that made Henry Brown and Kitty Patterson man and wife. The company made merry over dinner tables standing all day, dishes and bowls replenished as needed, while dancing and toasting proceeded until the bridal party had mounted for a ride to the new home in Dayton, where the entire first floor, including porches, was reserved for dancing, the festivities attracting the attention of the community.

"Following a late supper the young ladies slipped away with the bride while the gaiety continued uninterrupted down stairs. Around a big log fire in the street at the court house corner the young men of the town assembled for the midnight belling, probably not entirely unexpected by Mr. Brown, for soon in response to the racket he served buckets of hard cider, and was disturbed no more. Social entertainments occupied the week, and on Sunday, after church services in the court room, all enjoyed a big dinner at the Rubicon home; then within a few days, clothing, wedding gifts and other belongings were moved from the old to the new home in town."

From another source we have this:

"A strikingly handsome couple, Henry Brown and Kitty Patterson, standing in the large dining room of the Rubicon home for the marriage ceremony, tall and of about equal height, the bride a sweet, fair, happy faced, light haired girl of just eighteen, slight figure, graceful, pleasant mannered, her dress of Quaker gray silk. The groom,—straight as an Indian, square shouldered, robust build, dark long hair, full beard, a quiet man of dignified bearing."*

Col. John Johnston, father of Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, who was for years associated with Mr. Brown in distribution of annuities to the Indians, spoke of him in high commendation—

* Ashley Brown.

"For ability, tact, energy and integrity, a man of standing and influence in affairs of the community, probably financially the most well-to-do man in the country at time of his death." Describing his dress and appearance, Colonel Johnston said: "Mr. Brown's business kept him in the saddle much of the time for a long term of years, and for comfort and convenience he wore 'short clothes,' that is, hunting shirt or jacket buttoned to the chin, knee breeches and buckles, cap, stockings, moccasins or leather shoes. For Sunday or other dress occasions, open jacket or cloth coat, doeskin vest, ruffled shirt, high collar and stock, brass buttons on coat and vest, buckles to fasten breeches and stockings at the knee, buckles on his shoes, beaver hat." This was the prevailing style of dress for busy men of that day.

Two more weddings the old log farmhouse was to witness before the removal of the family to the brick house now standing on Rubicon farm. On January fifteenth, 1811, Margaret Patterson Venable was married to Rev. James Welsh, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. The Welshs later removed to Vevay, Indiana, where Dr. Welsh died, in 1826. Ashley Brown writes:

"Jane Patterson (named for her grandmother Patterson) was born at Lexington, May twenty-fifth, 1795, and had a winter schooling before the move to Ohio. She attended Dayton schools each winter, finishing in the old Academy, then located on St. Clair Street. Her sister Harriet and brothers Robert L. and Jefferson were also pupils, walking in every day with their dinner baskets. Jane, as a young lady, tall and heavier than any of the family, spent a great portion of the time with Catherine in town, especially when Mr. Brown was away. She made a long visit to her sister Rebecca in Kentucky, and to friends in Lexington and Georgetown, during the war, returning to the Rubicon in the spring of 1814, betrothed to John Steele of Fayette County, Ky. This visit and its happy conclusion ended in a large wedding, April twenty-fourth, 1815, which was attended by the usual festivities. Her father at that time shipping flour to Cincinnati, drove one of the teams, with Jane's clothing, gifts and goods as part of his load. From Cincinnati they were shipped as wagon freight to his farm on Steele's Run five miles northwest of Lexington."

At about the time of which we are writing, John Patterson, a cousin of Robert's, who had come from Kentucky to Dayton earlier by a few months, joined the Shaker community. He owned land about eight miles east of Dayton, in what is now Greene County. This land he and his wife Phœbe deeded to the Shakers, and it became the site of the present Shaker village of Watervliet on the Xenia pike. The transfer of this land was made in 1811.* This John Patterson is the one alluded to in Chapter V as " Shaker John."

* * * * * * * *

We now come to the last services of Robert Patterson in a military capacity. The year 1812 saw the breaking out of the second war with Great Britain. As in former conflicts the military forces of America were weak and disunited and the power of command small. But after temporary reverses the Americans began to see success approaching. Perry's victory on Lake Erie was a significant event and a substantial gain. Ohio felt most keenly the effect of hostilities because of the large number of Indians within her borders. As has been told elsewhere, seven tribes of Indians were collected at Piqua, under the care of Col. John Johnston. These Indians, most of them friendly to Great Britain, were neighbors not to be welcomed, and it was thought necessary to build blockhouses in Dayton for the accommodation of settlers in Preble, Darke and Miami Counties.

In April, 1812, President Madison ordered out one thousand two hundred Ohio militia, for one year's service; and on the twenty-ninth of the month two commands reported at Dayton. This town was now practically a military camp; soldiers with the blue coats and yellow facings of the Continental uniform filled the streets; pack mules and commissary

* The Shaker Pattersons were bright, thrifty, interesting people. Phœbe Patterson in her old age used to visit Mrs. J. J. Patterson on Third Street with much mutual pleasure. The strongest friendship was kept up between the family branches.—[Ed.]

wagons crowded the streets and Cooper Park was covered with rows of white tents. In all the excitement of preparation there was no one more active than Colonel Patterson. He received his commission as Quartermaster and entered upon his duties at once. Then the milling business had to be given over into the hands of his sons. Grain and fodder were wanted for the horses and woolen clothing for the men, so both mills at Dayton were kept constantly busy, as well as the Clifton mill and one other at Shakertown, which he leased for a time. He also cured venison and pork to be delivered at St. Mary's, Urbana or Fort Meigs. His oldest son, Francis, was sent to take charge of the mill on the Little Miami at Morrow. Many letters passed between father and son relative to the management of this part of his business. Francis had the Clifton mill to operate, and aided his father in every possible way.

Speaking of the activity which the war made for Dayton and of her father's and mother's part in it, Catherine Patterson wrote:

"Mother and I helped each other; we had to. Her work was enormous, and my own in town almost as exacting. Several times Elizabeth and children came over from Twin Creek for safety. Francis being then of age, was given charge of the Clifton farm and mill, and had good success for years. Father through the winter of 1811 and 1812 invested in grain and flour, and sold to advantage in the spring for delivery to Camp Meigs. It was not until after Hull's surrender that the rush came upon him.

"Gen. Harrison and he were friends, and at McCullom's tavern, father being among callers to pay respects to the General who was en route to St. Mary's to organize the scattered and retreating forces, the General said, 'Colonel Patterson, you are the man for the place,' meaning to give him charge of the forwarding of supplies through the Indian country to the Army.

"Father had supper with us that evening, excited over the consideration shown him by General Harrison, and not caring to conceal his pleasure over the prospect of being connected with the Army, although

nearly sixty years old. At first he had charge of a brigade of pack horse trains, then, as the demands of the army increased, he forwarded quartermaster and commissary stores in lines of keel boats, by pack horses and in wagons and sleds drawn by horses, mules and oxen as far as the Maumee, and supplied Fort Greenville and other stations on that frontier."*

And again she writes:

"Mother practically ran the farm and mills for two years, and to fill the contracts was compelled to cut off the country trade. I heard my husband and others speak in wonder at the amount of work father and mother each accomplished in those times. While father was north in 1813 Francis put in a new run of granite buhrs for him in the Rubicon mill. Troops were almost continuously in camp along the big road near the stone mill, and at times hundreds of led or unbroken horses belonging to the army were in corral along Rubicon Creek. For several years after the war the Miami woods were full of wild horses, many mares with unbranded colts.

"Father sold a large bill of lumber for Camp Meigs, his first war contract, and many others followed. Brother Francis had just celebrated his twenty-first birthday when the call for troops came and he was determined to come into town on Muster day, the fourteenth, and sign for service under Captain Perry. The companies were on Main street in front of our house for several hours recruiting, but Francis was not there, as father needed his help, and induced him not to go into the army. He did not complain, but we all knew how he felt in seeing his associates march off, while he was forced by circumstances to stay behind. Milling was to be so important that father gave him charge of the Clifton Farm and mill, and for three years he worked hard, riding the country buying grain, and flour also when possible. Some of the Rubicon mill hands joined Captain Perry's company of Rangers, and we all helped mother fit them out. On the twenty-seventh, the company passed through on forced march to Loraine. Two days later Capt. John Robinson's company of foot soldiers from Middletown halted to make supper near the stone mill and were given all the meal and flour they wanted. In the evening this company camped on the common east of St. Clair street, now the public square. Within the next few days other companies camped in father's fields and all the way between there and town. May sixth Governor Meigs arrived in Dayton and was honored with a salute of eighteen guns by citizens, using an iron cannon belonging to my husband, who had purchased it from the Indians, they having captured the cannon at 'St. Clair's Defeat' in 1791. This

* H. L. B. papers.

cannon served for saluting officers and men during the war, and in later years in local jollifications until it burst.

"Col. Duncan McArthur while here organizing the First Ohio regiment was a guest at our house with other officers, father offering them camping ground which they accepted. Colonel McArthur and father had been companion scouts and Indian fighters, and their meeting at our house was a very happy event indeed. The regiment camped five days at the springs on Rubicon Creek east of the stone mill, and on the morning of the twenty-sixth of May, 1812, broke camp and marched to Camp Meigs on the north side of Mad River, two miles above Dayton. When the Kentucky troops passed through, father met many of his former associate officers and comrades."

From correspondence between Colonel Patterson, Major Adams and Captain Nisbet, it is learned that the colonel with his pack train just escaped capture on the Auglaize River near to St. Mary's; that he was rescued by a sergeant and fifteen men sent from Fort Greenville by Major Adams. At another time, Captain Nisbet, with the Twin Creek Riflemen mounted, escorted the colonel with a brigade of twenty "long line teams," each of a dozen horses tied together in single file, each horse carrying two hundred pounds of flour, to Urbana, where orders awaited Colonel Patterson to continue with the trains to the Maumee. Captain Nisbet and company scouted over to Fort Greenville, thence south to his own station, Fort Black, to await news of Colonel Patterson's return to Dayton. In November, Captain Nisbet escorted him with winter supplies for Fort Black and Fort Greenville. During the entire period of Colonel Patterson's service as pack-trainmaster, Major Adams and battalion, Captain Nisbet and company, and the Dayton companies stationed farther north, were charged with the duty of protecting his lines and assisting in movement of stores and trains, therefore were in constant communication by runners.*

In the fall of 1813 Colonel Patterson advertised, as forage

* This correspondence came later into the hands of Dr. Huggins, of West Alexandria, and was preserved in the H. L. B. papers.

master, for fifty ox sleds and fifty horse sleds, to be hired or sold to the Government for transportation purposes. All goods or property for which he was responsible was kept in the Government storehouse on Main Street opposite Grimes's tavern. His price for sleds and teams was three dollars per day, with six barrels of flour at a trip; he also gave vouchers for eight dollars per barrel for flour delivered by millers and contractors to Piqua and Urbana, and ten dollars if delivered at St. Mary's. Whisky was delivered at St. Mary's at seventy-five cents per gallon.

Maj. George Adams, Colonel Patterson and his sons-in-law, Captain Nisbet and Henry Brown, were closely associated in frontier affairs from the opening to the close of the War of 1812. Mr. Brown had three pack trains in charge of agents in the Indian country, two of them on the Wabash and one on the Maumee—the latter consisting of fifty horses returning from the Michigan peninsula with skins and furs traded from tribes of the Lake Superior region. In the summer of 1811, when an outbreak of the second war with England seemed certain, Mr. Brown, with a small party of men and a few Indians, had made a trip one hundred miles northwest to meet one of his trains in the Miami villages on the Mississinnewa branch of the Wabash. Here, learning of preparations under Tecumseh and the Prophet for alliance with the British in war against the United States, Mr. Brown returned to Dayton and communicated the information to Governor Meigs. It was Mr. Brown's traders who, late in November, brought to Dayton the first news of General Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe. Mr. Brown reduced his business in every way, and restricted the range of his winter traders from the villages of the Upper Scioto west to the St. Mary's and Auglaize—himself directing dealings with the Miamis, but not venturing far down the Mississinnewa streams. He stored the Government goods in his Dayton warehouse, and

the next spring sold two hundred of his horses to the Government, and blankets and other suitable supplies to the State, then branched out extensively for local trade at Dayton, Fort Greenville and Urbana.*

Catherine Brown again writes:

"My husband's agents in charge of pack trains trading with the Indians down the Wabash were the first to send word to Dayton of the Tippecanoe Battle and General Harrison's victory. The news spread and soon the taverns were filled with men from all points between the rivers as far down as Cincinnati, and we had war talk followed by war. As it seems to me now, over forty years later, Dayton was a camp of soldiers from Mad River to father's mills all that time, for I know he had very little use of his fields between the creek and town. Mexican war times were nothing to compare with it. We entertained State officers and military officers at our home that winter, then by April the war excitement took possession and the town continued in that condition."

Her daughter, Mrs. Charles Anderson, of Kuttawa, Ky., remembered the house full to overflowing of officers and men drying their wet clothes by the fire. She said that her grandmother (Mrs. Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson) then contracted permanent rheumatism from the dampness and steam of the garments hanging all about in the rooms. This remained with her to the end of her years.

With all Mrs. Patterson's duties as mother of a large family and as manager of her husband's business in his absence, she still found time for church work which, during the War of 1812, developed into practical public duty. She had been a steady attendant at church all her life, and now was prepared to turn lip service into hand service for the benefit of her country. Mrs. Brown writes:

"The Dayton Female Charitable and Bible Society was organized about this time.† Their work really began one morning early in October, 1812,

* H. L. B. papers.

† For other work of these women, see page 334, Montgomery County History, published by Beers in 1882. As a result of their association in work through the war, they met at Mrs. Brown's house April twelfth, 1815, and formally organized the Bible Society by election of her mother to be president, and her sister Margaret, wife of Rev. James Welsh, corresponding secretary.

when the men and women of the town were summoned by court-house bell alarm to hear this appeal:

"Headquarters St. Mary's,
"Twenty-ninth September, 1812.

"General Harrison presents his compliments to the ladies of Dayton and its vicinity, and solicits their assistance in making shirts for their brave defenders, who compose his army; many of whom are almost destitute of that article, so necessary to their health and comfort. The materials will

THE OLD RUBICON GRIST MILL KNOWN BY PATTERSON FAMILY AS THE STONE MILL, BUILT AFTER DESTRUCTION OF LOG MILL WHICH WAS BURNED OCT. SEVENTH, 1815

be furnished by the Quarter Master; and the General expects that this opportunity for the display of female patriotism and industry will be eagerly embraced by his fair countrywomen."

(Signed) William H. Harrison.

Mrs. Brown says:

"My husband had two large warehouses, one on Third street, the other in the rear, both built of logs, on ground now occupied by the west wing of the Phillips House, stored with Government goods for distribution by my

husband as annuities among the Indians, now withheld by order of the Government Agent, Col. John Johnston, of Upper Piqua, on account of the border troubles.

"Although mother was not in the morning meeting she was named head of the ladies to systematize the work, and she gave a receipt to my husband as a voucher for the calico for shirts, he being the custodian. Couriers were sent to the Van Cleve, Bradford and Shaker neighborhood, and up and down the rivers and Wolf Creek for the ladies to come for meetings that afternoon in the court house room and academy. Mother, Mrs. James Hanna and Mrs. David Reid cut the patterns, the men brought the goods, and for days we were busy every hour. A lot of cut goods was sent to the ladies of Centerville neighborhood, and more to Cousins Eunice and Jane for the Shakers. By the middle of the month we had forwarded eighteen hundred shirts to the Quartermaster at St. Mary's, and mother has the receipt with General Harrison's thanks to the ladies of Dayton. We made more shirts, sufficient for the Dayton companies at Greenville, Loraine and St. Mary's, and sent what blankets and clothing they needed.

"We supplied needy families with food and clothing, knit and sewed for the soldiers and hospitals all the time, mother being at the head altho she had so much to do at home."

As a day of thanksgiving for the peace treaty with Great Britain, Thursday, April eighth, 1815, was set apart by proclamation of President James Madison, and it was generally observed in the Miami Valley, especially at Dayton and Germantown, in holiday religious services and suspension of business.

On the Rubicon farm, fields and roads had been straightened up, fences burned by the soldiers rebuilt, and that year Colonel Patterson paid tax on thirty horses, forty cattle and fifty hogs. But calamity was to follow this flood-tide of prosperity. On October seventh, 1815, the Rubicon mills being in full operation, the grist-mill, fulling mill and two carding-machines were destroyed by fire starting in the carding-room. Besides the heavy loss to Colonel Patterson, patrons lost heavily in cloth and wool. Little could be saved. Dayton people were out in crowds to view the

smoking ruins. This disaster might well have discouraged a man of sixty who had already been through so many financial reverses. That he recovered from it is shown by an advertisement in the *Watchman* of October sixteenth, the next year:

Notice.

"The subscribers' fulling mill two miles below Dayton on the State road is now in complete operation where fulling, dyeing, &c. will be carried on with neatness and dispatch. For the accommodation of distant customers cloth will be received at Jas. I. Nisbet's at New Lexington, H. Brown's in Dayton and at my mill on the Little Miami and returned to said places with due order when finished—hoping that I may be fully able to meet the wishes of my friends and customers I remain with due submission,"

(Signed) R. PATTERSON.

"Oct. sixteenth, 1817."

This new mill was the "old stone mill," well known as a landmark on the Brown Street road where the Rubicon crosses it, and was destroyed some years ago.

THE LAWN AT RUBICON FARM LOOKING FROM HOMESTEAD

After the fire Colonel Patterson traded off most of his team horses for cheap yearlings and two-year-old cattle, receiving ten to twelve head for each horse, and later sold two hundred and eighty young cattle for cash to drivers for the Eastern market. In "Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley," the Rev. Timothy Flint says: "On a journey west in November, 1815, I met a drove of one thousand cattle and hogs on the Alleghany Mountains, which were of an unnatural shagginess and roughness like wolves,

and the drovers from Mad River were as untamed and wild in their looks as Crusoe's man Friday." There being a demand for fat cattle after the war, Colonel Patterson pastured large herds and fattened droves of hogs, which business he discontinued after the mills had been rebuilt with money borrowed for the purpose from his son-in-law, Henry Brown.

The next winter (1816) Colonel Patterson built a large brick house,* the present "Rubicon," on the rise of land between the Main Street road and the county road (now Brown Street), in the midst of a beautiful grove containing specimens of every tree indigenous to Montgomery County. Here the Pattersons kept literal open house to all friends, especially Kentucky friends, who, coming to prospect for land, sometimes stayed two or three weeks at a time. Upon their removal into this, the last home of the Pattersons, a more luxurious though not a whit less laborious life began. The house was commodious and comfortable, but a large family still filled it in spite of the many weddings, and guests came and went as they had done in the Lexington home.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON, DAUGHTER OF CATHERINE PATTERSON BROWN

Mrs. Brown says:

"Fourth of July and Thanksgiving were holidays from as early as I can remember, but Thanksgiving was not made an occasion for feasting until long after we came to Ohio, although we had gatherings at home after attending services in the meeting-house. Christmas was the time for visits and family dinners, an occasion for special festivities for the children. While father was quite often away on business, he was happiest at home and, like mother, enjoyed a houseful of company. His health continued remarkably good, seemingly unaffected by the years of hardship and exposure, tho suffering more or less discomfort from the

* H. L. B. papers: "Father built the brick house soon after Jane's marriage."

tomahawk wounds. Real distress came towards the close of life, but up to his seventy-second year he managed the mills and farms, brother Francis having charge of the Greene County land and mill during and after the war of 1812.

"Mother enjoyed perfect health, escaping even the ailments usual to age. I never knew her to be sick. A Christian woman, kind, considerate, and generous in all things; an early riser herself, she had everybody stirring at sun up, busy and untiring, a splendid manager, in no way severe. She had all help desired in the house, and with patience and tact directed all, there being little interruption to farm work in seasons of father's absence in the army.

"Mother had no trouble getting colored help from among camp followers, and for over a year had five families of blacks in huts and cabins. We all had brief, pleasant meetings with Kentucky friends passing in the regiment, and my husband was zealous with myself in entertaining them, especially hospitable to the sick and wounded returning from the battles."

Mrs. Charles Anderson, of Kuttawa, Ky., remembered her sweetness and quiet of her grandmother's character, as well as her untiring vigor of body and devotion to work. She said: "I never knew my grandmother to be cross or angry. Every one about the farm came to her for orders and obeyed them without question."

Her daughter, Miss Kitty Anderson, writes:

"Like an old silhouette filled in with tenderest tints her picture stands but in my mind against the dark background of black walnut woodwork in her room, as she sat in her sweet motherliness and wise government of her household, as her family came and went around the great blazing heaps in the broad fire-places.

"My mother spent weeks of her little girlhood at the old place, and I can see her now standing beside a low table, a dainty little maid with apple cheeks and bright blue eyes reading the Bible aloud to her old grandmother, or running down to the old spring, or loitering beside the spring branch among the ancient forest trees where generations have come and gone in simple, joyous freedom."

Mrs. Anderson preserved two mind pictures of the couple who were at this time nearing the last years of life: one of the

slight figure of Elizabeth Patterson in a Shaker bonnet and print skirt riding out of the east gate of the farm to the "big road," on a pillion behind her husband. Another was of Robert Patterson himself, in the uniform of the War of 1812, walking at a slow pace over the farm, his back slightly bent, and holding his lame arm crooked behind him against the wound he had received nearly fifty years before from a savage's tomahawk. This little glimpse explains an apparent inconsisteney on his tombstone.* Robert Patterson did die of a wound fifty years old.

Henry Stoddard wrote of him:

"Although still strong and active in farm and business management, Colonel Patterson suffered very much from rheumatism, and from his wound; he became quite feeble at times, not often leaving the farm in 1826. He occasionally attended preaching in Dayton, and on the Fourth of July walked over to the 'Medical Spring' on the Rubicon to witness the arrival of the picnic cavalcade from Dayton for celebration of the jubilee of the United States, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. By reason of his wounded right arm, he habitually carried the cane with the left hand, and thus walked to the mills or to some part of the farm every day with his sons, Robert L. and Jefferson, who were really in charge after the fall of 1825, and more and more came into direction of daily work and affairs.

"The son, Francis Patterson, at the age of twenty-six, having been for two years active in the military service, was in the spring of 1817 commissioned by Governor Thomas Worthington to be adjutant of the regiment formed of militia companies of Preble, Montgomery and Greene Counties, three of these companies being in and around Dayton, armed with holsters and flint lock muskets, relics of the War. Maj.-Gen. Joseph Layton commanded the division, to which the Montgomery Brigade, Dayton regiment, were attached. Adjutant Patterson's grey jeans uniform and cocked hat were trimmed in scarlet, decorated with brass buttons, cavalry saber, boots and spurs, and his mount was a dapple bay Kentucky bred saddler. His first muster was on the Fourth of July, 1817, the next on Sept. tenth."

On January twentieth, 1817, the State legislature authorized the construction of the red bridge over the Miami River

* See page 316.

at Bridge Street, the first bridge to cross the Miami at Dayton. It was a covered toll-bridge, the toll-house a two-story frame at the west end, the incorporators of the company being Robert Patterson, Joseph Peirce, David Reid, H. G. Phillips, James Steele, George S. Houston, William George and William King. The bridge was opened for travel in January, 1819.

Ashley Brown writes:

"It was shortly after the opening of this bridge that Capt. and Mrs. Nisbet visited the Rubicon, and returning to Twin Creek took Colonel and Mrs. Patterson with them, the intention of the two men being to ride over to Greenville Creek to call upon Maj. George Adams; but this project they abandoned in order to enjoy several days' hunting, as deer had been plentiful. At this time, Colonel Patterson being past sixty-six years old, he killed a buck, the last shot he ever had at a deer. Being very much elated over his success, Colonel Patterson had the skin tanned for Mrs. Nisbet, and said that as he was in need of a cane, he would make one, using the prong of the horns for a handle. He promised that the cane should some day be given Captain Nisbet for his namesake, Patterson Nisbet, who was then only twelve years old. This promise Colonel Patterson was not allowed to forget, and after his death the cane was claimed by Dr. Patterson Nisbet who used it for many years."*

Local trade at that time took the entire flour output of the stone mill, which was limited by the fact that the water supply of Rubicon Creek was drawn only from the hillsides of that immediate locality. To increase business, after 1818, Colonel Patterson bought flour and grain for more regular supply to the market through the months that his mill might be frozen up, and through periods of low water and drought; for Rubicon would at times in the summer be entirely dry, and often in winter frozen solid for its entire length. Through the period of hard times in the West, beginning in 1820 and continuing for three years, the withdrawal of gold and silver from circulation did not affect Colonel Patterson's milling trade,

* The horn handle of the cane is now in the possession of Emily B. Brown.

since there was always a good market in Cincinnati for all that he could ship. The Dayton bank having suspended specie payment, he still had the advantage of the indorsement of Cincinnati firms in buying and storing at Livingston on the Miami, and at Greenville Falls and Dayton, the establishment of a business in which he hoped his sons would become interested and succeed him.

"Colonel Patterson's standing in business and general acquaintance over this region, his active habit and sterling integrity," said Col. John Johnston, "brought him all the grain and mill products he cared to handle; and this business success continued under the management of his sons after his death, and until after the death of Mrs. Patterson, in the fall of 1833. I knew Colonel Patterson well during the long term of my service with the government, and never at any time heard a word of criticism of his character as a citizen or public servant. Honesty and energy gave him great influence in the Miami Valley the same as in Kentucky. I had seen him frequently during the war with Great Britain, for he was in the saddle constantly pushing army supplies north, and it was no surprise to meet him anywhere. Being a distinguished soldier himself, he was a great admirer of General Harrison's, and often expressed anxiety lest by delay of the pack trains he might retard movements of the army. I met Colonel Patterson at all points, and in some risky places between the Sandusky and Wabash Rivers, but no peril ever caused him to halt or hesitate. Of course I stopped here at the Rubicon after he erected and occupied this house. I had expected to attend the marriage of his daughter Harriet to Mr. Stoddard, but public business prevented."

Ashley Brown writes:

"Colonel Patterson's unwavering faith in the development of Dayton as a great central shipping point was the subject of conversation at a family dinner given by his son, Jefferson, and wife, the day of the marriage

of George W. Houk and Eliza P. Thruston. Col. John Johnston, Jefferson Patterson, Henry L. Brown and others, also several ladies and a score of children, were at the table; for that was the style of company that Mr. and Mrs. Patterson were accustomed so generously to entertain and heartily enjoy on every possible opportunity. The gentlemen knew of and referred to Colonel Patterson's opinion that the community should encourage improvement of the Great Miami for navigation. Wagon rates had been greatly reduced so that he was paying but fifty cents per barrel on flour hauled to Cincinnati, but that was too high to meet competition of mills nearer that market. He believed water transportation would cut freight down to one-tenth that rate. He therefore took every occasion to speak and act in favor of Congressional action declaring the Miami River to be a navigable stream to be improved by the government. From the year 1821 until his death he was one of the most active supporters of the proposition to connect the Ohio and the Lake by canal, and his satisfaction grew with the development of the project finally determined upon, which became a certainty after surveys had shown its feasibility, and that the best and shortest route from Cincinnati was through Dayton from the lowest summit half way to Toledo. The river bend at the bluffs below Dayton located the canal line through Rubicon farm, which Colonel Patterson encouraged in every possible way, and he died knowing that would be the line, and often expressing gratification that his sons would be able to ship direct from Rubicon mills into the heart of the business district of Cincinnati, or without breaking cargo, pass directly into the Ohio River for more distant points."

No enterprise created more interest in the Miami Valley in the early thirties and forties than the building of this canal. It was the dream of the later years of Robert Patterson's life, and many were the trips he made in spirit between Cincinnati and Dayton. Full accounts of its history may be found in local annals.* We are interested in it only so far as it entered into the lives of the Patterson family. The route as surveyed led through Robert Patterson's land and not far from the farm residence. "Work of the surveyors in locating the canal line from Dayton south interested father very much," said Jefferson Patterson; "then when construction

* See "Early Dayton," by Robert W. and Mary Davies Steele.

contracts were let, his own plans for accommodating the milling business to this new transportation engaged his attention, for he saw every advantage in it, not only for the Rubicon mills, but for Dayton as a business center. When the weather permitted he took occasion to meet prominent men connected with canal construction. Father made everything pleasant for the surveyors and contractors, and accommodated them with horses and whatever they needed from the mills."

Construction of the canal began in June, 1827, and excavation was in progress through Colonel Patterson's farm at the time of his death. He did not live to see the canal in operation. The next year a dam was put in at the Bluffs, and a pleasure packet, the "Alpha," made trips back and forth from Dayton.

The first canal-boat from Cincinnati to Dayton arrived in January, 1829, nearly two years after the death of the warrior grandfather. The other grandfather, John Johnston, was already a promoter and trustee of the canal company. We find him congratulating his daughter Julia on the approaching completion of the canal, when the home visits need no longer be made in carriages or sleighs through the woods. The extension of the Miami Canal north of Dayton occurred in 1841.

The Patterson relationship at this time was as follows: Francis (unmarried) was farming and trading; Catherine and Mr. Brown lived in Dayton; Dr. and Mrs. Goodlet at Bardstown, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. John Steele on Steele's Run, six miles from Lexington, Ky.; Rev. James Welsh and wife at Vevay, Ind.; Captain and Mrs. Nisbet at New Lexington on Twin Creek, Preble County, Ohio; Robert L. and Harriet at home.

In 1820, Harriet, after visiting Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Goodlet in Kentucky, had returned for the family celebration of Robert L.'s twenty-first birthday anniversary. The date was

Saturday, May twenty-seventh, and the festivities continued over Sunday. Several of Robert's town friends having been invited for dinner, the young people finished the afternoon at the springs above the stone mill, a popular resort for pleasure parties and evening outings. There were bath-houses, a refreshment stand, swings, canoes on the mill pond; making the springs a meeting-point for horseback parties, picnickers, political gatherings and Fourth of July celebrations on Colonel Patterson's land. Two large springs were located in the woods south of these chalybeate springs, and a mile away in the hills was the big Wead Spring. The Patterson brothers and sisters and the children made the home lively by many such picnics and reunions.

The first wedding in the new Rubicon home was that of Harriet to Henry Stoddard, a young lawyer of Dayton. The ceremony took place in the parlor at the new home on December fourth, 1821. Dinner was served within doors, but the guests danced around a big log fire in the woods near the spring-house. Captain and Mrs. Nisbet and daughter Harriet, aged nearly two years, and son Patterson, aged fourteen, Henry and Mrs. Brown and three children were in the company. The happiness of the young couple was of short duration, for on October first of the next year the young wife died, leaving a son, Asa P. Stoddard, only a few days old.* This loss was a great grief to Robert and Elizabeth Patterson.

"Funeral services were held in the brick Presbyterian Meeting House, and the remains carried on the bier thence south on Ludlow, followed by the bereaved husband and his sister, Colonel and Mrs. Patterson and their three sons, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown and three children, Captain Nisbet and children, Patterson and Mary, the Pattersons from Beaver, and a long line of citizens marching two by two. Buried in the Fifth street graveyard, where during that year forty-seven other burials occurred."†

* Asa Stoddard died at this time of writing, January, 1902.

† H. L. B. papers.

A few months after Harriet's wedding, Jefferson Patterson came of age. The event was celebrated on Sunday, with a family dinner, although Monday, May twenty-seventh, was the

THE OLD COPPER KETTLE USED AT RUBICON FARM

real birthday (1822). The chief dish was a venison stew, the saddle of a fawn captured by Francis on a camping and hunting trip in the North, and brought home and killed for

this occasion. Henry Brown and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard were out for dinner, and next day Mr. Brown sent a cask of ale for Jefferson and friends.

Jefferson, the last of Colonel Patterson's children, and the one to whom came the family home, was born, as we know, in the stone farmhouse at Lexington, Ky., the morning of May twenty-seventh, 1801, the year of the death of his grandfather, Francis Patterson, and was three and one-half years old when the family moved to the Rubicon farm in the fall of 1804.

Ashley Brown writes:

"Jefferson, the worthy son of a worthy father, is remembered as an honorable man in every condition of his life; attentive and energetic in business, enjoying the faithful discharge of duties; observant in commercial and political affairs; courteous and just, doing a kind turn when possible; socially inclined, his first and constant aim the comfort and happiness of his family; no speculation in his make up, satisfied in managing his own business affairs.

"He was given a good business education, early acquiring regular commercial habits through responsibilities that came as a consequence of the absence of his father during the war of 1812. At eleven he already had farm work to do, the care of live stock and errands for the farm, but none of these duties was allowed to interfere with school and studies. Mrs. Patterson depended much upon him, and when her husband was away, Jefferson remained at home with his brother, Robert L., as a protection against the straggling soldiers who were apt during these exciting times to make daily calls. This mingling with teamsters and soldiers in the camp proved a stern but valuable education for the boys, and at the age of sixteen Jefferson was already a man in mind and stature, thoughtful and industrious, a source of comfort and pride to father and mother. Jefferson and his sister Harriet and brother Robert regularly attended the first Sunday-school established in Dayton in 1817, which, with the teachings and example at home, gave steady habit and sturdy character as he broadened with opportunities into manhood."

Mrs. Catherine Patterson Brown writes:

"Everybody about the farm had daily duties and work, but father's guiding principle in directing the children was that 'all work and no play

make Jack a dull boy.' Love for fine horses and cattle was bred into the Patterson boys, and to them the care and handling of live stock was a pleasant task. Jefferson's first mount was an Indian pony given him by Mr. Brown and myself. Riding and racing with other boys was his sport; bare backed or with sheepskin saddle he was ready for a dash at any time."

Ashley Brown writes:

"The practice of the Patterson boys, in riding and breaking young horses on the mile of almost level road from the stone mill north into town, led to that being one of the two favorite pleasure and racing courses over which the boys had many hotly contested races with town horses. In April, 1815, the corporation council forbade by ordinance further racing on Dayton streets, alleys or commons, with fine of fifty cents to five dollars for each offence. This stopped racing on Main Street at Fifth, the corporation line. After 1820 a good mile track was established on Mad River, for running horses only, one to three miles and repeat. Germantown had a mile track for a three days' meeting in October, 1823, and again the next year. Three days racing on the Mad River track in October, 1825, drew large crowds to Dayton, and meetings were held each fall until Jefferson Patterson leased the ground, now occupied by the Cash Register Works, to David Buchanan for a race track.

"Encouraged in all sports by his father, he was one of the liveliest of the young fellows, but did not attain the skill of the Colonel with the rifle or in woodcraft. He held his own in contests with his fellows, and this gave him good footing in a social way, and it was in social gatherings that Jefferson Patterson thoroughly enjoyed himself, as can be testified by scores of his friends who are yet living.

"We have learned in these sketches that in the early days horseback riding was universal. Each of Colonel Patterson's children had a well trained saddle or driving horse. The Rubicon Stable of Kentucky thoroughbreds could always be depended upon to furnish conveyances for picnics and pleasure drives. In winter there was the 'prize jumper' with double team, or the big yellow sleigh that held a dozen and was made comfortable with buffalo robes and bearskins, trophies of the old Colonel's hunting prowess in Kentucky.

"There had been competitive parades and drills for prizes in the State militia, bringing the Dayton and township companies to a high state of efficiency and fine appearance in showy uniforms, the brigade

being in command of the new Dayton postmaster, Gen. William M. Smith. The uniforms of Capt. James M. Grimes's Company consisted of yellow cap and roundabout (jacket), green collar and cuffs, white trousers, red leggins. Captain Dodd's Company wore white roundabout and trousers trimmed with black cord, citizen's hat with red feather. Captain Dixon's riflemen, blue cloth roundabouts and trousers trimmed with white cord, black cockade hats. Captain Windbrenner's Company, grey cloth coats and trousers trimmed with black cord, stiff hats.

"Colonel Patterson had a conspicuous part in the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1822, all work on the farm and in the mills being suspended to enable everybody to participate in the town demonstration which began at daybreak with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, as Old Glory was run to the peak of the town flag staff. A procession of societies, officials and citizens paraded the streets and marched to the First Presbyterian Church, headed by the military companies in their new uniforms as described above. Following the soldiers and at head of the column of societies and citizens with drum corps came the color bearers with flag and cap of liberty, attended by the guard of honor, four heroes of the Revolution, Colonel Patterson, Simeon Broadwell, Richard Bacon and Judge Isaac Spinning. The church room, yard, walks and corner were filled with the crowd. Judge Crane presided at the dinner in Squire's Tavern, the four Revolutionary soldiers as guests of honor were seated on his right and left, Judge Steele and H. G. Phillips, vice president. Colonel Patterson and his three veteran comrades had prepared an address which was read to the large company, ending with this toast: 'The heroes of the Revolution who fell to secure the blessings of this day to us. May their children so maintain them that America may be a Republic of Christians on the last day of time.'"

Robert W. Steele, in a letter to Ashley Brown, July, 1877, says:

"Colonel Patterson had been one of the most generous contributors, although a Presbyterian, in encouragement of every religious movement, assisting the Shakers and Methodists as well as his own sect. After organization of the Presbyterian congregation and Methodist class on a permanent basis, there being a general desire for a collection of music that might be used in all religious gatherings, a conference of ministers and laymen was held at Colonel Patterson's farm residence to consider the matter. This meeting by vote requested Rev. John Thomson, in con-

junction with David Purviance, Samuel Westerfield, William Snodgrass, and William McClure, to collect and arrange the hymns, and prepare for the press a book to be called the Christian Hymn Book, containing two hundred and fifty hymns, printed in good type, on good paper, well bound, and to sell at not to exceed seventy-five cents per copy. This, the first book published in Dayton, was printed at Isaac G. Burnet's *Ohio Centinel* office, subscriptions for the hymn book received by William McClure. Both Colonel and Mrs. Patterson were active in the interest of their own congregation, the First Presbyterian, and among the most zealous workers and liberal contributors for the first brick meeting house, N. W. corner of Ludlow and Second streets. Mrs. Patterson was also at that time President of the County Female Bible Society."

As has been stated, Robert Patterson was a profoundly religious man. We have it from Mrs. Brown that her father "preached on the New Light religion at Thompson's, between Cincinnati and Dayton." Both the Patterson grandfathers were broad-minded and tolerant in their religion. John Johnston, an Episcopalian, entertained Catholic priests, while Robert Patterson, a stanch Presbyterian, helped Shakers and Methodists as well.

But Robert Patterson's religion did not interfere with his holding slaves in Kentucky and bringing them to Dayton afterward. It was considered a relation sanctioned by Biblical law. However, Northern sentiment was even at that early day against it, and Robert Patterson was wise enough and humane enough to conform. Reference is made in the family papers to the Patterson servants brought from Kentucky in 1804. Jane Patterson Steele writes:

"It was my father's custom, as it was of the other Kentuckians of the time visiting Ohio to be accompanied by their blacks undisturbed. But when in 1804 the Pattersons moved up with a number of these servants, the word soon got around that they were to be held as slaves, and this created a feeling that for several years caused social and political annoyances.

"Bill, a Guinea negro aged forty, valued in Kentucky at eight hundred dollars for skill as a mill hand, arrived in July, 1804, with the first

load of Patterson furniture, etc., to learn the run of things about the Rubicon mills. Being unaccustomed to association with whites he built himself a small hut in the woods up the creek, and worked every day at the grist mill until the family moved. Town folks and others seemed to seek every opportunity to talk Bill into freedom, and assuming the name of William Patterson he registered as a free black man in the county record of 'Black and Mulatto Persons.' Bill continued working at the Rubicon mills until tempted to follow the army in the War of 1812.

"One of my mother's house servants named Sally was induced to try other service, and the county record of Dec. twenty-fourth, 1804, has this entry: 'Sarah Ball, a negro woman aged thirty years, (by her indenture from Andrew Wood to Colonel Patterson, assigned by said Patterson to James Brown, by him to Richard Meredith, by him to David Stout, and by him to the said Sarah Ball for the consideration therein mentioned,) enters her name of record.'"

Harriet Nisbet wrote:*

"My uncle William Lindsay who, with teams and drivers, had assisted in moving the family, returned to Kentucky, leaving one of the teams and driver 'Moses' at the Rubicon. Moses, with two of Colonel Patterson's choppers in the clearing, concluded during the winter to strike out for themselves, and some of the Dayton people were favorable. Mr. Lindsay being notified came from Kentucky, and all on horses by night left the Rubicon with Moses and others, passed around Oxford to the Ohio River, and below North Bend crossed into Kentucky."

Habeas corpus proceedings had been instituted at Dayton. The petition and answer, as taken from the docket of the Magistrate, Squire Folkerth, whose land and cabin adjoined Colonel Patterson's on the east line along the Waynesville road, will be found in the Appendix.

These proceedings created the greatest excitement, leading the few negroes to register as freemen. Colonel Patterson's response to a writ on behalf of two other blacks, Ned and Luce, man and wife, was an admission that he had owned them in Kentucky and still had control of them. The courts, however, directed that Edward and Lucy

* H. L. B. papers.

be liberated. This was the last of the cases in which Colonel Patterson was interested, but similar contests over negroes held as slaves continued in the courts of western Ohio, Indiana and Michigan for several years. Colonel Patterson gave freedom to others of his blacks, including the aged members of the

HANDCUFFS FOR RUNAWAY NEGROES BROUGHT FROM KENTUCKY BY ROBERT PATTERSON IN 1804

two families, and they continued as servants at the Rubicon as long as they lived, and all were buried in the graveyard on Fifth Street in Dayton.

In the winter of 1822–23 Colonel Patterson, with his son-in-law, Henry Brown, and others, began a revival of the question of building a turnpike to Cincinnati. There were then fifty flour-mills along the Miami River above Franklin, and a hundred distilleries, besides large pork-packing establishments, doing an aggregate business that demanded better traffic facilities. But Robert Patterson had passed the three-score-year-and-ten limit, and his initiative, perhaps also his courage, was deserting him; and when, on May nineteenth, 1823, Mr. Brown suddenly sickened and died, it took the great prop from the undertaking, and the building of the Cincinnati turnpike was left to younger heads and hands.

The following notice, printed upon slips of paper, was dis-

tributed through the town and country, according to the early-day custom:

"Departed this life at two o'clock P.M., Monday, May nineteenth, 1823, after a long and painful illness, Henry Brown, Esq., of this place. The citizens generally are invited to attend the funeral this evening at

ROBERT PATTERSON'S
TOMB IN WOODLAND CEMETERY
DAYTON, OHIO

INSCRIPTION ON TOMB

To the memory of
Col. Robert Patterson
who died
Nov. 9, 1827
In the 75th year of his age in consequence of a wound received
by a shot from an Indian when escaping
capture in Oct., 1776

four o'clock. Mr. Brown was a native of Lexington, Va., one of the early settlers of this place, and a man esteemed for his integrity in business. He has left an amiable wife and four children to lament the loss of a worthy companion and an affectionate father."

Family bereavements and failing health were gradually loosing the ties that bound Robert Patterson to the world. His Indian campaigns were long over, and his later soldier service a thing of the past. His business interests, hampered often by his credulity and generosity, had not always prospered, and the reverses he suffered might have discouraged even a braver man. For years after being disabled by wounds, he received no pension, proudly declaring that so long as he was able to make a living he would not ask help from the Government. But in 1811, being then still suffering from the wound received at the Miami villages in 1786, he did ask for a pension and got it. He drew twenty-five dollars a month from 1812 until 1819, when, by the advice of friends, he applied for arrears at the same rate from November fifth, 1786 to 1812. In 1819 all his wounds had grown more painful, and attacks of rheumatism brought on by exposure added to his disability. The hand wounded thirty-three years before was at times so painful as to be carried in a sling, and he never was able to write his name except haltingly and with greatest difficulty. This is a reason for his few and short letters during the last twenty years of his life.* The colonel did not live to receive his back pay. Allowance for six years' arrears came to his executors several years after his death.

Approaching his seventy-third year, Robert Patterson felt that his days were nearly told. His daughter Catherine wrote:

"Perhaps father's last visit to town was in attendance upon communion services in our own church, immediately following Methodist camp

* His physician's statements, taken to support his application for back pay, say that he had "Anchylosis of the right elbow joint, apparently caused by gunshot wound, with opening through the skin covering the joint through which matter is discharged. The carpal bones of the right hand are fractured, and there is an eschar on the thorax; apparently the instrument penetrated the body cavity.

meeting (June, 1827) at Mad River spring near the bridge. Father did not get about the farm much after that, management of the farm and mills then being in hands of Robert L. and Jefferson, and entirely so after father had made his will."

About this time (1826) Catherine Brown was married, for the second time, to Andrew Irwin, and her father being by this time quite feeble, the wedding took place at Rubicon farm so as to allow him to be present.

Later she wrote:

"Father met some canal men at Compton's Tavern and later in the day came with them to my house, his last visit to me. Soon after he took to his bed for the last time."

Captain Nisbet spent several days with Colonel Patterson in July at his request, and there were many callers from town, as it became generally known that death was near at hand. He bore his sufferings with fortitude; the endurance of the inevitable which he had learned in his young manhood while fighting for home and peace and family did not desert him on his death-bed. He became weaker and weaker, opening his eyes only occasionally to let them rest upon his "eaver luvely Elizabeth," who stood by his side as she had done for fifty long years. He "babbled o' green fields"; spoke as if remembering battles and hunting scenes; at last lapsed into unconsciousness, and at five o'clock on the afternoon of November ninth, 1827, the gallant old soldier answered taps for the last time. The reveille was on the other side of the river, where there are no Indians, nor creditors, nor musket wounds, but the triumphs of a finished career. At the bedside of the dying man with Mrs. Patterson were their sons—Francis, Robert L. and Jefferson; daughter Catherine, Dr. Haines, and other relatives. Interment took place the next day in the old Fifth Street Graveyard. Twenty years afterward his son Jefferson Patterson removed the body to the present

Patterson burial-lot in Woodland, where he now sleeps above the valley, the river and the town.

According to Colonel Patterson's wishes the estate was divided at once; that is, the sons and sons-in-law took possession of the farms. Robert L. and Jefferson succeeded to the mills; the mother, for the time being, remaining with them in the Rubicon home.

Before the year closed other deaths occurred in the family; Andrew Irwin, second husband of Catherine P. Brown, who had been in constant attendance upon Colonel Patterson through the last critical illness, died from fever. Elizabeth P. Nisbet, wife of Captain Nisbet, died on Christmas Day, 1827, and was laid to rest in the family burial-lot on Twin Creek.

Two weeks later came a heavy flood, caused by melting snows, which passed off with continued rains, raising the waters in Wolf Creek, Stillwater, the Great and Little Miamis, and Mad River, to a greater height than since the flood of 1814. The swollen streams carried off farm fences, cribs, barns, cabins and crops and log bridges everywhere. The new State dam in Mad River was badly damaged; the high canal bridge, at the corner of East Third and Webster Streets, was washed away, and Jefferson Street Bridge nearly wrecked. All mill-race bridges in town were swept off with much other property. Rubicon Creek was a terror; its banks badly washed; and the Patterson brothers, Robert L. and Jefferson, saved the mill dam only after several days and nights of hard work and watching. Two months were required to repair damages; the mills remaining idle until race and dam were again in order. Several months of good water supply, and fine crops on the farm, however, put the Patterson brothers again on safe footing.

Rev. James Welsh died at Vevay, Ind., November tenth,

1826. Fannie Marie Goodlet, daughter of Rebecca Patterson Goodlet, spending the summer on the Rubicon with Mrs. Patterson, died September twentieth, 1829, and was buried on the Patterson lot in Woodland. Captain James I. Nisbet died at New Lexington on Twin Creek, June ninth, 1830. Following this, Harriet Nisbet, then ten years old, was sent over to Dayton for a home with her grandmother Patterson, who, being seventy, had decided to leave the farm with her son Jefferson for a home in town; Robert L. to remain on the farm. Jefferson rode out every day to hard work in field or mill, at the same time having business investments in town.

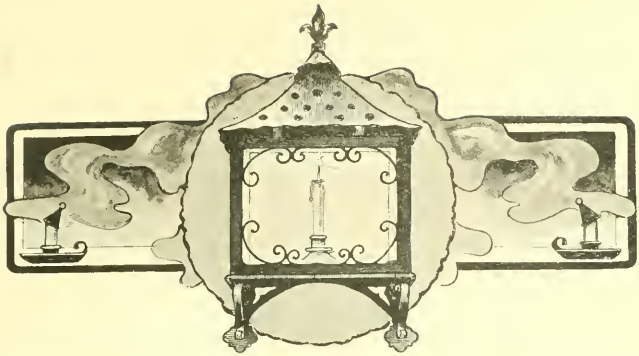
"In February, 1832," writes Ashley Brown, "Rubicon Creek again became a wild torrent, overflowing the dam and race embankment above the stone mill, and the wasteways and race-banks between the mills. Communication with town was cut off by back-water that united river and canal into one broad sheet of flood-water covering the bottoms, leaving Dayton but a small island, as in the years 1828, 1814 and 1805. After this freshet the mills were closed until the ponds had been deepened and extended, and dam and banks so strengthened that very little repairing was necessary in the following fifteen years. The bottom land fences had washed away, and the farms owned by the sisters of Robert and Jefferson, across the river, lost fences and cribs. The middle pier of the Dayton Bridge washed out, and the bridge at Miamisburg was the only one in good condition the entire length of the Miami River. Restoration of fences and small bridges did not interfere with spring plowing on the Rubicon. For the first time, coming into ownership of the farm, Jefferson and his brother pastured a considerable herd of cattle, which proved a profitable venture. The brothers closed the year by investing in wheat and flour, which doubled their profits, not interfering with their mill trade in the least."

Thus, affairs ran more or less smoothly with the Pattersons, who, like their ancestors, took things as they came, playing the part of valiant workers always, in business or on the farm, in rain or drought, and during frost or sunshine.

Dayton at this time had a population of one thousand one hundred white and thirty-four colored persons, occupying two hundred and ten dwellings. There were also the court-house, county office building, jail, two churches, academy and five other schools, library, two bridges, two apothecary shops, thirteen dry-goods stores, seventeen groceries, a flour-mill, sawmill, fulling-mill and cotton factory, three tanneries, one brewery, four taverns, two newspapers, one wholesale store, three wagon shops, one carriage shop, four blacksmith shops, two sickle factories and a tin shop; there were three hatters, a coppersmith, seven shoemakers, seven tailors, three saddlers, three watchmakers, one tallow chandler and two tobacconists. This was the town that Robert Patterson had seen grow from the little hamlet of a dozen houses that had attracted him from the plains of Kentucky in 1804.

MEMORIES OF THE RUBICON FARM

Jefferson and Julia Johnston Patterson at Rubicon; their hospitality; personal reminiscences; friends who visited there; routine life at the farm; Jefferson Patterson in the legislature; death of Jefferson Patterson and Kate Patterson; of William Patterson; of Stewart Patterson; the end.



CHAPTER XI

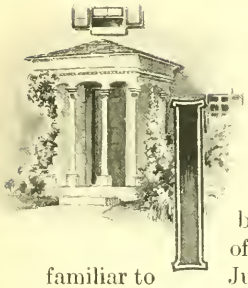
MEMORIES OF THE RUBICON FARM

"I charge thee, invite them all; let in the tide of guest once more: my cook and I'll provide."

TIMON OF ATHENS.

"She was a woman of a stirring life whose heart was in her house. Two wheels she had; the large for spinning wool, the small for flax. If one had rest it was because the other was at work."

WORDSWORTH.



IN the numerous changes that have come upon Dayton, it is a matter of congratulation that none of them has touched, save to improve, the venerable house that has been the scene of so many events in the life of the Pattersons. "The Rubicon" will be as familiar to Julia Johnston's descendants from childhood to middle age, as it was to her. The lawn, shaded with glorious old oaks and maples; the lawn where Robert Patterson was wont to entertain his Kentucky visitors and where John Johnston told stories of Indian warfare, yet echoes with voices that answer to the name of Patterson, and the

door which Julia Johnston entered as a bride still opens hospitably to the friends of her family.

The homestead stands on a rise of ground to the south of Dayton. It used to be far out in the country; now the city limits reach quite to its edges. It used to lie between the road to Lebanon and the Cincinnati pike; now it is bounded

SPRING HOUSE AT RUBICON FARM

on the east by Brown and on the west by Main Street. There are still the two wide porches, the ample hall and the spacious rooms. Behind the house, to the southwest, is the big barn where children of all ages played in the hay and hunted hens' nests, as the family children of to-day must continue to do if they follow the traditions of their fathers and mothers. The writer can yet smell the hot fragrance of that barn and feel the slope of the hay as swift flight was made from the steeps among the rafters under the roof, down to the level of the floor. In these flights it sometimes happened that there was sudden contact with nests hidden away by the hens, which had escaped search and where the eggs were not quite what they ought to have been; which of course made trouble for somebody besides the hens. Behind the house and down a long path which led into the garden and the melon patch, was the spring-house under the trees; a cool and shady spot whence certain little girls have been excluded with some energy because they paddled with their bare feet in the stone basin where the milk crocks were kept. This spring-house smelled of damp stones, pennyroyal and mint; and the locusts buzzed above in the trees. The spring fed a run, which wandered in and out at the foot of the pasture slopes, past the big barn where it watered the cattle; flowed across the pike under a wooden bridge, and so westward into the river. The pastures were full of cows and horses, the barn of vehicles, hay and provender, and the house of children who raced the fields and filled up the beds and the dinner-table in this hospitable house. On the Main Street road there were a sawmill and a pond where the visiting children played among the logs in summer and skated in winter. On the other road, to the east, stood an old stone grist-mill, where the stream that turned the machinery was green with water-cresses and resonant with deep voices of many bull-frogs.

There were at one time two orchards; the old one on the north side of the lane and east of Main Street, and the other south of it, called the new orchard. Ah! the apples that came from those trees! Shall one ever taste their like again? Golden Russets, with skin just rough enough to make one's teeth want to break it; Pippins big enough for a meal; Bellflowers and Rambos! Well, apples are not what they were forty years ago; we call the gods to witness, and all those who visited the Rubicon farm. The cider-press was near the tobacco shed and worked by horse-power. Away off in the woods among the maple trees, stood a rough shed sacred to the sugar boiling. The fires had to be kept up all night and the boys used to stay out while the sap was being boiled, and sit around the fire, imagining the Indians that their grandfather told about were still hiding in the shadows. This scary and delightful experience the girls longed to share, but were not allowed, for reasons connected with night air, March winds and sore throats.

SUGAR CAMP

Those who remember past days at the Rubicon farm will scarcely be able to say which they enjoyed more—the summer or the winter. In August days they fished or swam in the river, or waded in the creek, or took long drives in the buggy, with a crock full of ginger-snaps under the seat; or they ate green apples and swung on a wild grape-vine. In December days there were nuts to crack, corn to pop and maple wax to boil; or there were tableaux to be planned, with a silk flag, a gold-paper crown and a pair of old party slippers. And when one went to bed in the big four-poster, one could hear the frost crack outside and, if the curtains were drawn, could see the snow-covered fields lying between the farm and Dayton.

LAWN PARTY AT RUBICON FARM

The roof of the Patterson home used often to shelter, at one and the same time, different sets of guests, according to the ages of their several entertainers. With three and sometimes four parties of young friends there at one time, the house was full and gay. It must have meant busy hours and tired muscles for the house-mother, but none ever knew it from her. Mrs. Patterson made everybody, from the oldest to the youngest, welcome and happy.

The chronology of this chapter has to deal with Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Patterson and their life at Rubicon. As has been written, they were married in 1833 and lived with Mrs.

Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson, on Jefferson Street. Family memoranda have been searched to find incidents of this home life which shall be of interest to the living children and grandchildren. The first year at the Jefferson Street home was spent almost entirely in the care of the venerable mother, whose age was telling upon her, and who suffered greatly from rheumatism. Her granddaughter, Harriet Nisbet, a girl of thirteen, who went to school in Dayton and made her home with the Pattersons, was of great assistance to her grandmother. A cow and two horses were kept in town, one of the latter used in daily drives for Mother Patterson.

The year 1833 is still sadly remembered in Dayton's annals. Never had there been such terror and bereavement. The cholera that had alarmed the people the year before became epidemic in June. Thirty-three deaths occurred in Dayton in three months. On August thirtieth, Robert L. Patterson died at the Rubicon home after only thirty hours' illness. Jefferson Patterson, his wife, Francis Patterson and the physician were at his bedside. The brothers had difficulty in finding help to inter the body, but two faithful cousins, R. P. Brown and Henry L. Brown, helped to carry their friend to the old Fifth Street graveyard. The Rubicon home and mills were closed at once, and so remained until late in November.

Mrs. Patterson felt this shocking death keenly and never quite recovered from the blow. She was now in her seventy-fourth year, surrounded by all the care that loving children and grandchildren could give. But years had left their mark and the end was near. In August she contracted a slight cold, which, together with grief, enfeebled her greatly. On October twenty-second, at eleven in the morning, nearly two months after the death of her son, she passed quietly away, leaving behind her the record of a beautiful life. Funeral

services were held in the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Franklin Putnam officiating, the members of the Bible Society immediately following the family in the procession to the graveyard on Fifth Street.

Six children survived this mother in Israel—Rebecca (Mrs. Goodlet) and Jane (Mrs. Steele), in Kentucky; Margaret (Mrs. Caldwell), near Franklin, Ohio; Catherine (Mrs. Brown), and Jefferson and Francis Patterson, in Dayton. The estates of Robert L. and Elizabeth Lindsay Patterson were soon settled, the family papers, records, relics and household belongings passing into the keeping of Jefferson Patterson. These two deaths gave Jefferson Patterson sole ownership of the Rubicon farm and mills, but he did not occupy the home until 1840. Francis Patterson lived there until the settlement of the two estates, when he settled his business affairs and moved to Missouri.

The Patterson record at this time is closely crowded with marriages, births, deaths and family gossip. During the seventeen years following the marriage of Jefferson Patterson and Juliana Johnston, frequent visits were exchanged between Dayton and the old home at Piqua. John Johnston and wife and son James visited Mr. and Mrs. Patterson in Dayton ten days after Mother Patterson's death, and a short time after their departure, Robert Patterson was born at five o'clock in the morning of November twenty-seventh, 1833. Six weeks later he was christened in the new Episcopal Church on Jefferson Street, which had just been con-

THE OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH ON JEFFERSON STREET

secrated by Bishop McIlvaine. When this baby son was two months old, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson made a sleighing visit to Upper Piqua, remaining several days. In May, Mrs. Patterson's sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, spent two weeks with her in Dayton; then Mr. and Mrs. Patterson spent a week at Upper Piqua, attending the wedding of the sister Mary, who married Milton A. McLean, of Cincinnati. This occurred on the tenth of June, 1834. The Rev. Ethan Allen, of Christ Episcopal Church, Dayton, was the officiating minister.

It was in this same year that Mr. Patterson bought his first carriage—a large leather vehicle swung on the old-fashioned C springs, with yellow running gear. All their previous trips to Upper Piqua had been on horseback, but in this new carriage they drove up through the woods to attend the funeral of Mrs. Patterson's grandmother, Elizabeth Bernard Johnston, who died August eighteenth, 1834, aged eighty-nine years.

In the fall of 1837, subscriptions were opened for building, with State aid, two turnpikes from Dayton to Cincinnati, one through Lebanon, the other via Miamisburg, Franklin and Monroe, both of them running through Rubicon farm. Both enterprises, so dear to his father's heart, were encouraged by Jefferson Patterson and pushed to completion.

It was during this winter that Mr. and Mrs. Patterson first

The family Bible gives us the following records:

John Johnston Patterson, son of Jefferson and Juliana Patterson, born on Jefferson Street, Dayton, August twenty-first, 1835, died in infancy.

Rachel Robinson Patterson, daughter of Jefferson and Juliana Patterson, was born in the Jefferson Street home, May thirteenth 1837, at eight A.M., christened in the church by the rector, Rev. Ethan Allen, died in infancy.

William Lindsay Patterson, son of Jefferson and Juliana Patterson, born in the Jefferson Street house, Dayton, at five o'clock in the morning of April first, 1839.

Henry L. Brown and Sarah Belle Browning, married in Indianapolis, February seven, 1837, by Bishop Kemper of the Episcopal Diocese of Indiana. (A party of Dayton friends accompanied Mr. Brown from home, and with the bride and groom returned in stage coaches, the trip lasting three days. In crossing a creek a stage tongue broke, and Mr. Brown and his bride rode into Richmond in a farm wagon.)

Robert Patterson Brown (nephew of Mr. Patterson) and Sarah Galloway of Xenia, married October thirty-first, 1837.

Stephen Johnston, brother of Mrs. Patterson, an officer in the navy, married to Elizabeth Anderson of Louisville, Ky., July third, 1838. (Soon after this wedding Jefferson Patterson and wife entertained the bride and groom, Colonel Johnston, and many of his children and grandchildren for a week.)

Eliza Jane Brown (daughter of Jefferson Patterson's sister Catherine) and Charles Anderson, of Cincinnati, married September sixteenth, 1835, by Rev. Franklin Putnam.

Rachel Johnston (sister of Mrs. Patterson) and William A. Reynolds, of Cincinnati, married at the Johnston home, May twenty-fifth, 1836, by Rev. Alvah Guion.

A FAMILY GROUP AT THE RUBICON. MRS. J. J. PATTERSON STANDING IN THE CENTRE

seriously considered the question of moving to the country. Jefferson Patterson was by instinct and training a farmer, though he was many other things as well. Mrs. Patterson, as we know, had been brought up on a farm and had her mother's love of housekeeping on a large scale. The family, too, was increasing and the home farm offered attractions and advantages for the children. Therefore in the spring of 1840 the Pattersons moved from the Jefferson Street house to the Rubicon farm, and this continued to be the family home through Jefferson Patterson's lifetime. During that first summer of the Patterson's return to live on the farm, the Rubicon mills did not run after the Fourth of July until about October first, for want of water. The extended drought was taken advantage of to clean out the two Rubicon mill-ponds and the course of the little stream.

LAWN AT RUBICON FARM

Mr. Patterson was most active in the organization of the first Montgomery County Agricultural Society. This enterprise revived his own interest in well-bred cattle and horses, and with a determination to re-stock Rubicon Farm he took

a trip to Kentucky. Thus early inheriting his father's tastes, Jefferson Patterson found among the wide acres of the homestead farm abundant opportunity to indulge them. Rubicon race-track had been plowed up in the fall of 1839 and the entire area sown in wheat. Before the harvest Mr. Patterson visited the Steeles in Kentucky, and by the advice of John Steele and son Andrew bought the "Corncracker" horse, a finely bred animal that gained some note as head of the Rubicon stables. Ten years later old "Corncracker" was succeeded by "Civil John," keeping up the strain of fine stock. Both of these high-bred sires lived to old age and are buried along Rubicon creek.

The first Montgomery County Fair was largely the result of Mr. Patterson's interest and energy. It was held in the barns and yards of the New Swaynie Hotel, on East First Street, near the canal, in October, 1839.* Afterwards the present Fair Grounds on Main Street were established, and became the next-door interest to the Patterson family for many years thereafter. Letters during the forties, from the boys in the Patterson family to sisters at school, describe the glories of the County Fair in glowing language. The week of the Fair was one long anticipated and prepared for, and long remembered. It was not only a great commercial but a great social event as well, and furnished a large part of the zest of living for the whole Miami Valley.

Births and deaths continued to alternate in the Patterson relationship. Scarcely a twelve-month passed without its funeral or its new baby.

Elizabeth Jones Patterson, daughter of Jefferson and Juliana Patterson, was born in the Rubicon house at three P. M., January twentieth, 1841.

Mrs. Patterson's sister, Rebecca Johnston Whiteman, died

*Ashley Brown.

April twenty-sixth, 1841, leaving a baby son that died four months later.

Stephen Johnston Patterson, son of Jefferson and Juliana Patterson, was born December twentieth, 1842.

Harriet Johnston, the sixteen-year-old sister of Mrs. Patterson, had long been in ill health, and, while visiting Mrs. J. D. Jones, in Cincinnati, died April eleventh, 1843. Mr. Jones came up from Cincinnati with the body, and was joined by Mrs. Patterson, who, leaving Mr. Patterson and Robert there at home, proceeded in the carriage with her children, William, Elizabeth and Stephen, to Upper Piqua, where on Good Friday, interment was made in the family burial lot. The Cincinnati sisters, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Reynolds, made many journeys to and fro between their homes and Piqua, always stopping at the Pattersons' for a visit on their return. In a letter written at about this time, Mrs. Patterson is asked to be at the bridge over the canal on the west side of the farm, with a bottle of fresh cow's milk for the baby, that was being brought on a canal boat from Cincinnati to visit its grandmother in Piqua.

On August eleventh, 1843, another unmarried daughter of Colonel Johnston, Rosanna, died at home suddenly, and was buried at Upper Piqua in the family lot; and on September twenty-fifth, less than a month later, Catherine C. Holtzbecher died at Upper Piqua after two weeks' illness, her daughter, Eliza J. Holtzbecher, being then four months old.

Provision had to be made for the dead as well as the living, and as Woodland Cemetery had been established at Dayton, in 1842, Jefferson Patterson and Henry L. Brown each bought a plat of four lots in the northwest corner, where the trees were thick and the view covered the city. This locality was selected in the belief that it would longest remain a secluded spot in its natural state. Mr. Patterson moved the bodies of his father, mother, brother and sister,

and of his own children, and Mr. Brown moved those of his father, and son Kirkham, and others, from the old Fifth Street graveyard to their new and last resting place in beautiful Woodland.

In the midst of all these cares and griefs and absorbing occupations, Mrs. Patterson never grew self-centered. She held herself always at the service of those about her, and Rubicon farm was the hospitable rendezvous for the friends of both husband and wife. These were legion, and their names still represent the best elements in Dayton society. Among them were Henry L. Brown and wife; Patterson Brown and wife; Judge Morse and wife; the Pugsleys, of Dayton View; the Bradfords, on the Lebanon Road; Mrs. Hiley Davies; John Van Cleve; Misses Mary and Martha Strain ("Never a Thanksgiving dinner without Mary and Martha Strain, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Phillips and cousin Harriet Nisbet");* William Harries and family, of Harries' Station; Charles Anderson and family (who lived where St. Mary's School now stands, at a country place called "Dewbury"); the Harrisons on the Cincinnati turnpike; Colonel Partridge and the Stewarts. There were also Judge Haynes, Henry Stoddard and wife, Henry Perrine, Dickinson Phillips and family, and Henry Pearson. Among the relatives were Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones, Mr. John D. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Davis Jones, Col. Will Graham Jones, Walter St. John Jones, all of Cincinnati; and Mr. and Mrs. Horatio G. Phillips, of Dayton. The last were constant visitors at the farm .

Ashley Brown says: "It was the custom of society people of Dayton and vicinity at that time, and for fifteen years thereafter, to drive out in carriages and wagons, many on horseback, with baskets of luncheon, swings, hammocks, grace hoops, jumping ropes, bats, balls, bows and arrows to picnic at Rubicon Farm, at Ludlow Falls, West Charleston,

*J. H. P.

Yellow Springs, Indian Ripple, the brush prairie on Mad River, Pinnacles on the Miami, the big spring on Stillwater, or in the old fortification on the Bluffs below Dayton. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson frequently had town relatives and friends at the Rubicon for an evening picnic and supper in the fine old grove in the house yard."

And again he writes: "Sleighing parties were famous

RUBICON FARM

social functions in the period of years, 1820 to 1850. Made up of young people of the town and country they visited farm and village homes, often stopping for supper and dance at wayside tavern or halfway house in the circle of long rides to Franklin, West Alexandria, Troy, Springfield, Yellow Springs, Xenia, Waynesville and Lebanon. Several times during cold winters Jefferson Patterson with a party of friends in sleighs made the trip to Miamisburg and return on the frozen canal,

and on two occasions over the pikes to Cincinnati and return. At another time several sleigh loads drove to Monroe for dinner and to Cincinnati for supper, but being caught by change in temperature, rain and melting snow, the young people were compelled to return to Dayton in coaches, some of the men riding the horses and shipping the sleigh as freight."

The "Patterson Sleigh," now in its centenary, is as much a part of the family traditions and experiences as are the family portraits or the family silver. It was one of four made on the banks of Mad River soon after Robert Patterson came to Dayton, by an old pioneer whose name is now unknown. These sleighs were built of well-seasoned wood (presumably hickory), one for Horatio Phillips, one for Daniel C. Cooper, one for Charles Spining, and the last for Robert Patterson. It is thought that Charles Spining, who was a neighbor to the pioneer on Mad River, first had one made for himself and came to Dayton with it, and that the others seeing it ordered similar ones—for the four were exactly alike in size and color. They were made by hand with wooden runners. The old sleigh has been used many times during the century of its existence on runs to Cincinnati, Piqua and nearer towns, and up to the present time (January, 1902) has never been unfit for use. It still bears its original hue—yellow with black rings. Once when it was sent to be repaired it was painted red; but when Colonel Patterson saw it he ordered the original tone restored, saying he never wished to see the sleigh any different color.

PATTERSON FAMILY SLEIGH

All through Colonel Patterson's lifetime the sleigh contributed to the use and amusement of the family during the winter months. Later than this, in the sixties, it was still making young folks happy. More than one middle-aged Daytonian can remember the thrill when the yellow sleigh drove up to the door mid frost and the jingle of brass bells, and a voice said, "Mother wants you to come out and spend Sunday."

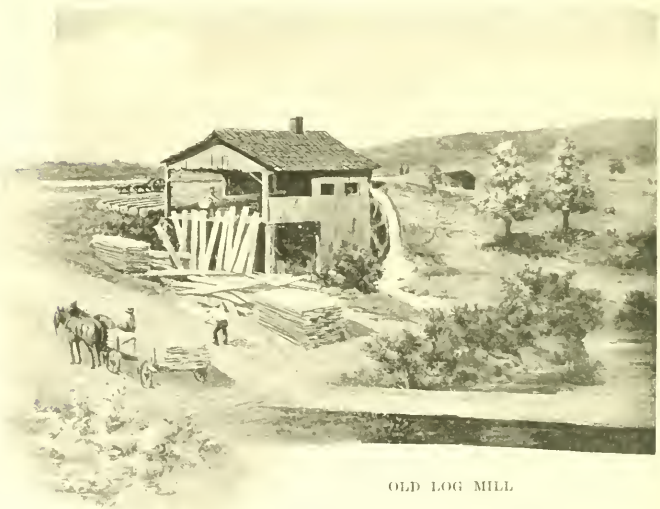
And now, in this new century, when snow covers the Dayton streets the old yellow sleigh still carries the family freight up and down the familiar ways and out to the Rubicon Farm.

No building in or around Dayton was more familiar than the old stone mill. It stood on the Brown Street road where it is crossed by the Rubicon, now a mere thread of a stream. The huge mill-wheel dripping with cool water, its flanges green with moss, will be remembered by every visitor to the farm. The stream itself was sparkling and plenteous as it flowed from the abundant spring near the present Brothers' School, and after turning the wheel made its way through water-cresses down to the sawmill on the Main Street road and thence to the river. It is a pity that the old stone mill has vanished before the inevitable march of progress. It was demolished to make way for the Oakwood Street railway improvement, and the stone used for a culvert under the road. On its site once stood a frame building which was, in Robert Patterson's lifetime, used as a carding and fulling mill. This old mill was burned on the night of the seventh of October, 1815, together with a large quantity of wool and cloth belonging to the settlers. During the next season the stone mill was built, and used for the same purpose for many years. When fashions of the day outgrew homespun, a carding and fulling mill became useless, and the building was converted into a "corn cracker," from which the families round about were supplied with Indian meal. This

was its function during Jefferson Patterson's ownership. The factory and mill were operated by water from the Rubicon spring situated a short distance east of it, which also supplied power to the sawmill on the Main Street road.

Close to the spring had been erected a bath-house and in the grove surrounding it swings and benches for the accommodation of visitors who assembled there during the summer months. There were family reunions and Sunday school picnics held under the trees and around the spring of prominent people in Montgomery and Greene counties. Indeed it became the fashionable resort for the people of this locality and bore the same relation to the social life of the time that the golf links do to-day.

The sawmill on the Main Street road was a source not only of revenue to its owners, but of interest to visiting boys and girls, who played Indian and hide-and-seek among the logs. Mrs. Patterson tells us that it was always a profitable enter-

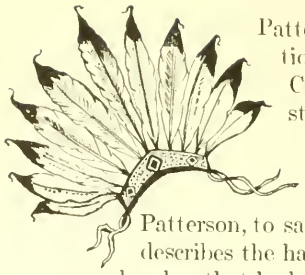


OLD LOG MILL

prise, and that the lumber was called "Jeff Patterson's Slab Currency," because he used to pay his debts in town with the lumber. She wrote: "He sold to the carpenter, and the carpenter would pay him by an order on a shoemaker and grocer. In this way we procured our groceries and shoes. The slabs from the sides of the logs were sawed in two, hauled up to the house by the children and used for various purposes."

MRS. JEFFERSON PATTERSON IN 1850

As to Mrs. Patterson's life after she moved to the farm, we have her own account dictated not long before her death, in 1895, at the request of Mr. John H. Patterson, who wished his mother's recollections preserved for the benefit of the grandchildren. It is a narrative singularly deficient in egotism. She says as little of her personal share in the manual operation of the farm and home as if she had been a supreme official conducting an enterprise by means of electric buttons reached from an armchair. But she was in fact not only the moving spirit of it all but an actual worker as well. The chronicle of the year's program on the Rubicon Farm takes the breath away from an ordinary householder. She tells of the fattening and butchering of from twenty-five to forty hogs each year; the making of sausages stuffed by hand, and curing of hams (in the smoke-house still to be seen at the farm). Two beeves each year were converted into corned beef (Mrs.

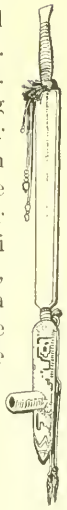


Patterson herself superintending the preparation of the brine), and into tallow and hides. Candles were made by stringing wicks on a stick and dipping them over and over again into melted tallow. This was before the days of candle moulds; when they came in the process was simplified, and then Mrs. Patterson, to save time, made her candles at night. She describes the harvest field with the men at work and the lunches that had to be sent out to them—hot biscuit, meat and pies; the cider-making and the apple-butter stirring over an open fire; the preserving of fruits; the churning of butter; the putting down of sauerkraut by the many barrels full, and the burying of cabbages and potatoes in pits in the garden for the winter store. She speaks with pride of the garden yield, the quantity of vegetables and melons; of the latter she assures us naïvely, that their quality was "better than any we have ever tasted since leaving the farm." Sugar-making was a large incident in farm life. Mrs. Patterson thus describes it:

"We made our own sugar by tapping the sugar trees, first, in the old sugar camp; later, immediately behind the barn, and afterwards in the new sugar camp which was between the forks of the road and the canal. The sugar water was gotten by boring into the trees with a three-quarter inch augur and putting in spiles made from the alder. These spiles were about one foot long and one end was round to fit the augur hole, and if not large enough, a piece of cloth was put around it to make it fit. The other end was cut off and run into the sugar trough. The trough was made of a piece of ash about three feet long and one foot in diameter, split in two and then hollowed out so as to hold a bucket of water. At intervals during the day, this was poured into a barrel, set on a sled and pulled around from one tree to another. This was hauled to the sugar camp, the foundation of which still remains. The camp was open on one side and covered on the top and other three sides. In front of the camp was dug a trench. This trench was walled up with stone and on it were set three kettles and mud placed around them. At one end was a chimney two feet high. At the other end was an open space in which the

wood was fired. As the water was dipped from the back kettles to the front, the back kettles were replenished with fresh water. This work was carried on day and night. The sugar camp was a favorite place for the boys and their friends on Friday night to stay all night, wrapped in buffalo robes. After the sugar water was boiled down until it was very sweet, it was put in barrels and taken over into the house. There, it was boiled down further and probably reduced one-fourth of its bulk, when it reached the state of molasses or maple-syrup. It was then put in jugs and kept in use for the winter. We would often take this molasses and for very special occasions (when we had company) boil it and make what we called 'maple-wax' for the children. This, in connection with the hickory nuts, walnuts, apples and pop-corn, took the place of the candy of the present day. There was a large fire-place in the kitchen and on this we hung the large copper and iron kettles, and there boiled the molasses and rendered the lard and tallow. At the side of this fire-place was an old fashioned oven which we used for baking bread."

To return now to the chronicle of events in the Patterson family: Colonel Johnston, his daughter Margaret and son James visited the Rubicon Farm twice in 1844; in September and again in December. John H. Patterson was born at three P. M., December thirteen, 1844. Henry L. Brown says Mrs. Patterson and baby son John made their first trip by canal packet to Piqua to attend the wedding of her brother, John H. D. Johnston, and Miss Mary J. Dye, on June twelfth, 1845. There must, however, be here some discrepancy due to failing memory, because the canal had then been finished for four years, and it would be strange if in all that time Mrs. Patterson had not made use of the new rapid transit between her home and her father's. Miss Dye, the Piqua bride, was a daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Dye, in Staunton township, Miami County. Mrs. Patterson and baby disembarked at Troy, where they met Colonel Johnston and others of the family in carriages. The party crossed the river, drove to the Dye residence to witness the marriage, and then went on to the Johnston home at Upper Piqua in the evening.



Catherine Phillips Patterson, daughter of Jefferson Pat-

terson and Juliana Patterson, was born at three o'clock in the afternoon of December twenty-ninth, 1846, "growing into girlhood a perfect picture of her mother, and very like her in figure and disposition."*

The year 1849 was one of great mental and physical stress for Mrs. Patterson. She endured, with a fortitude that seems hard now to comprehend, grief, anxiety and frightful physical strain. It was the second time cholera had visited Dayton. The panic grew with the pestilence. People left town, turned their backs upon each other, and the dead were almost left to bury themselves. In May the little daughter Elizabeth Patterson, called Lizzie, only eight years old, was attacked by cholera and died after a few hours' illness. On June fifteenth, Francis J. Patterson was born. On June twenty-first, Mrs. Patterson's favorite sister, Margaret Johnston, died after only eight hours' illness, in Cincinnati.† Here were two deaths and a

*Ashley Brown. †Told in Chapter IV.

THE PATTERSON ELM AND THE RUBICON FARM IN DISTANCE‡

‡This superb elm is now on the grounds of the National Cash Register Company works.

birth in the family circle in two short months. Mrs. Patterson also lost two old family servants from cholera in this year of 1849. After all these fatalities the Pattersons came into town and stayed with Henry L. Brown's family until the house had been renovated. On their return in the fall, Col. John Johnston became a member of his daughter's household. He was greatly saddened by Margaret's death, and turned to Mrs. Patterson, as so many did, for solace and companionship. He had many friends in Dayton who rallied around him in his old age, seeking to smooth the downward path of the years. His greatest resource was going over in remembrance his busy years as Indian factor and relating to his grandchildren the various incidents of his association with the savages.

Arthur Stewart Patterson (always called Stewart) was born June twentieth, 1852.

The next death in the family circle was that of Francis Patterson, brother of Jefferson. He was born in the log cabin at Lexington, April sixth, 1791. Ashley Brown says of him: "A man in disposition and habits as much like his brother Jefferson as it is possible for men to be, and the two, like their father, men of integrity and energy. He was a good business man and had had charge of his father's mills at different times. He lived at the Rubicon Farm except during the cholera year of 1832, when he moved into town and lived with his brother on Jefferson Street. When past middle age the fever of the West moved him and he went to Palmyra, Missouri, and took up land. Prospering in mercantile business he endeavored to induce his nephew, Henry L. Brown, to join him, offering to make him sole heir. Mr. Brown having property interests and a sweetheart in Dayton, declined, and his uncle Francis continued alone, a prominent and successful man. He died in Palmyra, September eleventh, 1854, and his remains were buried in the family lot in Woodland Cemetery at Dayton, O." Francis Patterson never married.

On March fifteenth, 1853, the old Patterson farmhouse and the grove near by were filled with a joyous company who met to honor the memory of the man who had founded it. The descendants of Robert Patterson celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. Mrs. Patterson's bountiful table was provided, as usual, in excess of all necessity; old and young enjoyed the occasion as only happy relatives do when a common pride unites them. The old scrap-books contain this document, with signatures:

"The undersigned, descendants of the late Col. Robert Patterson, with some of their connections by blood and marriage, having assembled by special invitations to renew at the festive board and on this hundredth birthday, recollections of this venerable and distinguished pioneer-father of the West, think it not unfit to leave this memento of this union and of the occasion which it celebrates."

Rubicon Farm, near Dayton, Ohio,
March fifteenth, 1853.

1	Margaret Caldwell	Lexington, Ky.
2	Catherine P. Phillips	Lexington, Ky.
3	H. G. Phillips	Trenton, N. J.
4	Jefferson Patterson	Lexington, Ky.
5	Julia J. Patterson	Piqua, Ohio.
6	R. P. Nisbet	New Lexington, Ohio
7	R. P. Brown	Dayton, Ohio.
8	Sarah G. Brown	Xenia, Ohio.
9	H. L. Brown	Dayton, Ohio.
10	Eliza J. Anderson	Dayton, Ohio.
11	Charles Anderson	Soldiers Retreat, Ky.
12	Harriet P. Nisbet	New Lexington, Ohio.
13	Asa P. Stoddard	Dayton, Ohio.
14	Wm. L. Patterson	Dayton, Ohio.
15	Kitty Anderson	Dayton, Ohio.
16	*Stephen J. Patterson	Rubicon Farm.
17	*John H. Patterson	Rubicon Farm.
18	*Mary Frances Brown	Dayton, Ohio.
19	Catherine Phillips Patterson	Rubicon Farm.
20	James G. Brown	Dayton, Ohio.

*The asterisks mark the living, not the dead. [Ed.

21	Henry Galloway Brown	Dayton, Ohio.
22	Francis Patterson	Rubicon Farm.
23	Arthur Stewart Patterson	Rubicon Farm.
24	*Charles A. Brown	Dayton, Ohio.
25	*Bell Anderson	Dayton, Ohio.
26	John D. Jones	Berks Co., Penn.
27	Elizabeth Jones	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
28	Rachel Reynolds	Upper Piqua, Ohio.
29	*Mary Reynolds	Cincinnati, Ohio.
30	John Johnston	Born in Ireland.

Julia, the youngest of Jefferson and Julia Patterson's children, her companion and devoted daughter through life, was born in the Rubicon home at eight o'clock in the evening of March fifteenth, 1857, the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the birth of her revered grandfather, Robert Patterson.

* * * * * * *

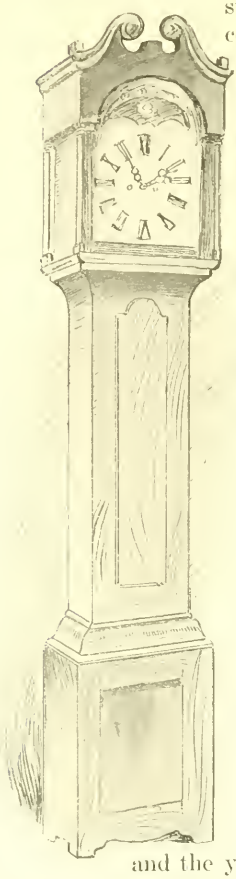
The stories of these later years at the Rubicon Farm are told by different relatives and descendants, by Mrs. Patterson herself in the bequeathed memoirs, by Mrs. Fannie Evans, Ashley Brown, and Mrs. George Jones, of Cincinnati.

In 1861, Andrew and Will Steele brought a large number of mules and horses up from Kentucky to prevent the rebels from taking them during the Morgan raid, and were at the farm for six weeks. Upon their return, Fannie Brown (Mrs. Evans), Kate Anderson and Mary Brown (Mrs. Campbell) rode on horseback to Cincinnati. Mr. Phillips wagered that they would want to return after going as far as Miamisburg, but they made the whole trip in a day. They started at seven o'clock in the morning, stopped at Middletown for dinner and to change horses, and reached Mr. R. Buchanan's place at seven in the evening, just a quarter of an hour short of twelve hours. In recognition of his mistaken prophecy Mr. Phillips afterwards gave each of the girls a ring made from pure California gold.

Parties used to go out to the farm on moonlight winter

*The asterisks mark the living, not the dead.—[Ed.]

nights, driven by Jefferson Patterson, who went from house to house gathering up the guests in the big yellow sleigh which still carries his grandchildren when snow covers the ground. The party gathered around the wide fireplace in the parlor, where Colonel John Johnston, the venerable grandfather, made a delicious hot drink out of whisky, hot water, cinnamon, and apples roasted on the hearth by his grandson.* John Van Cleve often drove to the farm on winter days, his portly form quite filling the cutter sleigh.



A niece, Mrs. George Jones, of Cincinnati, writes:

> "We were perfectly charmed when Aunt Julia sent an invitation to visit the Rubicon Farm. Upon one occasion I was included in an invitation to visit the Bradfords, who lived on the Beavertown pike and had invited all the family to a peacock dinner. They had a large number of peacocks, the only ones in this part of the country. There were such a large number of guests present that four peacocks were consumed at this dinner. One of the roasted birds, ornamented with the beautiful tail feathers, occupied the honored position on the table."

Mrs. Patterson's detailed statement of the family life at that period, as made to her grandchildren, will not be doubted.

"Everybody on the farm," she says, "had to work hard. The elder of the children helped to attend to the meals, and the younger brought up and fed the sheep and calves. In the evening we used to amuse ourselves by

*J. H. P.

hearing Mr. Patterson and my father talk over old times. Your father* used to be called at four o'clock in the spring, summer and fall, as he would have to make his grandfather's fire, carry up wood enough to last all day, split kindling and get ready for the night. After breakfast he would turn the calves out, put up his dinner and go to school, either at the top of the hill to the school house at the foot of Houk's lane at the Flat-iron Point, or in town. In the evening when he came home, it was necessary to get up the calves, feed and bed them, and carry up wood to fill all the wood boxes. After supper, study lessons."

This is a pictured interior that we could not well do without. The large family of boys and girls all busy, each with an appointed share of household labors, none allowed to shirk, all of them controlled and directed by the mother, herself a constant example of untiring industry and faithfulness; at the end of the long day the family gathering around the open fireplace in the corner parlor, where the

OLD GATE ON MAIN STREET ROAD

*Mr. J. H. Patterson.

windows look toward Dayton, the children turning to schoolbooks — head work coming *after* hand work, as it always should do. Somebody pops corn, another brings in a pan of maple wax, and the grandfather tells stories which the children, laying the lessons aside, listen to with eagerness. What do they hear? Our past pages give a hint. Grandpa Johnston tells of his dark-skinned protégés, the Indians; of his care of them, treaties with them, reminiscences of those doughty warriors, Tecumseh and Little Turtle; and of journeys through the woods from Fort Wayne to Piqua and Cincinnati, and even to Philadelphia, where he saw George Washington inaugurated. He tells of the blockhouse where their mother was born, and where General Harrison and staff were entertained one night and fifteen prominent Indians besides, all in one log room. And as he talks the children think that, after all, they have a rather easy life and are grateful for their brick house with four-post beds to sleep in, their schoolhouse up at the Flatiron Point, and the exciting spectacle of canal boats passing to and from Cincinnati, right through the farm. If there were older guests present the children studied in silence (accustomed to being sometimes seen instead of heard, according to the older and wiser fashion), while Colonel Johnston discussed politics with his son-in-law, Jefferson Patterson, or with Dickinson Phillips, Johnston Perrine, or Capt. Adam Houk, as the case might be. The subjects that occupied them were the secession of the South, the Douglas campaign, or the Colonel's Washington reminiscences. One of the children paid more attention to the talk of the elders than to his books, for he recalls now, many years after, the enjoyment he found in hearing his grandfather tell of events in American history, or describe the Senate, or Webster or Calhoun.*

When Jefferson Patterson was attending the legislature in 1862–63 the whole care of the farm and family devolved

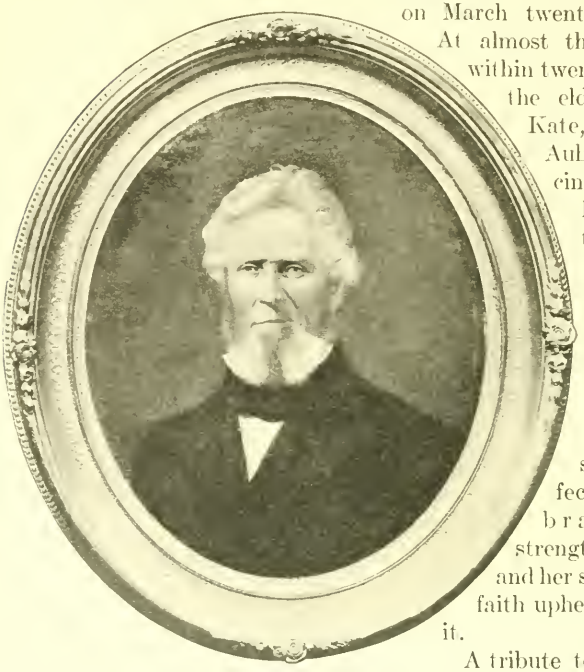
*J. H. P.

CAPT. ROBERT PATTERSON

upon Mrs. Patterson, the oldest sons, William and Robert, being in the war. These years must have been full of unspeakable trials to the mother, but there is no record of any save a brave acceptance of them. This winter was to bring the greatest test to Mrs. Patterson's Christianity and to her courage. She had laid away father and mother, five sisters and two brothers, had buried two young sons of her own, and had seen her little Elizabeth fade out of her life in a few hours. She had attended her husband's mother through a long, last illness like a true daughter, and had made her own father comfortable and happy for the last eleven years of his life. She had managed a large house and many servants, and brought up eight children. She had kept control of the milling business and conducted the farm when her husband was in the legislature, and we know from her own account what were the details of her daily life at the Rubicon. Never did

THE SCHOOL HOUSE AT THE POINT

she falter or complain. But the events of the winter of 1863 drew across her life a black line that separated her forever from youth and hope. Jefferson Patterson died in Columbus while attending a session of the General Assembly, on March twenty-third, 1863. At almost the same time, within twenty-four hours, the eldest daughter, Kate, died at Mt. Auburn, near Cincinnati, where she had been attending school. This double affliction was a crushing blow to Mrs. Patterson, and for years afterward she showed the effects of it. Her bravery, her strength of character, and her strong religious faith upheld her through it.



JEFFERSON PATTERSON

A tribute to the memory of Jefferson Patterson will show how he was held in the community in which he lived:

"The life and character of Jefferson Patterson may be briefly told. His life was innocence and his end was peace. His traits of character were few, simple and clear. There was indeed much in him that was so unpretending as to escape casual or careless observation, but in all

his life and character, to one who did observe, there was nothing mixed or dubious; for he was honest, sincere, truthful, amiable, sensible and affectionate. He was all this always without a thought of any effect. He did not utter his thoughts or enact his deeds as a matter of interest or design, but they each and all flowed forth from his nature as frankly and freely as a stream from its fountain.

FRANK J. PATTERSON
(Died July 4, 1901)

"The writer of this tribute to his memory has known him long and most intimately in all the relations of his life, and yet never, in a single instance, knew him to do, or seem to wish to do, an act by which he should gain the least advantage in business over another, nor to be angered toward any person under any provocation. So charitable was he as not to slander the good name or wound the feelings of any person, and so truthful and guileless as not, under any temptation of interest or vanity, to state an untruth even in implication. For the misfortunes than Jefferson Patterson to his many friends? In their afflictions who came sooner or tarried longer to aid and console them? And at his own home, no citizen could with more open hand and welcome board and happy heart, dispense the joys of their frequent hospitalities than did he and his now bereaved con-

sort. This is strong praise, but it is nevertheless true, and it is pleasant to believe that the very many men and women who know our 'uncle Jefferson' will perceive and admit its truthfulness.

"There was another general characteristic of this man which may not have been so commonly understood. He was not merely just and conscientious to an unusual degree, but he was most fixed in his purposes and plans. Indeed, more than any one we ever knew, he realized what the poets describe '*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*' To all these private and usual virtues he added that crowning glory, 'a true and faithful patriotism.' "

Only five years passed after this without a bereavement. In the summer of 1868 the whole family at the farm was more or less stricken with fever and dysentery. The house was like a hospital ward, servants as well as family being afflicted. Mrs. Patterson watched and worked until strength gave out, and she too went to bed. There were no trained nurses in those days, and the nursing had to be done by neighbors and friends. Stewart Patterson was the most gravely ill. He was nursed by his brother John, who stayed by him night and day and administered medicines. All efforts to save him were unavailing: he passed away on August tenth, and his death left a blank not only in his family but among his friends, who now, more than thirty years afterward, still remember Stewart Patterson, his laughing eyes and curly hair, and happy, bright disposition.

After this tragedy it was conceded that the farm offered too clear a field for the malarial air from the river bottoms, and Mrs. Patterson decided to change her residence. In 1868 or '69 she moved into Dayton and lived on West Third Street near Wilkinson, until her death in 1897. When first making her home in town, her daughter Julia and sons John H., Stephen J., and Frank lived with her. One by one the remaining children established homes of their own: Julia was married to Joseph Halsey Crane; Stephen to Lucy Dun; John to Katherine Dudley Beck, and Frank to Julia Shaw. So there

were five Patterson homes instead of one, and the children and grandchildren continued to gather around the home board and fireside as they had in years past. No mother ever had more devoted children, and when she passed away on May twenty-ninth, 1897, it was to leave a gap never to be filled.

The last deaths to occur in the Patterson family were those of Captain Robert Patterson on June 4, 1901, and Frank J. Patterson on July 4, 1901; the remaining grandchildren of Col. Robert Patterson now living in Dayton being Stephen J. and John H. Patterson and Julia Patterson Crane.*

*See Appendix.

APPENDIX

THE JOHNSTONS

APPENDIX.

THE JOHNSTONS.

[*Copy of Extracts taken in the Registry of Deeds Office, Dublin. The office was opened in* 1708. *No record kept before that date.*]

No. 1.

(Book 374. Page 99. No. 248055.)

Memorial of Deed of assignment dated 21 day of August 1769 made by Francis Johnstone of Droumsluice the older did grant to James Johnstone his son-in-law that part of his ground or lands of Droumsluice then in his possession as also that part which is enclosed and which is under a grove of furze enclosed by the highway, that is to say his half with trees and ground and all royalties belonging to the said James Johnstone his heirs and assigns forever and his and their estate, and the said James Johnstone to have possession of said grove and grounds immediately after the death of the said Francis Johnstone the elder.

(Copy of memorial in the Registry of Deeds Office.)

No. 2.

Marriage Settlement Dated 1st of February 1770. (Book 372. Page 479. No. 249856.)

Between Francis Johnstone of Droumsluice and David Irvine. A marriage between William Johnstone and Mary Irvine, Francis Johnstone settled on his son the said William Johnstone one fourth part of his land of Droumsluice the same being equal to an eighth part of the whole in consideration of the sum of forty pounds, said Francis Johnstone further agrees to settle upon his son William Johnstone paying for it as before mentioned and in consideration the said David Irvine did pay Francis Johnstone forty pounds.

No. 3.

(Registered 15th of October 1768. Book 261. Page 517. No. 172509.)

Memorial of an indenture or Deed dated 29th of September 1763 between Stephen Johnstone of Droumsluice and John Johnstone his son, both in the County of Fermanagh of the one part and Andrew Clending of Rusheen and Jane Clending his daughter both in said county.

Now reciting a marriage between the said John Johnstone and Jane Clending, witnesseth that the said Stephen Johnstone in consideration of said marriage and as marriage portion of 30 pounds paid then to the said John Johnstone his son by the said Andrew Clending before the sealing of said Deed with the said Jane his daughter, did grant &c unto the said John Johnstone the one quarter and one half quarter of the town land of Droumsluice with the one half of dwelling house standing on said land, and from and immediately after the death of the said Stephen Johnstone that then the said John Johnstone was seized and possessed of and became entitled to one other half quarter of said lands of Droumsluice which the said Stephen Johnstone had retained to his own use during his life so as at the death of the said Stephen Johnstone the said John Johnstone should be possessed of and entitled to one moiety of equal half of the town and lands of Droumsluice to hold to said John Johnstone, his heirs and assigns during the term of his natural life and from and after the death of the said John Johnstone then to the use and behoof of the issue male of the said marriage and their heirs and assigns forever, and for want of issue male, then to the use of issue female, their heirs and assigns forever.

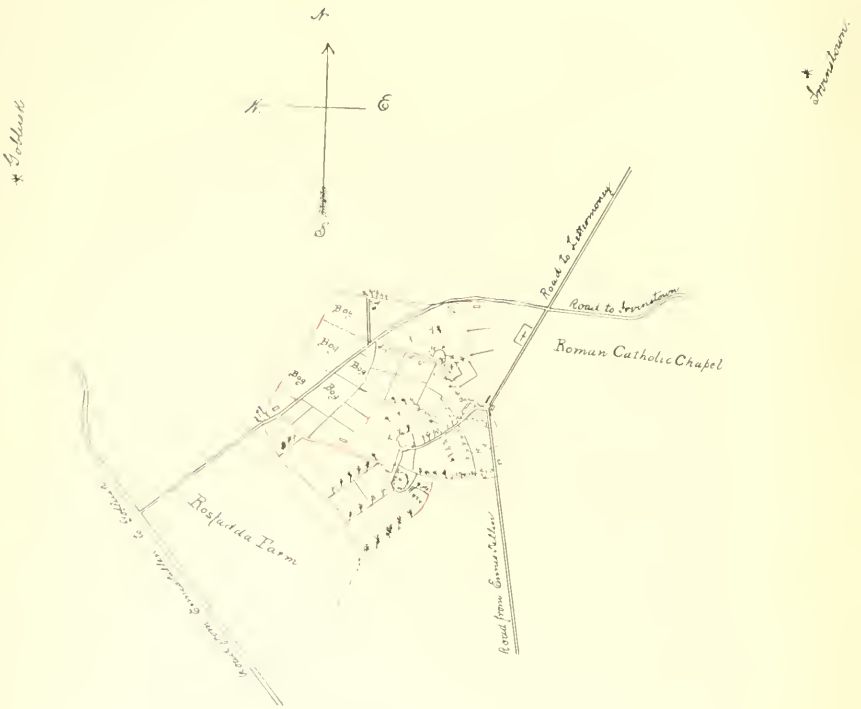
(Said Deed contains several other covenants and clauses.)

No. 4.

(Assignment Book 378. Page 395. No. 253557.)

Assignment dated 27th of June 1784 between John Johnstone of one part Jane Johnstone otherwise Clending his wife 2nd part and James Johnstone of Droumsluice 3rd part.

In consideration of £200 and other consideration in said Deed paid by the said James Johnstone did acquit discharge the said James Johnstone his heirs and assigns. He the said John Johnstone did grant to the said James Johnstone for a year all that, the one moiety or equal half of Droumsluice to hold to said James Johnstone his heirs and assigns forever. Said Deed contains several covenants and clauses.


N.
W.
E.
S.
Road to Llanrwst
Road to Trevriw
Roman Catholic Chapel
Road from Conwy Valley
Rhosfudda Farm

MAP OF ENNISKILLEN, IRELAND

No. 5.

(Book 759. Page 562. No. 515897.)

Marriage settlement dated 24th of March 1799 between James Johnstone of Droumsluice 1st part, Sarah Noble of Flatfield spinster 7th daughter of Thos. Noble 2nd part and John Johnstone of Goblusk and Thomas Armstrong of Sidon 3rd part. Reciting marriage between Stephen Johnstone and said Sarah Noble and the said James Johnstone was entitled to one full half of the lands of Droumsluice under a lease of lives renewable forever under the Carlton family and that Sarah Noble was entitled under the will of Isabella Hamilton, otherwise Noble her sister to the one half of that part of the lands of Flatfield otherwise Sidon, then in the possession of Thomas Noble her father and to the sum of £100, witnesseth that said James Johnstone, in consideration of said marriage portion which said Stephen Johnstone was to have and be entitled to in right of said Sarah his wife and in order to make a provision for said Stephen and his issue of said marriage, and also in consideration of ten shilling and for other considerations there-in, he the said James Johnstone did assign to said John Johnstone and Thos. Armstrong the half of said lands of Droumsluice to which he was entitled upon the trusts. In the first place to permit the said James Johnstone to hold and enjoy the one half of said lands of Droumsluice until said marriage should take effect, the same to go to the said John Johnstone and Thomas Armstrong and the survivor of them in trust, to permit said Stephen Johnstone to hold the full three parts of said one half of said lands of Droumsluice for the term of his life and to permit James Johnstone and Catherine his wife to hold the remaining quarter part during their lives and after the death of said Stephen Johnstone, James Johnstone and Catherine his wife that the whole of the half of said lands, should go to said John Johnstone and Thos. Armstrong in trust for the issue male of said marriage which with full power for said Stephen Johnstone to dispose of the same to and amongst his issue male in which manner share and proportion as he shall by his last will and testament or by any other Deed executed by him. But if there should not be any issue male living of said marriage at the time of said Stephen's death then the said half of said lands to the issue female of said marriage, share and share alike. But if there should not be any issue male or female living at the time of Stephen's death that then the whole of said half of said lands of Droumsluice and every part thereof shall go to the right heirs of said Stephen Johnstone forever with the power to said trustees to raise any sum not exceeding one hundred pounds by mortgage

of said lands of Droumsluice for the younger children, and was thereby agreed that if said Sarah Noble should survive said Stephen Johnstone her husband that she should have and receive an annuity of ten pounds a year out of the lands of Droumsluice, with the power for her to destrain as the case of nonpayment of rent &c &c.

No. 6.

(Book 690. Page 542. No. 474446.)

Deed of assignment made on the 4th of April 1815 between William Johnstone and James Johnstone of said lands of Droumsluice, Carpenter third son of said William Johnstone. That Lancellett Carlton of Ross did by lease dated 4th of May 1712 did set unto James Johnstone of Droumsluice a parcél of land known by the name of Droumsluice together with all the woods &c belonging to same for 3 lives and said lease named before, for the life and lives of all such persons as should forever be added by virtue of clauses for perpetual renewal in said lease, continued at the yearly rent of £8 and half years rent on the insertion of each new life and also reciting that several renewals of said lease had been obtained the last of which was dated the 4th of October 1767, and further reciting that James Johnstone the original lessee was long since dead, and that the said premises demised by said original lease hath been divided and that one half of same are now in possession of James Johnstone of Droumsluice the grandson of the original lessee which portion is subject to the rent of £4 and one shilling, entire being half of rent and duties payable under the original lease, and that one moiety of the remaining half was in possession of Stephen Johnstone, brother to the said William Johnstone which said William and Stephen are grandsons to the original lessee and that their respective moieties are subject to the yearly rent of £2 sterling and also 2 shillings duties each being the remainder of the rents and duties payable under the original lease and also reciting that the said William Johnstone for and in said consideration of the love he had for his said son, James and for £100 granted to said James all that part of Droumsluice in possession of said William Johnstone which said portion so assigned was computed to be one entire quarter of the whole during the lives of the persons in last renewal. Dated the 12th day of June 1815.

(Copy of numbers taken in Registry of Deeds Office.)

Col. John Johnston wrote:

"James Johnston named in the following commission was my great grandfather, came from Scotland into Ireland in the Royal Army and was the founder and head of our family in Ireland:

(Copy) "By the Lords Justice General of His Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland, Graften Gallway, to our Trusty and well beloved James Johnston, Gentleman. We reposing special trust and confidence as well in the care, diligence and circumspection, as in loyalty, courage and readiness to do his Majesty's good and faithful service, have nominated and appointed said James Johnston to be Quartermaster to Col. Morwyer Archdale's Troop of Dragoons etc. etc.

Given at His Majesty's Castle of Dublin 2nd day of Nov. 1715 etc.

(Signed) CHAS. ELAFAGE."

[*FROM THE "OHIO STATE JOURNAL."*]

"On yesterday I executed with the chiefs and councillors of the Wyandot nation a Treaty of Cessation and emigration without any reservation. The chiefs remove their people to the southwest of Missouri in 1843 at their own cost and without the usual agency on our part of superintendents, conductors, teamsters &c. They furnish their own transportation and subsistence on the journey and find themselves provision at their new home.

As many of our citizens are making application for employment in removing those Indians, Editors of newspapers will please give this notice through their columns."

JOHN JOHNSTON,
U. S. Commissioner.

Upper Sandusky, March 10, 1842.

LETTERS

[*Robinson Johnston to his sister Miss Julia Johnston, care of John Johnston, Upper Piqua, Miami County, Ohio.*]

WEST POINT, NEW YORK, Nov. 1832.

Dear Sister: I received from you that letter which of all from U is the longest. ¾ of a sheet and one line over is quite a long letter. You have told me of so many weddings in and about Piqua that I do not believe there will be any chance for me when I go, so that I shall have to depart from the general rule. I suppose the young men of Piqua are taking

nurses in case the cholera should attack them. A very good plan to be sure, if they don't rue it when that leveller of Nations had passed away. You have had also a great "gad" with the youngsters of Piqua, Urbana, Lebanon and Oxford about the last of September. A very pleasant trip no doubt and, if it would not be considered mutiny, I would almost say I wish I had been there; but to make a merit of necessity, I will have to say instead. I would rather consecrate myself to the genii of Drawing, Mathematics and French.

I expected Pa at the Church Convention until I saw an account of a letter being received from him excusing his absence. Then I expected a letter, but it has not come yet. It seems that the Convention has not come to any definite conclusion as yet concerning the "Narcissus of America."

The weather is becoming very cold. Heavy frosts are common and Oh, the winds that whistle through those mountains, you cannot conceive of it.

Like all others no doubt, I am rapidly advancing to the Johnston size. I am now five feet, ten. You can, of course, judge how much I have grown. I, like all I have left behind, am prone to play tricks, so I have altered as much as Nature would allow. You will readily admit this to be fair play.

Stephen has not written to me since his arrival at W. but once. I am apprehensive of his having sailed but I cannot conceive why he has not written either to me or home. Even one line would have been sufficient. May be he has not had time even for that. If so, well and good; and if not, let us call him lazy.

With all our preparation, we have not yet received a visit from the Cholera. It has cut us.

I have so many of you to think that I hardly think of keeping an account of in what part of the world you are, so that I do not know whether Mr. Jones's family is with you or in Cincinnati, I think at least that if they are not they will be soon since the Cholera has attacked them right and left. They will be better off in the Country and have better water which, I believe, is the greatest cause of the disease, and Cincinnati is watered from the river, the receptacle of all that is filthy. I presume you will escape with safety to all. Care is the great thing.

Remember me to all the family.

Your affectionate Brother,

Robinson.

[*John Johnston to all his Children.*]

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

To Julia, Mary, Rosanna, Rachel, Rebecca, John, Catherine and William Johnston, at Upper Piqua.

My Dearest Children: I was very happy in receiving the letter which you all addressed to me dated on the 16th of this month. I feel thankful to that gracious Providence which has watched over us all since I left home and which has kept you in health and safety thus far. You may readily suppose how much I was gratified in receiving a letter written by so many of my children. I was so proud that I told the Canal Commissioners that eight of my children had all written me a letter with their own hands. There are very few fathers that can say this of their children and this shews the great and inestimable value of education. We are one hundred miles apart, many of you are yet very small, and still you can express your ideas in letters and tell me of your going to school and all the little things that concern you and which add so much to the happiness of your Father to know. I can, in return, write you how I am, what I am doing and all else that you may be desirous of knowing about me. What a great blessing and advantage is this and how highly we ought to value education and hunger and thirst after knowledge as we would desire our breakfast or dinner after a long fast. I am glad to find that you are all so attentive to the school. It is a great advantage that you have a sister capable of teaching you. Be obedient to her and learn all that you can.

The Jacksonians have the majority here but the party spirit is not so bad as it was in the beginning of the session of the Legislature. There are some of the members clever, agreeable men. Governor Lucas lodges in the same house with me; so does the Speaker of the House of Assembly, Mr. Disney. Both of these men have been favorable to our Miami Canal and are clever men.

I have not heard from Mr. Phillips since he went from here. Mr. Lowe, Mr. Odlin and Doctor Smith were here since from Dayton.

I see Rosanna speaks of that Episcopalian family that has come to town. I hope they may remain there and prove a valuable addition to our church.

I am glad school keeping has proved so agreeable to Mary's feelings, and hope it may not prove too irksome an employment.

I suppose Rachel and Rebecca do the work and let Ma sit still and give orders and sew, darn stockings, etc., and Julia makes pound cake and Rosanna milks and churns.

I can tell John I saw that celebrated exposition of the affairs of the United States Bank by James Leard, Doctor of Laws, as published in the Piqua Gazette. It is well calculated to immortalize the author. John, I suppose, still jogs on Charley to town and to the Post Office.

In Answer to Catherine's letter: she says Mr. Guion gave books at Christmas to the Sunday School and gave Hatty and James little books, and that Mr. Guion is going to teach the children their catechisms and that he is very much liked, all of which I am very happy to hear.

In Answer to William's letter: I am glad you all go to school and that you are learning. At the time you wrote, it was a very cold day here as it was with you. The weather is now warm again. I want you to learn to ride Charley so that you might go errands to the Post Office, etc.

I hope Margaret's eye will soon be entirely well so that she may learn to write a letter to Pa when he goes to Columbus.

Tell James I hear he learns his letters and that he goes to school to Mary. I will bring him a pretty book. Poor Hatty too, she will remember Pa is away on the horse.

I wrote Stephen after I came here and as I have no answer, I suppose he has again gone in the Experiment. I sent you a copy of Robinson's letter.

My dear children I often think of you all and wish myself at home with you again. If Providence spares me, I shall be at home about the first week in February or as soon as I can get away. My health is poor in this soft changeable weather. My love and affection to your dear and excellent Mother and may God Almighty bless you all my dearest children and bring us in safety together again, so prays your affectionate Father, JOHN JOHNSTON.

Columbus, January 22, 1833.

[*John Johnston to Jefferson Patterson, who has asked the hand of his daughter, Jan'y* 23, *Columbus, O.*]

COLUMBUS, Wednesday, January 23, 1833.

MR. JEFFERSON PATTERSON, Merchant, *Dayton, Ohio.*

My Dear Sir: I have received this evening your letter of the 21st inst. and lose no time in replying to it, and as you are frank and candid in making your views known, I shall be equally so, for in all matters of human concern this is the best course, but more especially in that which relates to a matrimonial connection.

Your family and connexions have been long known to me; your own character from report and personal knowledge stands very fair. I could not, therefore, for a moment have any objections to the proposal you make, the consent of my dear Daughter being previously had. I have no evidence of this, but I take it for granted that the matter is understood between you and her. With regard to Mrs. Johnston, your visits at Upper Piqua has been adverted to in our correspondence and she coincides with me in opinion so that you have my consent as well as hers, and may Almighty God grant his blessing to what has already been begun towards a connexion of so endearing a character, and that it may in all its relations be attended with the best of consequences to all the parties concerned.

Having said everything that is necessary on my part, it may be proper, as I am from home and cannot immediately communicate with the family, to make some remarks with regard to the time of the ceremony taking place. I shall be here most probably until the 6th of February and will be at home at farthest by the 10th, so that any time that yourself and my family may fix upon after the 10th of next month, will suit my arrangements.

I am, Dear Sir, with great truth and sincerity, your affectionate friend JOHN JOHNSTON.

MR. JEFFERSON PATTERSON,
Merchant,
Dayton, Ohio.

[*Jefferson Patterson to Miss Julia Johnston, in Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio.*]

DAYTON, January 25, 1833.

My Intended: In my last, I promised you should hear from me as soon as I received your Father's answer to my letter, the purport of which was the asking of him the hand of his dear Daughter. His answer I received last evening and am happy to say is in every respect satisfactory.

Thus you see that we have not only his consent but his blessing likewise, of which I hope I shall not prove myself unworthy.

You write, if you thought your letters afforded me one half the pleasure that my visits afforded you, that you would write every day. In reply I would suggest as the best method I can think of at present, that you try the golden rule; that is, do as you would be done by. You do indeed take a great pleasure in writing to a friend as I have unbounded

proof, for I can count no less than 1, 2, without doing violence to truth. I can count no more than two letters in it appears to me like two months, perhaps the time does not appear so long to you. One long week and one short letter. Tell the sexton of your church that I will be much obliged to him if he will not ring the bell next Sunday until you finish your letter.

Good night, and believe me to be

Affectionately yours,

JEFFERSON PATTERSON.

[*Jefferson Patterson to Miss Julia Johnston, in Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio.*]

DAYTON, 27 Jan., 1833.

My much belored Julia: I have succeeded at this late hour (10 o'clock) of clearing the coast of my old and young bachelor friends, who make a practice of calling whenever they can discern light through even the smallest aperture. This is Sunday, as you will discover by the date, and you may perhaps wish to know how my time has been spent to-day. I will tell you. I have not been to church morning nor evening; I have seen no ladies; read very little, wrote none at all—but to tell what I have done is the question. Well, I was going to write to you, my sweet charmer, in the morning, but was prevented by an intruder. I then put it off until evening (or the present) when I had not been seated more than five minutes before I heard tap-tap at the door. Who comes there and what is your intention? Clements, was the answer. O, very well, Dr., walk in and take a chair. The Dr. after observing that he had just dropped in a minute to see how I was getting along, commenced his catalogue of news, and by the time he was through, every chair in the establishment was occupied by some other dropper in, so I began to think it a dull chance for me to drop a line to you. I used to enjoy those visits very much. Was glad to have any one come in to while away the tedious hours. Not so now. It is quite annoying to be visited just as I am about to write to my sweet Julia. To be thirty miles from you my own dear Julia, and surrounded by these interrupters, is my case not pitiable? I am sure you do think it is, though, by and by, I wish you would have as much Charity for me as I have for my disturbers when you read this letter and not think it too nonsensical. To cap the climax, here comes Harry Stoddard and I must come to a close for this evening.

Monday (and in every respect as above.)

To my great delight, I this evening received yours of yesterday,

which doubly compensates me for all that I have suffered by those interlopers.

I would ask your permission to visit you next Thursday, but lest this should not reach you in time, I will take the liberty of asking the question in person.

Accept my best wishes and, as before,

I remain Yours, entirely Yours,

JEFFERSON PATTERSON.

[*Julia Johnston to Jefferson Patterson, Dayton, O.*]

PIQUA, Jan. 27th, 1833.

My Dear Sir: Your letters of the 24 and 6th I received with much pleasure and hasten to answer them as you complain in the last of not receiving letters more frequently. You appear to doubt the truth of it being a pleasure to me to write you. This I am very sorry to hear and cannot tell what plan to fall upon to retrieve my character. I might write every day for a whole week and tax your time and patience with either a budget of nonsense or a repetition of some local news which could not possibly interest you, so you see I am in rather a bad fix. You say, do as you wish to be done by. Now this would be impossible, for were you to write every day your letters cannot fail to interest; but as this is not the case with mine, I must ask that you chalk out some other course for me to pursue. But I must drop this subject or you will say with Franklin—they who are good at making excuses are good for nothing else.

I have received from Cincinnati in answer to mine concerning the wedding and all things are to be in readiness, so that you may invite who you please and as great a number. But, by the way, I must mention a fact. I think it was agreed upon when you were here that Mr. Allen should perform the all important ceremony. This Ma puts her veto on. She says Mr. Guion would never survive the mortification, so I presume he will be the person. I do not know that I have any preference if you have not. I have written to Sarah Ross but have not received an answer.

I trust you will accept my assurance of affection as a substitution for many words. Yours truly,

JULIA JOHNSTON.

[*From R. C. Caldwell on being invited to be a groomsman at the Patterson-Johnston wedding.*]

FRANKLIN, Feb. 11th, 1833.

MR. J. PATTERSON, Dayton, O.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 6th inst. was duly rec'd. late Saturday evening. More pleasant news I could not have heard of you. To decline the distinction you offer would be to do great violence to *my own* feelings and might be thought not to offer due respect to *your* wishes. So My Dear Sir, I shall be forthcoming whenever the emergency demands my presence. Look for me in Dayton on Saturday, 23rd.

Will you appear in white vest, white gloves, white silk stockings and pumps? If so, and you wish me thus "comparisoned" please procure for me at least the 1st mentioned article, (such as will fit you will probably fit me) the others perhaps can be had on demand when I come.

Present, if opportunity offers, my best respects to your "Duleinia" her sister and their Parents and receive the assurance of my regard for your friendship and of my just sense of the honor you do me.

Yours very respectfully,

R. C. CALDWELL.

P. S.—Please write me again immediately and say how you intend passing from D. to Piqua, and whether I had better come on horseback or how,—and for mere gratification to me, who is selected as Bridesmaid.

Dear Sir: Father and Mother return you their nicest compliments and best wishes. They congratulate you most cordially on your most happy determination and the sense of their encouragements to you will be expressed in a verse of Dr. Cotton's "Fireside."

Though fools spurn Hymen's Gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know—
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

They will endeavor to make it convenient to witness the marriage ceremony and enjoy the bridal feast.

[*Jefferson Patterson to Miss Julia Johnston, Upper Piqua, Ohio.*]

Dayton, Feb. 11th, 1833.

My Dearest Julia: You cannot imagine how agreeably I was disappointed this evening, when, on going to the Postoffice, I received a letter, the handwriting on which I instantly recognized as that of my dear Julia. I say disappointed because I have been so frequently disappointed when calling at the Office after the arrival of the Northern mail that I scarcely knew whether to expect a letter this evening or not, but by some involuntary power or perpetual thinking about you, I am sure to find myself at the Postoffice about the time of day that your letter should arrive.

Was it not for violating one of the first principals of Philosophy, (the is, the act of living in a hurry or impatient) I would chide the wheels of sluggish time for so slowly rolling on to that happy period when we are to hear Mr. Guion say emphatically,—I pronounce you husband and wife. What God joins together let no one put asunder. Thy name be praised Mr. Guion for that. Amen, so may it be. I declare, the latter part of the ceremony makes me feel quite serious, nevertheless I think I shall be able to pass through the ordeal of marriage ceremony without much difficulty.

Tuesday the 12th, 10:00 P.M.

I was prevented from finishing my letter last evening by one botheration and another, until after the mail had closed, which you will please accept as my excuse for your not receiving this uninteresting letter sooner.

I received a letter this morning from Robert Caldwell in answer to mine. He says he will be forth coming on the 24th, equipped according to law and custom.

The Col. and Sister Caldwell wishes to attend the wedding if they can. Sister Irwin thinks it quite uncertain whether she will attend or not.

In regard to the invitations to be given to the young men and maidens of our acquaintance, we will arrange that matter when next we meet, which I hope will be Saturday.

Miss Stone and Miss Allen called at the store to-day in search of some article which we did not have. Miss S—— just as she was leaving, requested me to let her know the next time I went to Piqua. I asked her if I might not have the pleasure of going expressly for her accommodation, to which she looked wise, turned on her heel and the way she flew was a sin.

Adieu, Adieu, and accept the best wishes of Your truly devoted

J. Patterson.

[*Mrs. Rachel Johnston to her daughter Julia on her marriage with Jefferson Patterson.*]

Upper Piqua, March 5, 1833.

My Dear Julia: The time is drawing near that will separate you far from your father's house and all the inhabitants of it. New scenes will be ever presented to your view and I expect you will be very much gratifyed on the change. The protector you have chosen I think is a worthy man and will do all he can to make you happy, but with all this I want you to remember *home sweet home* and whenever you find it convenient to return, we shall be happy to receive you and yours. You now assume a new character as a wife and many things that might be passed unnoticed in a young lady are unpardonable after marriage. Your husband, I have no doubt, will do all he can to make you happy, but you must not be unreasonable in your expectations. To be happy there must be a desire in both to please and you will be so as long as this continues and no longer. Try to learn your husband's feelings and view of things and endeavor to conform to them. Make him your counsellor on all occasions and your confident. Another thing, consider his relations your own. I think I have set you this example and the advice of a mother that loves her children is for you both to begin the world by giving your hearts to God. Ask of Him to be your God and your guide, your director and preserver through life and by so doing, you will certainly love each other more the longer you live together.

I think by this time Mary must be tired with parties and is ready for a little more retirement than she has had lately. A time of reflection answers a good purpose some times, in the days of prosperity we ought to remember the days of adversity. There have some changes taken place here since you left us. Uncle James's wife is very low has had a very severe spell of sickness but we think she is some better. I sat up with her last night it was a fortunate thing Margaret did not go to Dayton. Stephen's wife is also sick and to make up all the troubles that we have among us, John came very near being killed on Sunday he was assisting Charles to get out the carriage. The door broke off its hinges and fell on him; he is very much bruised but none of his bones are broken his face is very much disfigured. I hope he will be well in a few days. The weather is very cold here and I think you and Mary must have wanted your cloaks very much. Mr. Kirk left a pair of fine shoes in our entry the night of the wedding, Rachel seeing them the next day concluded they belonged to the Dayton party and sent them with Mr. Henry Brown, if you can find

them send them up with Mary. Do not forget to give Mrs. Browning her stockings and to pay Mr. Stetinis what you owe him. I want you to give my love to all friends that enquire for me. You will write of course before you leave Dayton. I should like to know the place of your journey. Do you visit Baltimore? Pa and Sister join me in love to you and Mr. Patterson. Mary must come and get all her love at home. Pa has come home and says Walter is no better. If I had had Pa's knife an hour ago to mend my pen I should have written a little better. We have received your letter which was very acceptable. God bless you and bring you safe back is the prayer of your mother,

RACHEL JOHNSTON.

[*Lieut. Stephen Johnston to his sister, Mrs. Julia Patterson, Dayton, Ohio.*]

NORFOLK, March 18th, 1833.

My Dear Sister: By a paper I received from Piqua this morning, I learn of your marriage on the 26th ultimo. The first impulse of feeling I have obeyed and take the earliest opportunity of offering you my warmest congratulations, as well as my sincerest wishes for your happiness. I wish that I had been at home to have seen you given away and participated in the pleasures all our friends enjoyed at the prospect of your coming happiness. You will no doubt say I should not repine as absence is my own act. Well, well if all my sisters play me thus, I must retort in their own way. Do not imagine that I am in a hurry. O no. A few years more and then I may try my hand among the fair. I must request of you to present my fraternal wishes to your husband. We were known to each other in early life. Circumstance and occupation have separated us for years, nevertheless, I shall be most happy to renew our acquaintance and take his hand as a brother. God only knows when I shall be able to pay you a visit for no sooner had I left the hospital then orders came for me to rejoin the Experiment off Charleston. Where that vessel will go during the summer, I know not. It is very certain she will not remain much longer where she is. I have no doubt sufficient time will be allowed me after my arrival to give you all desired information regarding our movements. I sail for Charleston in one or two days in the Grampus man of war. I have missed a great deal of amusement this winter by not being at Charleston. The officers of the Army and Navy have been caressed by the citizens of that place on a style rare to be seen. I entirely forgot to say to you my health is restored. At present, we Naval

men are busy getting up a Ball to be given to-morrow night. I wish you could see a Naval Ball. It is not a common affair. We do the thing well. If I should ever become a Captain I will show you a Naval Ball. Give my kindest wishes to our friends and accept for yourself those of your

Brother

STEPHEN.

[*Mrs. Rachel Robinson Johnston to her daughter Julia.*]

UPPER PIQUA, October 22, 1833.

Dear Julia: Being disappointed at not seeing you up on Saturday I have concluded to send Margaret with Mr. Bardford. I hope Mary will be up soon but she must not stay with you long as we are in great want of her. I am very sorry you did not come up I am very anxious to see you, but when Mary did not come it was not your duty, I have given Margaret up to your care you must be as a mother to her teach her what to do and reprove her when she does wrong. I want you to get her a pair of worsted stockings white, a pair of woolen mittens, as much green bombazett as will make her a sun bonnet, and after a while you can get her another winter frock—you will be the best judge what kind to get, I had got her a nice little cushion for her needles and thread and Catherine was fooling with it and threw it in the fire last night—if you have time I would be glad you would make her one I have sent pieces with her to make a *cradle quilt* you must make her sew when she comes home from school I leave it with yourself what school she will go, you can take an account of everything she costs, so that we can settle with you again. I send you some little things there in the top of the trunk, she will want a thimble. In haste I bid you an adieu. God bless you is the prayer of your MOTHER.

P. S.—I made a mistake in her apron and did not see it until it was too late to alter please rip it and turn it.

[*From Mrs. Johnston to her daughter on the death of a child.*]

UPPER PIQUA, June 27, 1839.

My Dear children: It is unnecessary, I think for me to tell you, how my heart is affected at the loss of your dear little daughter, my name sake, the news come like a clap of thunder to us all, we were looking every day

for you and the children. But oh who can tell what a day may bring forth? Instead of receiving my dear little grand daughter the word come that her Heavenly Father, had called her to himself. He that formed her thought it right to make her sufferings great for a short time and then to take her to the realms of Glory. If poor frail nature could admit of it we ought not to feel sorrow at the loss of an infant, for we, sure they have escaped, the sin and polution of the world and are gone to heaven to be with God for ever. Our little child has made a happy exchange, and I hope God will enable you to be earnest in preparing to go to her since she cannot come to you. While we are in the world we have our part to act, and it is our duty to provide for our families, but it is also our duty to endeavor to feel ourselves strangers and sojourners heare as all our fathers were. I want you all to come up and see us, do make an effort and come, Pa is arranging to go by your house that he may be with you a night. I cannot write you a long letter. I was obliged to go to town to day to assist in getting a cooking stove for Mr. Guion, and it is bed time now, I feel very feeble and can not do long without rest, so I shall have to bid you good night. May the great God enable you both to be resigned to his blessed will is the prayer

of your MOTHER.

[*Lyman C. Draper to Jefferson Patterson.*]

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 24th, 1842.

My Dear Sir: Some months ago, I addressed you from Pontotoc, Mississippi, with reference to the life and public services of Col. Robert Patterson, so distinguished in the early settlement of Kentucky, and subsequently in the infant history of Cincinnati. I took that occasion to inform you that I was and had been for some years, engaged in the collection of materials for a work designed as "Sketches of the Pioneers," and that I was exceedingly anxious to include among the meritorious number, a full and accurate sketch of the life, services and adventures of your father. From the communication I then made, I have heard nothing; and still anxious to do justice to the valued and distinguished services of so prominent a Pioneer as Col. Robert Patterson, I venture to write you again, confident that you need only to be reminded of a filial duty to so good a parent, and comply readily with my wishes. I beg you will view this in its proper light and either give it your early personal attention, or secure the kind offices of some reliable friend, cognizant of the facts and information I so much need.

No one can be better aware than yourself of the very interesting fact that the *full* and *correct* history of the perilous services and intrepid adventures of this old Pioneer, is but imperfectly understood, where understood at all; and that if these scattering fragments are not soon collected, they will be buried with their possessors in the grave of forgetfulness, and to future generations lost forever. Thus impressed, I have for the last four years labored incessantly to rescue from oblivion these precious historical relics of the past, that future generations might know something of toils, privations and sufferings of the Pioneer Fathers of the West and its early settlement. And now, my dear Sir, since I have met in many, *very many instances*, with the most flattering success, I look to you with great hope to lend me your aid in furnishing suitable facts, to enable me to prepare a creditable sketch of Col. Patterson—creditable to the subject, creditable to the memory of a gallant Pioneer and creditable to myself. It remains to be seen whether I appeal to you in vain. Let me know if your father left any manuscript letters or papers that would be servicable to me.

Hoping soon to hear from you, I close by adding the good wishes of the season to you. I am, very respectfully,

LYMAN C. DRAPER.

[*John Johnston to Jefferson Patterson, Esq., Dayton, Ohio.*]

WASHINGTON CITY, Sunday, May 12, 1844.

My Dear Sir: I came to this city from Baltimore a week ago this morning and as I am preparing to leave tomorrow setting my face homewards—could not forgo the pleasure of writing you, more especially as I can do so while here without incuring the charge of postage.

My horse, the Captain, bore me on my journey triumphantly. He has good bottom and his gaits suit my habits of riding, but he has a constant propensity to frighten and run away, which causes me to travel in dread and uneasiness; otherwise, I have no fault with him.

Margaret has been here and returned to Baltimore and Delaware. While here, she with Miss Kell, Miss Reynolds, George Jones and myself took the grand rounds, visiting the President's, the Patent Office, the Capitol and both Houses of Congress, the Library, Navy Yard, Congressional burying grounds, the statue of Washington by Greenaugh, and everything else worth seeing. Elizabeth did not come on here with them.

Not being very well she remained in Baltimore. Soon after Mr. Jones having come up the river joined his wife at Baltimore, they with little Frank came on here, spent a day and a half. We all waited on John Quincy Adams and Mr. Clay. The former is now 76 years old, is in good health, vigorous and active for his years. No member of the House of Representatives is more regular in attendance than is this extraordinary old man. Mr. Clay is also in fine health and spirits. He cannot be otherwise from the evidence of publick approbation which meets him at every step. He is the idol of all hearts here. Ten call on him for one that does on John Tyler. The latter has gone down below the contempt of every honorable man in the community. Mr. Clay was pleased to bestow on myself some handsome compliments in reference to the mode in which I traveled to discharge an important duty to my country. Nothing but the act of God can prevent his election, I traveled extensively in Pennsylvania and in a way which gave me the best opportunities for forming a correct judgment, and I can have no doubt of that state going for the Whig nominee. Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland will all go together. I have been in all, and in some extensively, since leaving home and I am very willing to risk my reputation for guessing on the issue next Fall. The change in Virginia in our favor has been great and overwhelming. It will advance as in all similar cases.

The Convention—No description can give anything like an impression of the reality. It must have been seen to comprehend the spectacle in all its bearings. 100,000 strangers at least were in Baltimore and more than that number united in the procession which was almost two miles long. The streets through which the procession moved were lined with people and the front of the houses from top to bottom (the windows being taken out) were filled with the beauty, taste and fashion of the land;—the ladies, God bless them, for they are always on the right side and they are all with us, cheered us as we passed with their bouquets, snow white hands and waving handkerchiefs. My name had got in the papers and attracted some attention. A post of some honor was assigned me, occupying the same carriage with Senator Archer of Virginia, Mr. Webster and the Mayor of the City. Mr. Archer is a batchelor in years and him and Mr. Webster passed some high compliments upon the beauty of Baltimore. The whole affair passed off very well and has made such an impression upon the minds of all as can never be forgotten. It has more than compensated for all my toilsome journey with the Captain over the mountains. I return home satisfied and thankful to God that the country is in a fair way of being delivered from the government of traitors and weak and wicked

men. I go back thro' Virginia by the Springs and on to Columbus home. Show this to our friend, C. Anderson, with my best respects to him and his wife, and with love to Julia and the children, am as ever your most affectionate friend. JOHN JOHNSTON.

JEFFERSON PATTERSON, ESQ.

The little orphan Eliza is doing very well. Has got some teeth. George was at Baltimore and Margaret is now in Delaware to come out home with Elizabeth. J.

An Epistle from John Johnston to the beloved Chiefs and principal men of the Shawnee Nation now in the Territory of Kansas:

"John Johnston, your old agent friend and Father salutes you all, and through you the young men, women and children of your nation. My dear friends my heart has been sorely afflicted to hear of your troubles and now I rejoice to see the clouds beginning to disappear and a brighter day about to dawn upon you. Wise and good men in power both in Kansas and at Washington are about reforming the evils existing in your country and peace, harmony and justice will once more prevail. Although you have suffered loss by the late disturbances, I am happy to find that you took no part in them. This was right and proper and should such state of things occur hereafter which God forbid, take the advice of your old friend and have no hand in it. If your nation or people suffer loss or damage the Government will make satisfaction, this you may depend upon. The Mission of Friends in your Nation having by unhappy state of things been broken up and discontinued for a time, I have lately learned is about to be resumed and I have thought it a proper occasion and at the same time a duty to send you this epistle. It may be the last time you will hear from my words, for I am now an old man and must soon pass away to the land of spirits. The son of your former friend Isaac Harvey with his family is about to take charge of the Friend Mission and School. His name is Simon D. Harvey and I think is personally known to your people. He understands a little of your language and will become useful to your Nation. I think you will find him honest & zealous to do your nation good. It is upward of fifty years since the Friends had a Mission among the Miami's on the Wabash during my Agency in that country. They have labored everywhere for the good of your race and never will ask anything in return. They want to do you good because the Great God that made all men requires us to be just, merciful and kind to his

creatures and He is best pleased with such service. Your old friend and father who has never forgotten you calls upon you to open your ears to the counsel and advice of the Friends.

They have come to you again with hearts overflowing with love to your people, receive them therefore in the same spirit and all will be well.

Brothers and Friends of the Shawnees, Delawares and Wyandottes, listen to your old friend and father who has always given you honest and good counsel and who has never wronged you. You must now cultivate the soil and make your living as your white brothers do or your race must perish. This I have often told you before and now repeat the solemn warning again in your ears. Be faithful in your marriage contract, love, protect and provide for your women and children. This is what God commands you to do. Be sober, industrious and temperate and touch not the bottle. And may God enable you to do all these things is the sincere prayer and wish of your true and affectionate friend who bid you all farewell.

Dated at Cinti. Apr. 2, 1857.

[*Mrs. Rachel Robinson Johnston to her daughter Julia.*]

Upper Piqua, March 24, 1840.

My Dear Julia: Mr. Whiteman is going to Cincinnati and it being a good opportunity I thought I would drop you a few lines. I feel anxious to hear from you I merely heard by accident you had moved. How do you like your new home, do write me the first opportunity that I may know how you are getting along. I expect Catherine home in a week if it is possible she will be at your house, if it is possible I want to go to Dayton when the bishop is there but I cannot say until the time comes. Mrs. Guion asked me if you ware moved as she wanted to stay at your house. I suppose you have heard that Rachel Gassway and Mary Reynolds have joined the Episcopal church. I trust the Lord will carry on his work that more of my children and those that is connected with them may learn the ways of holiness, for without it none need expect to see the Lord. I suppose you have heard the report of Rebeccas marriage, hitherto I have said little about it as it was at a distance, but I thought it my duty to mention it at this time as we want you and Jefferson to be prepared to come up at that time, I do not know that the exact day is fixed but it will take place in the fore part of May, this is in confidence to yourselves as the

time is at a distance yet, if it is the will of providence she will then connect her fate with that of Mr. Whiteman, I hope and trust it will be a happy marriage, we can not make much of a wedding as I can do very little myself but I want to have the comfort of seeing my children about me at that time. I want to get a carpet in exchange for my wool. I want to know how they sell now and what they give for wool, if Jefferson would inquire I would thank him. I have no news to give you only to tell you I am tired hearing of hard times, and Polyticks. May the Lord bless you and preserve your soul and body is the prayer of

YOUR MOTHER.

P. S.—Kiss the children for me.

[*Letter from Colonel John Johnston to his granddaughters, Hebe and Lilly Johnston.*]

CLAY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 8, 1860.

"*My dear Grand Children:* I am in this City for the winter having arrived on the 1st Inst, direct from Dayton, Ohio. Your Uncle James of New York happened to be in the West on business, accompanied me thus far, and remained until I was comfortably located in quarters in the Clay House for the winter, he returned to New York last Monday. On our way down in the cars, we passed your Sanctum and had a view of the aire nest of the Institute like that of the eagle perched high upon the rock. We could only look up and pray God to bless those dear children who were so near to our affections and who were located there. The journey over the mountain at so inclement a season was almost too much for me, and I have been a good deal out of health since my arrival and unable to go abroad until yesterday, when I called and made my bow to the President and Secretary of War, Governor Floyd, Governor Cass. The Secretary of State was closeted on business and could not be seen. My business here is to prosecute a claim before Congress of thirty years standing and to endeavor to procure the appointment of Cadet in the United States Military Academy West Point for your cousin John Johnston Patterson.

The public affairs here are in a very unsettled and untoward state, growing out of the difficulties in the south, and God only knows what will be the result. If this free government perishes, the cause of freedom throughout the world perishes forever. Monarchy is already advocated

by a writer in South Carolina. I pray you both enjoy good health and are happy and contented or at least as much so as possible away from the comforts of home and the parental roof. I left all your relations in Ohio well. When you write home don't fail to remember me very kindly to your Ma and Pa and that dear boy Richard. I will be happy to hear from you at any time, direct thus—Col. John Johnston, Clay House, Washington City.

May God Almighty bless and keep you my dear children so prays your most affectionate grandpa."

JOHN JOHNSTON.

(Copy furnished by Mrs. Hebe Johnston Craig, of New York.)

INSCRIPTIONS ON MONUMENTS IN THE JOHNSTON FAMILY BURYING GROUND AT UPPER PIQUA.

Capt. Abraham Robinson Johnston of the 1st U. S. Dragoons, son of John and Rachel Johnston. Born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, May 23, 1815. He fell Dec. 6, 1846, at the battle of San Pasqual, Cal.

His sorrowing father and surviving brothers and sisters have caused this stone to be erected as a mark of their enduring affection.

By order of the U. S. War & Navy Department, his remains were removed from San Diego and deposited here April 15, 1852.

Margaret Defrees, daughter of John and Rachel Johnston. Born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, September 10, 1825. Died (of cholera) at Cincinnati, June 21, 1849.

An affectionate, dutiful and provident child who was a comfort to her aged and surviving parent.

All is sad and lone where thou hast been,
Thy voice unheard, thyself unseen.
Thy tranquil grave is by mother's side,
And there our dust shall mingle with thine own.
And we will pray to die as thou hast died,
And go where thou hast gone.

Catherine C. Johnston Holtzbecher, daughter of John and Rachel

Johnston. Born at Upper Piqua, Ohio, March 8, 1822. Died at same place September 25, 1843, and lies buried here by the side of her beloved mother.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep.
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

Lieut. Stephen Johnston of the U. S. Navy, son of John and Rachel Johnston. Born at Ft. Wayne, Ind., April 2, 1803. Died at Louisville, Ky., April 2, 1848.

Entered the Navy in 1823 and had seen much service. His last cruise was in the Indian and Pacific Oceans as First Lieut. of the Columbus of 90 Guns. He took his sickness at Japan and reached his native shore in time to die.

His remains were removed and deposited here April 15, 1852.

In memory of Rebecca Johnston Whiteman, daughter of John and Rachel Johnston, of Upper Piqua, and wife of James Findlay Whiteman. Born April 2, 1818. Died April 26, 1841.

A gentle spirit whose short life was devoted to those who had claims upon her affections and regard. As a daughter, she was ever dutiful and kind; as a wife, perfectly devoted under all circumstances; and as a Christian, meek and lowly, with a mind well disciplined for the enjoyment of those realms of bliss to which she was so early called.

In memory of Benjamin, son of James Findlay and Rebecca Whiteman, who died on the 23rd day of August A.D., 1841—Aged 4 mos. and 5 days.

Rebecca Johnston, daughter of John and Rachel Johnston. Born at Ft. Wayne, Ind., September 3, 1805. Died at same place April 26, 1808.

Rosanna Johnston, daughter of John and Rachel Johnston. Born July 2, 1809. Died August 11, 1844.

Harriet Jones Johnston, daughter of John and Rachel Johnston. Born August 16, 1827. Died April 11, 1843.

Col. John Johnston—Born March 25, 1775. Died Feb. 18, 1861. Served the United States in various important trusts for a period of 40 years. By his own desire, lies buried here by the side of his beloved wife, Rachel, hoping to rise together at the resurrection of the just.

Life's labor done, securely laid
In this, their last retreat.
Unheeded, o'er their silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

In memory of Rachel Johnston, wife of John Johnston. Born in the city of Philadelphia, July 12, 1785. Died at Upper Piqua, July 24, 1840.

An honored and lamented mother of 15 children.

Lo, where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps.
A heart, within whose sacred cell,
The Christian virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.

Elizabeth Bernard Johnston, a native of Donegal, Ireland, died August 18, 1834. Aged 89 years. A tribute from a son.

Underneath this stone lies the body of Stephen Johnston, Esq., Assistant in the United States factory at Ft. Wayne, who was treacherously slain by the Indians on the night of the 25th of August, 1812, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

His disconsolate widow has erected this tribute of his memory.

THE STEPHEN JOHNSTON FAMILY.

William C. Johnston, of Piqua, O., writes: "My father's father, Stephen Johnston, along with his brothers, John Johnston, William Johnston, James Johnston, Frank Johnston, came to this country from the north of Ireland. Stephen Johnston was an agent for the government under Col. John Johnston in about the year 1809 until 1812. He was married to Mary Caldwell about the year 1811. She was born in 1788 at

Bryan's Station, Kentucky. Her husband, Stephen Johnston, was born in Ireland in the year 1777. There were born to them, Eliza Johnston at Ft. Wayne, and subsequently thereto Stephen Johnston was killed in August 1812 near Ft. Wayne. About that time his wife and daughter Eliza, on account of the Indian troubles and threatening of war, were sent to what is now the City of Piqua, but then known as Miami or Washington, where a month after his death Stephen Johnston, the posthumous son, now living, was born. He is now in his ninetieth year. In 1837 he was married at Piqua, Ohio, to Uretta, daughter of Chester Garnsey.

Eliza Johnston was married to Stephen Winans, by whom she had the following children:—Johnston Winans, who died in California many years ago, having gone there in 1849; Mary Winans, who also died in California a number of years ago; Robert Winans, still living in California; Samuel Winans, probably dead somewhere in California, having not been heard from for twenty years or upwards; and Belle Winans, married, and now living in California.

Eliza Johnston Winans and Stephen Winans died some years ago in California.

Stephen Johnston, the nephew of Col. John Johnston, now living as above stated, had born unto him Stephen Johnston, who died in Missouri several years ago; William C. Johnston, now living in the City of Piqua; Nannie Johnston, who was married to Dr. Brown and died in Ft. Wayne about twenty years ago; Kate Johnston, who is married to M. D. Butler, now living in Indianapolis, Indiana; Margaret Johnston, married to H. C. Grafflin, now living in Logansport, Indiana; Mary Johnston, who died in Piqua at about the age of three years.

THE REYNOLDS FAMILY.

Rachel Johnston, daughter of Col. John Johnston; born at Upper Piqua. Married:—

William A. Reynolds, of Cincinnati, in 1836; died Springfield, Ohio, in 1872.

Their children were:

Johnston, who died in infancy; Mary Lansdale, Elizabeth Johnston, Rebecca Johnston, James Kell, Katherine Johnston.

Mary Lansdale married John W. Coleman, of Cincinnati, in 1859.

Their children were:

Randolph Johnston; Latrobe (died in Springfield, aged 19 years.)

Randolph married Eleanor Johnston, daughter of Robert Johnston, of Springfield, Ohio.

Their children are:

Mary Louise, Adelaide, and Jean.

In 1875 Mary Lansdale Coleman married Edward Stockton Wallace, of Springfield, Ohio, now a lawyer of New York City.

Elizabeth Johnston married Andrew Sheridan Burt, U. S. A.

Their children are:

Andrew Gano, born Cincinnati, Ohio; Edith Saunders, born Fort Saunders; Reynolds, born Fort Bridges.

Andrew Gano Burt married Georgiana ( ), of Chicago. They had two sons, one deceased, the other remaining, Andrew Gano Burt, a school boy.

Edith Saunders Burt married Capt. H. Trout, 6th U. S. Cavalry. They have one daughter, Dorothy.

Reynolds Burt, captain 9th Infantry, U. S. A., married Lillian Stewart, of Cincinnati.

Rebecca Johnston Reynolds is living in Paris, France.

Katherine Johnston married Lieutenant Watson, U.S.A., (deceased). Mrs. Watson is now living in Paris.

THE CALDWELL FAMILY.

Joseph Caldwell, born March 16, 1793. Died September 30, 1828.

Mary Ann Widney, born August 3, 1797, and married September 23, 1817. Died July 7, 1841.

Pinkerton Caldwell, born October 23, 1818.

Mary Jane Caldwell, born December 30, 1820.

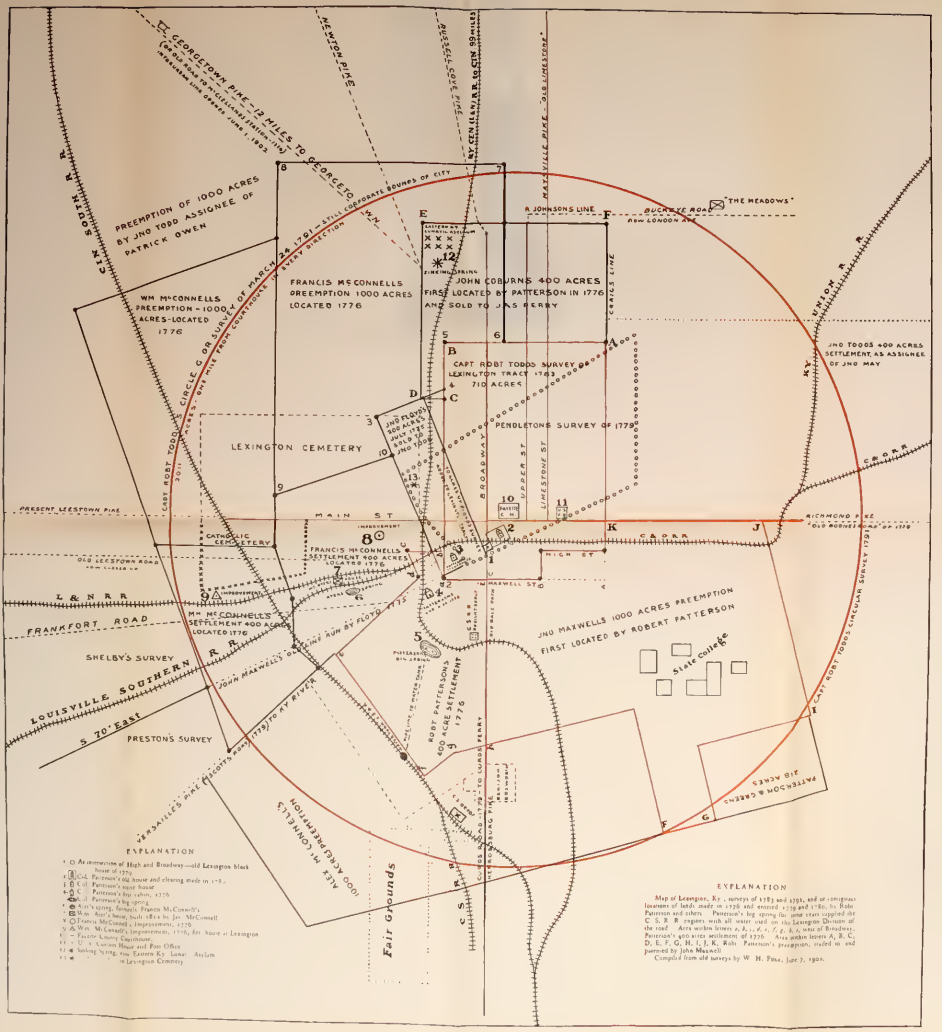
John Widney Caldwell, born November 8, 1823.

Stephen Johnston Caldwell, born August 21, 1825.

APPENDIX

THE PATTERSONS

MAP OF ROBERT PATTERSON'S LEXINGTON PROPERTY, BY COURTESY OF J. H. POLK, LEXINGTON, KY


GEORGETOWN PIKE—12 MILES TO GEORGETOWN
NEWTON PIKE
MAYSVILLE PIKE—OLD LIMESTONE
C. N. O. & T. P. R. R.
PREEMPTION OF 1000 ACRES BY JNO TODD ASSIGNEE OF PATRICK OWEN
WM McCONNELLS PREEMPTION—1000 ACRES—LOCATED 1776
FRANCIS McCONNELLS PREEMPTION 1000 ACRES LOCATED 1776
JOHN COBURNS 400 ACRES FIRST LOCATED BY PATTERSON IN 1776 AND SOLD TO JAS HERRY
CAPT ROBT TODDS SURVEY LEXINGTON TRACT 1783 710 ACRES
PENDLETONS SURVEY OF 1779
JNO TODDS 400 ACRES SETTLEMENT AS ASSIGNEE OF JNO MAY
LEXINGTON CEMETERY
CATHOLIC CEMETERY
FRANCIS McCONNELLS SETTLEMENT 400 ACRES LOCATED 1776
WM McCONNELLS SETTLEMENT 400 ACRES LOCATED 1776
JNO MAXWELLS 1000 ACRES PREEMPTION FIRST LOCATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON
ROBT PATTERSONS 400 ACRE SETTLEMENT 1776
SHELBYS SURVEY
PRESTONS SURVEY
JOHN MAXWELLS SURVEY
MAIN ST
HIGH ST
BROADWAY
UPPER ST
LIMESTONE ST
CROSS ST
MAXWELL ST
FRANKFORT ROAD
PRESENT LEESTOWN PIKE
OLD LEESTOWN ROAD
OLD ROBERTS ROAD OF 1779
RICHMOND PIKE
BUCKEYE ROAD
NEW LONDON RD
JOHNSONS LINE
THE MEADOWS
STATE COLLEGE
PATTERSON & CARNES 318 ACRES
ALEX McCONNELLS 1000 ACRE PREEMPTION
JERSEYVILLE PIKE—TO FRANKFORT
LOUISVILLE SOUTHERN R. R.
L & N R R
K Y UNION R R
C & O R R
S 70° East
Fair Grounds
EXPLANATION
EXPLANATION
Map of Lexington, Ky., surveys of 1783 and 1791, and of contiguous locations of lands made in 1776 and entered 1779 and 1780, by Robt Patterson and others. Patterson's big spring (or some years supplied the C. S. R. R engines with all water used on the Lexington Division of the road. Area within lines a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, a, is now of Broadway. Patterson's 400 acres settlement of 1776. Area within lines A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, Robt. Patterson's preemption, studied to and journed by John Maxwell
Compiled from old surveys by W. H. Pena, June 7, 1901.

APPENDIX.

THE PATTERSONS.

[*To Mr. J. H. Patterson, from the Hon. Chas. Anderson, on being consulted about the family history.*]

KUTTAWA, KY., Nov. 4th, 1894.

My Dear John: I am truly sorry that I cannot help you, in the least, in your good work. I suppose that I know as much of your grandfather's ancestry as any other living person. And that is just nothing at all.

His father was a Scotch-Irish Protestant, Presbyterian, of course: for he (your grandfather) started out and was a zealous, earnest Elder in that Church until it was almost drowned out by the deluge of the "New Light" revival, which swept over Kentucky in the dawning of this century. Then with the Worleys, Thomsons, and a great many other Calvinists of all the Churches, he left his ancestral church and joined Elder B. Stone's Novelties.

His father was married twice, for in my early days (say from 6 to 12 years old), I knew his half brother, Arthur Patterson. He first lived at Mulberry, some four miles from Shelbyville, Kentucky. He was a most sensible, upright, and, in every way, worthy gentleman and citizen,—respected by everybody. He had three children, Robert, Thomas and Catherine. He removed, perhaps before 1830, with the two later (unmarried) children to Illinois. In a short time he removed to his son Robert's. He lived and died at Princeton. Ky., some twelve miles from us, say, in the early 50's. He was, as a lawyer, quite at the head of his Bar:—represented his County and District several times in the State Senate and House: and was very popular and much esteemed by the best people, though being of the wrong politics (a Clay Whig) he was beaten several times by one blackguard or another of the Jackson politics, for Congress.

His father and himself now repose in the Princeton cemetery, with their monuments duly inscribed above them. I forget their dates. Your cousin, Latham, gave plans for the laying out of that cemetery.

Your grandfather must have had a brother, for in 1837, I stopped at the

hotel of Thomas Patterson, who told me he was a cousin of the above. He was a very pleasant, sensible man, who had also lived in Illinois.

The sum of all our ignorance and knowledge is, (in my opinion) that the Pattersons (beyond *our* Col. Robert) are unknown and (now) unknowable. That they were almost certainly from that great Body "the Middle Classes," which now, as eternally always before now, compose the best of the Race: (Give me, Oh Lord, neither Poverty nor Riches): that, of that grandest and *best* Middle Class, they were of the *very* best part (excepting the Puritans of New England) who ever migrated to America, viz: the Scotch-Irish Protestant, Lovers and Heroes in Religious and Civil Liberty. And no sane and good man, or woman either, is justifiable in nosing around amongst coffins, etc. to find any better blood for their veins than this is. I wish I could, truthfully, boast of having either flow in mine, but, I am sorry to say, that I have "nary a drop."

For the rest, this family has just as high a pedigree as any family (except General Harrison perhaps) which ever settled within the Western half of Ohio. And when the Harrisons got stuck up, and got to nosing up for their elect genealogy, they soon "treed" a Butcher, who became a General and a Hero (God bless him) in Cromwell's army. And, by the way, *he* was the only very able man in the whole breed, except one, President Ben. Harrison now in Indianapolis. He is a very able man and is superior to all the stock added together, with the first Prest. W. H. H. and the "signer" Ben. both flung in for good measure. What better stock do we need? And if we *were* lacking in these ancient grave-stones-wealth or pretence, the Founder of Lexington and Cincinnati and the Pioneer Hero of many Indian battles, gives us Ohio Family's *pile* for "Distinction."

But (in my opinion again) all this is mere bosh. True worth, personal or family worth, never descends in that way, to any individual or to any breed. And the Pattersons can hold up their heads as high in Dayton as they, long before, had done in Lexington, and as justly and proudly too as the very best "first families" of them all. It is true, that in the "society-line" the Col. made a mistake, in 1808, by leaving Lexington (where they could live in the luxury of that people) to "settle" in Dayton (where they remained "land rich" and *money* (fashions) "poor" all their lives.

But, for all that, no other family ever dared to stretch their necks above them. And why? It was because of the historic deeds and the exceeding moral worth of that venerable pioneer, warrior, hero, citizen and Christian Man, who was the head of that family. Wherefore, wherefore, (for one who is only indirectly and remotely interested in that movement)—wherefore,

In the Name and by the Authority
OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

WILLIAM DENNISON,
GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF SAID STATE.

To Abel Patterson Greeting.

It appearing to me that, on the 24 day of April 1861, you were duly elected Captain Company G, 11th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Militia organized under requisition of the President of the United States, dated April 15 1861.

Now Know You, That, by the powers vested in me by the Constitution and Laws of said State, and reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, fidelity and ability, I do, by these Presents, COMMISSION you as Captain with rank of 2d Lieutenant as aforesaid, for the term of FIVE YEARS, unless sooner discharged, upon condition that you uniform within the time limited by law, and take the oath, or affirmation, endorsed hereon, within ten days from receipt hereof, sending a certificate thereof to General Head Quarters; and I do hereby authorize and require you to discharge all and singular, the duties and services appertaining to your said office, agreeably to law and general regulations, and to obey such orders and instructions as you shall, from time to time, receive from your superior officers.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State of Ohio to be affixed, at Columbus, the 24 day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-One, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

BY THE GOVERNOR: W. Dennison

A. P. Russell, Secretary of State.

H. B. Carrington, Adjutant General.

ROBERT PATTERSON'S CERTIFICATE OF APPOINTMENT AS ENSIGN IN COMPANY G, ELEVENTH OHIO VOLUNTEER STATE MILITIA

I rejoice at your purpose (as Tom Corwin's joke used to phrase it) "to cumpaar Grave Yards, sah" with the best comers.

And you need not go behind the 4th of July, 1776, either, or, the naming his Lexington after the first battle of the American Revolution. These are my ideas.

Go on with your just and noble work, for it is a just and noble motive for any son or grandson, daughter, or great-great-daughter, etc. etc. to honor, and to show honor to, their own ancestors. I am sorry indeed that I cannot help you with one word.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES ANDERSON.

P. S.—Give our love to your mother. "Uncle Pompey," an old family negro, told your cousin Eliza that their Pennsylvania home was Chambersburgh. Grave-stones *may* show something.

I am ashamed this morning to send such trash as this. But I can't think of re-writing it. I bethink myself, however, to say that, although Colonel Patterson was a more distinguished citizen than any man left behind him, either in Lexington or Cincinnati, and was the *only* one in or about Dayton of the least distinction, yet it by no means follows that the best biography of his can have any success, *at this date*, for our people are like Gallio,—they "care for none of these things." And our "Pioneer Times" and "Pioneer men, and women too (who ought to really make about the most interesting subject-matter of all History) are, in public opinion, of no sort of historic or romantic value when compared to the morganatic wife and bastardy of the "Czarewitz" or a fisticuff between two biped beasts. "Sixty-eight thousands, sixty-eight thousand, and mostly fools." *

Still, still, still,—I think you may as well make this effort to redeem ourselves and our countrymen from a very guilty neglect of that class of our best patriots and, very particularly, of him. Who to get for author, take care. In such a business, the writer of the memoirs is everything. Without the fit author, if you had a superabundance of the best historic materials, in place of your almost none, your book would do but little good to the public ("Sixty-eight thousand &c.,") or to the family.

Adieu again,—I am very affectionately, your oldest and most useless of kinsmen

CHARLES ANDERSON.

* Colonel Anderson quotes Carlyle on the Americans.

[*Col. Patterson's Kentucky Claim.*]

With surveying skill Mr. Patterson marked the boundary lines and corners of his land as described in papers shown in records of a case before the early courts at Cincinnati as follows:

"R. Patterson's field notes, 400 acres more or less, on Town Fork of the Elkhorn branch of the Kentucky River. Selected for occupancy by himself under Virginia law in Nov. 1775, around the big spring, later named Lexington.

"Beginning at girdle oak tree on the hill where bridle path from McClellan's leading to my spring comes to the open, thence N. E. 3 blaze trees on direct course, should judge a half mile to natural rock in clump of trees.

S. E. 3 blaze trees, 120 rod to windfall, said windfall within the bounds.

South, 4 blaze trees, 200 rod to bear waller at S. E. corner of Buffalo grass.

S. W. 3 blaze trees, half mile along skirt of timber, course breaking a little south along the ridge to girdle trees at crossing of the spring lick, thence turning near westerly, one blaze tree 80 rod to buffalo path on ridge.

N. W. 7 blaze trees along winding course of buffalo path near 1 mile to old Indian camp, said camp within the bounds.

N. E. 4 blaze trees, 120 rod to girdle tree on bridle path, the point of beginning, which is about 200 rod direct N. W. from the big spring.

Girdle trees mark my 5 corners, and that winter I cut saplings along my lines."

[*Robert Patterson's Narrative.*]

"When Sterritt and I had made the improvement at G, on plat, and returned to McClelland's Station, Sterritt *seemed much pleased with it and said he must have it*, to which I objected *reminding him of his promise.* But Sterritt *persisted* in his assertion of right, *and I as obstinately resisted it.** There being no way to determine it the matter rested. Sterritt obtained a claim from the Commissioners in some other quarter of the country. When the Commissioners met in this county, I appeared before them and obtained a certificate for the complainant, Francis Patterson, on the improvement at Gz. *Did not know of a spring on it until it was surveyed.* The Fork of Cane Run, on which the improvement stands, was *named* by me and Sterritt as the *North Fork of Cane Run.* And the one

* Note by W. H. Polk, of Lexington.—Sterritt appears to have been a *hog!* When Patterson got a fine claim, Sterritt wanted it. He gave up one or two to him, and Sterritt wanting another, Patterson refused, and this contention seems to have parted them. Sterritt was his first special companion, in locating, in the fall of 1775, after arrival at Georgetown, or the "Royal Spring."

which passes through Flannigan's settlement and preemption, we named the *Main Fork*, and the one which David Mitchell lives on, and empties into the Main Cane Run, near Sanders mill, we named the *West Fork* of Cane Run. I never made or assisted in making any improvement on the *North* Fork of Cane Run except the one at G on plat.

"Upon *my return to Pennsylvania in* 1777, I informed my father that I had made an improvement for him, on account of the satisfaction I had received from him, before I came to Kentucky. I laid in *my own claim before the Commissioners before I laid in my father's.*"

In his deposition, given in the suit of Coburn *vs.* McConnell's heirs, Col. Patterson also states: "In 1776 I had made an improvement at the spring called the *Sinking Spring*, and sold my right to David Perry."

David Perry was one of the company that came from Pennsylvania to Kentucky with Robert. At the time Robert and party were returning to Pennsylvania in 1776, and were set upon by Indians near the Hockhocking; David Perry was only slightly wounded, and went to Grove Creek for assistance. The "Sinking Spring Tract," as it was called, lies north of and adjoining Lexington. On it is now located the Eastern Lunatic Asylum and farm. Patterson sold this, "jumped over" the town, and located on the south side. The road from Lexington to McConnell's Fort (now Georgetown) passes through this Sinking Spring tract. It afterward passed to Benj. Netherland, then to Coburn, and its interference with Francis McConnell's survey caused the issue of a covert in 1783, and in 1796 above suit was begun by Coburn vs McConnell's heirs.

(C) The settlers who marked and located lands in Kentucky, in 1773 to 1779, could not enter or survey them until a land office was established. This was done in the Fall of 1779, the Commissioners first settling at Logan's Fort, Harrodsburg, Boonesborough, Falls of Ohio, and Bryan's Station at the latter place Robert Patterson's laid on his entry, as follows: "Robert Patterson this day claimed a settlement and preemption to a tract of land in the District of Kentucky, lying on the waters of the South Fork of Elkhorn about half a mile from Lexington, to include his improvement by *raising a crop of corn on the premises in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy six.* Satisfactory proof being made to the Court, they are of opinion that the said Patterson has a right to a settlement of 400 acres of land, to include his improvement, and the preemption of 1,000 acres adjoining, and that a certificate issue accordingly."

Bryan's July the 3rd 1780.

In July 1775, John Floyd had surveyed for Maxwell, who appears to have been the *first pioneer on the site of Lexington*, a private claim that covered the present State College grounds, and other lands contiguous to the southern limits of Lexington. Adjacent to this was the 400 acre settlement of Patterson located early in 1776, on the south-west of Lexington, on which he raised a crop of corn that year. Floyd also surveyed for himself 200 acres, contiguous, that included what is now West High Street on the Hill. Patterson traded a survey on Cane Run to Maxwell for the west 400 acres of his private survey made by Floyd on July 1775. Floyd sold his 200 acres to Col. John Todd, who, in turn, sold 70 acres of it to the trustees, to be added to Lexington. A small part he relinquished to Patterson, which included the site of the stone house. The south east corner of Floyd's survey commenced at the blockhouse, which stood at the corner of "*Patterson's improvement*," which was also Maxwell's corner. It ran "north 220 E. 300 poles," etc. The west line of this Floyd tract ran back to the south west corner of Lexington survey, and just inside this south west corner, Patterson built his stone house. As soon as they had completed McClelland's cabin at the Royal Spring, building it in such a manner as to afford some protection against the Indians, Robert Patterson and his associates set about the location of lands. The improvements were all made in common and afterwards divided by lot. The following spring (1776) McClelland's cabin was enlarged and converted into a blockhouse, or station, capable of resisting a siege or heavy attack by the savages. This work accomplished, they again sallied forth in quest of lands; ascending Cane Run, a tributary of the Elkhorn, they made a number of improvements a few miles west of Lexington. Here, one and a half miles below that city, on the banks of Town Fork, they built a cabin to work the claim of Wm. McConnell, one of their party. And it being "about the center of their improvements," as Col. Patterson stated, they "abided there until the corn crops were laid by." South of McConnell's tract Col. Patterson located his settlement of 400 acres and built upon it a log cabin. East of him was the single survey of John Maxwell, made by Capt. John Floyd, in July, 1775. At the same time that Floyd made Maxwell's survey, he also made one for himself. The latter included the site of Patterson's stone house and 70 acres of the south west corner of the Lexington tract as surveyed by Robert Todd in 1781. Floyd's tract embraced 200 acres. He sold it to John Todd, who sold the 70 acres mentioned to the town trustees, to settle the interference. Todd also released to Col.

Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of VIRGINIA,

TO ALL TO WHOM these Presents shall come, GREETING: KNOW YE, that by Virtue and in Consideration of an Act of General Assembly passed at the Session Commencing the Twenty Second Day of May 1781 for the Relief of Soldiers and Seamen now Prisoners on the Western Frontiers

there is granted by the said Commonwealth unto Robert Pattman Assignee of Elizabeth Pattin

a certain Tract or Parcel of Land, containing Four hundred and Ninety Acres by Survey lying and being in the County of Jefferson on the Waters of Bullskin Creek and Eight Mile Run and bounded Beginning at a Hickory and Poplar corner on the Northern Boundary Line of Nicholas Tool's Survey of Eight Hundred Acres and running thence with the same North Seventy Degrees West Two hundred and Forty Poles to a Stake in the Line of Thomas Brooks's Survey thence with the same North Twenty Degrees East Two hundred and Forty Poles to a Stake on the Bank of Bullskin Creek thence down the Creek as it meanders South Seventy Degrees East One hundred and Sixty Poles to a Stake on the Bank of the said Creek a Branch of Eight Mile Run and between a Sycamore and Elm standing on the Bank of the said Creek thence South Twenty Degrees West Two hundred and Forty Poles to a Stake in the Line of Nicholas Tool's Survey thence with the same North Seventy Degrees West One hundred and Sixty Poles to the Beginning

with its Appurtenances; TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land with its Appurtenances, to the said Robert Pattman and his Heirs for ever.

IN WITNESS whereof, the said Patrick Henry Esqr Governor of the Commonwealth of VIRGINIA, hath hereunto set his Hand, and caused the lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed at Richmond, on the Fifteenth Day of August in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-two and of the Commonwealth the Eleventh

P. Henry

COPY OF LAND PATENT SIGNED BY PATRICK HENRY, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, CONVEYING LANDS TO ROBERT PATTERSON

Patterson that part which interfered with his (the latter's) location, on which his old stone house still stands.

Patterson's 400 acres (shown on map by purple line) was bounded on the north by the lines of Wm. and Francis McConnell's surveys of 400 acres each. This line is now the Versailles turnpike, anciently called "Scott's Road," because it led to "Scott's Landing," where General Chas. Scott (who commanded a Virginia Brigade under Washington) had a warehouse to receive produce for shipment down the Mississippi. This landing was at Tyrone, on Kentucky River, where the great high bridge on the Louisville Southern R.R. spans the stream. The east line of Patterson's 400 acre settlement was "Curd's Road," now South Broadway. Curd's Road ran to the mouth of Dick's River, where the great high bridge on the Cincinnati Southern R. R. crosses the Kentucky. The South line of Patterson ran across from the Versailles Road (Scott's) to South Broadway (Curd's) and took in the site, or most of it—of our present fairground and trotting track and depot and yards of the C.S.R.R., "Davis' Bottom," etc. In fact it included all of South Lexington lying between the Versailles pike and South Broadway, as far out as the fair grounds in which the trotting track is located.*

[*Extract from the Rev. James Welsh sketch of the early Pattersons, written in* 1816 *to* 1820 (*H. B. L. Papers*).]

"The government land records will show that Robert Patterson took up the Lexington tract on Town Fork of the Elkhorn on 'tomahawk rights,' which title he guarded by sending his brother William from Pennsylvania to keep off squatters while he lay at home wounded. He soon further secured the land under the Virginia law, giving each settler 400 acres for a home place. Finally in 1778 or '79 he paid for the 400 acres, 40 cents per acre in scrip that came to him as pay for service in the Rangers under Gov. Dunmore; and increased the tract to 1000 acres by purchase with other Colonial scrip. Through barter and purchase he acquired other lands in Kentucky. The Indiana land was granted him by Congress for service in the Illinois campaign, referred to elsewhere at length. He sold his third interest in the site of Cincinnati in November, 1794, for 2,000 pounds Virginia money, enough of which he was able to save from his Kentucky embarrassment for later investment in the Green County, Ohio, farm and mill seat near Clifton, leaving a sum for partial payment

* We are indebted for map and early survey of Lexington and adjacent entries on the north, west and southwest to Mr. W. H. Polk, of Lexington, Ky., whose research among old records has been most painstaking and valuable.—[Ed.]

on purchase of the Rubicon farm and mills one mile south of Dayton, O."

[*Robert Patterson's Sinking Spring Claim* (400 *acres*).]

In fall of 1779, the Commission appointed by Virginia to receive claim and grant certificates to settlers, came to Kentucky and began work at St. Asoph's Springs, Logan's Fort, near or on October 13th, going through Harrodsburg, Falls of Ohio, and Bryan's Station. The Commissioners began their session at Bryan's Station on Jan. 3, 1780, and Patterson was promptly on hand that day to enter his claim, as the following extract from the Commissioners books will show. "Coburn vs. Jos. McConnell's heirs, Book of Land Trials, Lexington, Dist. Court, p. 101." "Robert Patterson this day claimed a settlement and preemption to a tract of land in the District of Ky., lying on the waters of the south fork of Elkhorn about half a mile from Lexington, to include his improvement, by raising a crop of corn on the premises in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six. Satisfactory proof being made to the Court they are of opinion that the said Patterson had a right to a settlement of 400 of acres of land, to include his improvement, and the preemption of 1000 acres adjoining, and that a certificate issued accordingly.

"Bryan's, Jan'y the 3rd, 1780."

[*Subpoena.*]

"The Commissioners of Virginia to the Sheriff of Mercer County summon John Bradford to appear at the Court house in Danville, Mercer County on the 17th of March, to answer a bill in Chancery exhibited against him by Francis Patterson, etc." Penalty £1000. Witness, Christopher Greenup, Clerk March 17, 1787.

(Executed.) R. Patterson, Deputy Sheriff.

John Bradford, p. 285, Book A, Complete Record. Also dep. of Jos. Sterritt.

The entry recites that this suit was brought back from the Court of Appeals in Dec. 1796, and placed upon the issue docket of the Lex. Dist. Court and then says:

"Your Orator Francis Patterson, states that on January 17, 1780, in consequence of a certain improvement made for him by a certain Robert Patterson in 1776, he obtained from the Court of Commissioners a certificate for a right of preemption to 1000 acres of land, at the state price, in

Fayette County, lying on the North Fork of Cane Run, to include his improvement, and to extend westwardly for quantity, etc."

* * * * *

"Francis Patterson enters 1000 acres of land on preemption warrant No. 852, on Cane River, a south branch of North Elkhorn, where John Maxwells east line strikes McDowell, with Maxwell's said line 400 poles and with McDowells north and east-line at right angles for quantity, to include his improvement etc."

[*Preemption Warrant.*]

Obtained December 4, 1782, and entered with the Surveyor of Fayette County as follows:

Jan. 12, 1780, Jos. Bryan, Jr., on account of raising corn in the country in 1776, "obtained from the Court a certificate for preemption and settlement of 1400 acres, adjoining Maxwell on the South and McConnell on the east, including a big spring on the north side of Cane Run and up said run for quantity. Entered it Jan. 17, 1780 and sold it to John Bradford, who sued Francis Patterson for interference and was in turn sued for same reason. The following is the claim with the Commissioners:

Jan. 17, 1780. Francis Patterson by Robert Patterson, this day claimed a preemption of 1000 acres of land at the state price in the District of Kentucky, lying on the North Fork of Cane Run to include his improvement, and to extend westwardly, for quantity, by working and improving the same in the year 1776. Satisfactory proof being made to the court, they are of the opinion that the said Patterson has a right to a preemption of 1000 acres, to include the said improvements and that a certificate issue accordingly."

Bond of Robert Patterson as Sheriff, with securities Henry Marshall, and Hugh Shannon to Jacques Ambler, Treasurer of the State of Virginia. Penalty £10,000.

"Robert Patterson, Gentlemen, Sheriff of this county, undertakes to collect the Revenue tax imposed by Act of Assembly for the year 1787.

Teste Levi Todd. Signed Robert Patterson
Henry Marshall
November 12, 1788. Hugh Shannon.

[*Letter from Robert Patterson to his wife before starting on the Miami campaign.*]

Eaver lovly Elisabeth: I imbrace this opportunity god only knows whither it is the last or not I am now in as good helth & spirits as your-

sall & now tempral mater conserns me lieke that of the welfare of you and our two babes for which I comit you to the care of god who is only able to conduct us thrue this world and bring us to gather in this world or the world to come which I hope with the means that is put in our hands we will indaver so to obtain his blesing—the indians yesterdaye took 3 negroes & one white boy prisoners from Lees station and crossed in sight of Limestone whare Colo Logan had gust got to and was about erossing and I am in formd he has followed them with a few men after the had about on hour start our army will consist of a bout eight hundred men we hav three hundred from our county alltho the number may be greater as we have not joyned yet we ar to cross over the river to day our men behaves them selves exceadingly cleaver & has got the honour so far god of heaven bless you farewell R. PATTERSON

if I should not return I gave and bequeath to you and youre hairs & a sings one halfe of my land on ken run with all my household forniture & on cow & one horse—my bath plantation I will to my daughter Rebica to her hairs & signs for eaver—my lots in town and remainder of my land on Kainy run I will to my doughter Margret to her & her hairs & a signs for eaver and all the rest of my lands and property to bee euqualy devided betwixt my two children R. PATTERSON

Sept. 30th 1786

I crossed the river last night in the rear of the batalion about midnight all well we will start to morow I am now at the head of one of the best & most a grable regements that eaver crossed the ohio tacke beckeye & pegy in your arms and kiss them and tell them that it was for father.

R P

[*Thanks of Virginia Legislature.*]

"In the House of Delegates, Monday the 23rd Nov. 1778.

"Whereas authentic information has been received that Lieut. Col. George Rogers Clark with a body of Virginia Militia has reduced the British posts in the Western part of this Commonwealth, on the river Mississippi, and its branches, whereby great advantage may accrue to the common cause of America, as well as to this Commonwealth in particular.

Resolved:—That the thanks of this house are justly due to the said Col. Clark and the brave officers and men under his command, for their extraordinary resolution and perseverance in so hazardous an enterprise, and for the important services thereby rendered their country."

(Signed) E. RANDOLPH, C.H.D.

Virginia State Papers.

[*From Mathias Denman to Robert Patterson.*]

"To Curnal Robert Patterson in Caintucky at lexiton (Sheet 87.)

Springfield New Jersey 1st Febv 1789.

My Dear Sir: I have taken this Opportunity to write to you informing you that I am well and hope you are in the same case. The board of Proprietors of the Miami lands have lately met, and have concluded that each Proprietor shall build a house of twenty Foot square in the proposed City, and two stories high, by the first of November next, or in the course of next Summer, and they have also impowered Judge Symmes to Lease to any Actual Resident every other Ten Acre lot for the term of Fourteen years at the Rate of Six pence per year for said Lots, an account of which it is very likely you will see soon after and perhaps before the Receit of this letter.—I have wrote to Mr. Ludlow about the settlement of the Town at Licking River, for Particulars I refer you to his letter from me of the thirty first of January—I should wish you to pay the greatest attention to the laying out of the Town at the mouth of Licking River and see that we have a good choice in the Lots, and if possible get the best and most pleasantly situated ones.—In case you should not see Mr. Ludlows letter, I would wish you to have as many lots as you Judge necessary of about ten Acres each laid out back of the Town where you shall think proper and let any persons occupy the same for a number of years (Suppose twelve or Fourteen) on a small yearly Rent of about sixpense a lot, by which means we may likely have a considerable part of our lands cleared & improved.

I have wrote to Mr. Ludlow concerning the land you purchased of me opposite Licking, and have drawn an Order on you to pay him the Ballance due me, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, and which I doubt not you will settle with him,

I am, with the greatest Respect,

Dear Sir, your Most obedt Servant

Mathias Denman.

[*Notice from the "Kentucke Gazette," Sep.* 30, 1789.]

To All toWhome these presents shall come We Robert Patterson, Samuel Blair, John Coburn, Robert Barr, James Parker, Robert Parker and Samuel McMillion Gent Trustees of the town of Lexington send Greeting. Know ye that Whereas the general Assembly of Virginia by an Act entituled, "An Act to establish a town at the Courthouse in the County of Fayette" passed the first day of July in the year of our Lord 1782, did

vest in the original Trustees and their Successors a Certain tract of Land for the purpose of a town establishing the Same by the name of Lexington. With power in the said Trustees or any four of them to convey to setters and purchasers the several Lots therein contained, In Complyance with the trust reposed in us and in order to carry the said Recited Act into execution, We the said Trustees do convey to the Reverend John Gano, Edw. Payne, Thomas Laws, William Payne, William Stone, Jun^{r} and Elisha Winters, for the sole use of the Baptist Church holding the Doctrines and maintaining the discipline set forth in the Baptist confession of faith accepted by a number of Churches in London and the Country adjacent in the year 1643 and by the Baptist Association met in Philadelphia September the 25th 1742 and in the year 1785 by the Ministers and Messengers of the several Churches in the District of Kentucky And in case of death removal or resignation of any of the aforesaid Trustees a Majority of those remaining shall & may appoint others to fill the Vacancies & so in Succession and the Trustees so appointed shall be vested with as full and Ampel power and Authority as the Original Trustees —Provided that always and forever hereafter the Trustees for the time being or a majority of them shall preserve the Premses hereafter Mentioned to the Church Maintaining the Principles above Mentioned (Insert the boundaries &c here) Together with all ways Waters, Priveledges, advantages, & appurtenances of every nature thereunto belonging or in any wise appurtaining. To have and to hold the aforesaid Lot with its appurtenances to the said Trustees and their Successors for the intent & use before mentioned forever in as full and ample a manner as the same is vested in us. In Witness Whereof a majority of us the s^{d} Trustees of the town of Lexington have hereunto set our hands & seals this 29th day of September 1789

Rob^{t} Patterson Ss
Sam Blair Ss
Rob^{t} Pa—SS
Sam^{l} M^{c}Million Ss
Ja^{s} Parker Ss
Rob^{t} Barr

A Copy Teste
Tho Bodley D.C. of C

[*The Losantiville Contract.*]

"Covenant and agreement made and concluded this twenty-fifth day of August, 1788, between Mathias Denman of Essex County, New Jersey

JAMES MADISON, *President of the United States of America,*

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME. GREETING:

KNOW YE, That Robert Patterson Assignee of Daniel C Cooper having deposited in the Treasury a certificate of the Register of the Land-office at Cincinnati, whereby it appears that full payment has been made for Lot One of section Nine of township One in range Seven containing by the returns of the Surveyor General Three hundred Twenty two Acres and 17 hundredths of the land lying between the Great Miami river and the Virginia reservation, sold under the direction of the Register of the Land-office at Cincinnati, by virtue of the right of pre-emption granted by law to certain persons who have contracted with John Cleves Symmes, or his associates, **There is granted,** by the United States, in pursuance of the act of Congress in that case provided, unto the said Robert Patterson the ~~section of~~ land above described: **To have and to hold,** the said ~~section of~~ land, with the appurtenances, unto the said Robert Patterson his heirs and assigns forever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have caused these Letters to be made PATENT, and the Seal of the General Land-office to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN *under my hand, at the city of Washington, the* Fifth *day of* October *in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and* sixteen *and of the Independence of the United States of America, the* forty first.

BY THE PRESIDENT,

James Madison

Josiah Meigs, *Commissioner of the General Land-office.*

LAND PATENT SIGNED BY JAMES MADISON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, TO ROBERT PATTERSON, CONVEYING HIS SHARE OF LAND UPON WHICH THE CITY OF CINCINNATI IS NOW BUILT

State, of the one part, and Robert Patterson and John Filson, in Fayette County, Kentucky, of the other part,

Witnesseth:

That the said Mathias Denman having made entry of a tract of land on the north-west side of the Ohio River opposite the mouth of the Licking River in that District in which Judge Symms has purchased from Congress, and having seized by rights of entry to attain 640 acres and the fractional part that may pertain, do grant, bargain and sell the full two-thirds thereof by an equal undivided right in partnership with the said Robert Patterson and John Filson, their heirs and assignes and upon producing indisputable testimony as to the said Denman's right and title to the said premises, they, the said Patterson and Filson, shall pay the sum of twenty pounds Virginia currency to the said Denman or his heirs or assignes, as full remittance for monies by him advanced in payment of said land, every other institution determination and regulation respecting the laying off of a town and establishing a ferry at and upon the premises to be the result of the united efforts and consent of the parties in covenant aforesaid:

By these Presents, the parties bind themselves for the true performance of this covenant to each other in the penal sum of one thousand pounds apiece, and hereunto affix their hands and seals the day and year above written:

MATHIAS DENMAN
ROBERT PATTERSON
JOHN FILSON

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of

HENRY OWEN
ABRAHAM MCCONNELL.

APPEAL FOR TROOPS.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 301.)

LEXINGTON, FAYETTE CO., Septm 11th, 1782.

Sir: The Officers, Civil as well as Military, of this County, beg the attention of your Excellency & the H'ble Council. The number of the Enemy that lately penetrated into our County, their Behavior; adding to this our late unhappy defeat at the Blue Licks, fill us with the greatest concern and anxiety. The Loss of our worthy officers and Souldiers who fell there the 19th of August, we sensibly feel and deem our situation truly Alarming. We can scarcely behold a spot of Earth, but what reminds us of the fall of some fellow adventurer massacred by Savage hands. Our number of militia decreases. Our widows & orphans are

numerous, our officers and worthiest men fall a sacrifice. In short sir, our settlement, hitherto formed at the Expense of Treasure and much Blood seems to decline, & if something is not speedily done, we doubt will wholly be depopulated. The Executive we believe think often of us & wish to protect us, but Sir, we believe any military operations that for 18 months have been carried on in consequence of Orders from the Executive, have rather been detrimental than Beneficial. Our Militia are called on to do duty in a manner that has a tendency to protect Jefferson County, or rather Louisville, a Town without inhabitants, a Fort situated in such a manner that the enemy coming with a design to lay waste our country, would scarcely come within one Hundred miles of it, & our own Frontiers open and unguarded. Our Inhabitants are discouraged. Tis now near two years since the division of the County and no Surveyor has ever appeared among us, but has by appointment from time to time deceived us. Our principal expectations of strength are from him. During his absence from the County Claimants of Land disappear, when if otherwise, they would be an additional strength.

We entreat the Executive to examine into the Cause, and remove it speedily. If it is thought impracticable to carry the war into the Enemy's Country, we beg the plan of building a Garrison at the mouth of Limestone & another at the mouth of Licking formerly prescribed by your Excellency, might be again adopted and performed. A Garrison at the mouth of Lime-stone, would be a landing place for adventurers from the Back parts of Pensy'va and Virg'a adjacent to a large Body of good Land which would be speedily settled—would be in the Enemy's principle crossing place, not more than fifty miles from Lexington our Largest settlement, & might readily be furnished with provision from above, till they would be supplies from our Settlements here. Major Netherland, we expect will deliver this. He will attend to give any particular information that may be deemed necessary.

Humanity towards Inhabitants destitute of Hopes of any other aid, will surely induce your Excellency to spare from the interior parts of the State 200 men, and a few pieces of Artillery for those purposes above mentioned.

We are Sir, yr. Excellency's mo't. Ob't. & vy; H'ble Ser'nts

Daniel Boone,	Eli Cleveland,
Levi Todd,	Wm. Henderson,
R. Patterson,	John Craig,
B. Netherland,	Wm. McConnell,

COMMISSION.

In the Name and by the Authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

JAMES GARRARD,

Governor of The Said Commonwealth, To All Who Shall See These Presents, Greeting:—

Know Ye, That reposing especial trust and confidence in the integrity, diligence and ability of

ROBERT PATTERSON

I have nominated and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate do appoint him a Justice of the Court of Quarter Session in the county of Fayette with full power and authority to execute and fulfil the duties of the said office, according to law; and TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same, with all the rights and emoluments thereunto legally appertaining, during good behaviour.

In Testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent and the seal of the Commonwealth to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at Frankfort, on the 19th day of Dec'r. in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred.

JAMES GARRARD

By the Governor.

Harry Toulmin, Secretary.

[*Contract of sale of Robert Patterson's undivided one third of the site of Cincinnati.* (*Copied from Hamilton Co. records*).]

"Know all men by these presents that I, Samuel Freeman of Hamilton County, Northwestern Territory, am held and firmly bound unto Robert Patterson of Fayette County, his heirs etc., in the full sum of two thousand pounds Virginia Currency, for the payment whereof well and truly to be made and done to him, the said Robert Patterson his heirs etc., I bind myself my heirs etc. firmly by these presents, as witness my hand and seal this 26th day of November in the year of our Lord 1794.

The condition of the above obligation is such that whereas the above bound Samuel Freeman has purchased of the said Robert Patterson all his right, title and interest of and unto a certain covenant and agreement concerning that fraction and section of land whereon the town of Cincinnati;

Northwest of the Ohio River now stands, which covenant and agreement; Mathias Denman, Robert Patterson and John Filson are partners in common tenentry, and of which covenant and agreement the said Robert Patterson has made an assignment over to the said Samuel Freeman. Now if the said Samuel Freeman do make and convey as good, ample and sufficient title to all such lots as he the said Patterson has or may have sold to the respective purchasers, and if he pay over or cause to be paid to said Patterson eight dollars in silver for each and every acre of land to him, the said Freeman sold and by virtue of the aforesaid covenant and agreement accruing, to be paid in two payments (viz one hundred and twenty pounds on the first of April next, and the residue on the 1st of Dec. next following, then this obligation to be null &c.

SAMUEL FREEMAN [SEAL]
Nov. 26, 1794. ROBERT PATTERSON [SEAL]

Test
Israel Ludlow
Thos Freeman
Recd. 29th Dec. (1811)

[*Will of Francis Patterson (Father of Col. Robert of Lexington).*]

[From Burnt Record, Vol. 6, p. 46.]

Lexington Court House Records 1801

April Court 1801.

"I Francis Patterson Sen^{r} considering the un(cert)anity of this mortal life, and being of sound m(ind) and memory, blessed be Almight God for it (do) make and publish this my last will and te(stament, in) manner and form following to wit. I g(ive and bequeath) unto my..... loving wife Katree(n)..... and comfortable living out of my rea(l estate and move)able property to be continued to her un.....discretion of my executors, and bequeath to my daug(hter).....
.....
.....
.....to.....
(dau)ghter) Mary Ewing one.....
rty to be valued by her my.....
do hereby constitute and appoint.....

Robert Patterson my sole executors of (this my last will) and testament, as witness my hand (this.....(o)f July 180(1)

FRANCIS PATTERSON.

Signed and sealed in presence of

Parke
(John Jo)hnson
(Robert Pat)terson

(F)ayette County June Court 1801.

The last will and testament of Francis P(atterson Senr) (was pro)duced in court and proved by the oath (of.....) Parke and John Johnson, subscrib(ing) (witnesses) and ordered to be recorded.

Teste LEVI T(ODD)

Page 48 contains what is left of the inventory of the estate of Francis, Sr. as follows:

..... grid iron		
.....Pewter 53 lbs.	$3	
..... and sifter	0	
..... tongs	0	
.....ing irons	0	
..... ackle and stillyards	1	4
..... gun and two candlesticks	3	4
.....ss iron and glass do	1	10
.....(c)offee mill and tinns	0	11
..... cupboard and chest	4	1
.....(c)andle stand and table	1	9
.....(s)pinning wheel and cradle	1	2
..... chairs	1	
..... (one g)old watch	12	
..... man's saddle	3	
..... do	1	
..... pistols and sword	1	
.....(1 mucket) and bayonet	1	
.....gs and waiter		
.....(fur)niture		

[*Orders to Scout and Patrol the Country.*]

"To CAPTAIN ROBERT PATTERSON:

"*Sir:*—The fourth part of the militia of Fayette county are hereby

ordered on duty, to rendezvous at Lexington on the 10th instant, of which you will take command.

"You will have under you one Lieutenant, one Ensign, three Sergeants, one Commissary, and as much ammunition as can be spared, or you may stand in need of; march immediately to the mouth of the Kentucky River, there to act in conjunction with the commanding officer of a row boat to be sent by Gen'l George Rogers Clark from Louisville. The boat will likely be commanded by a regular officer of as high a grade as yourself; in that case you will report yourself and company to him, and be under his command; but if commanded by a militia Captain, then you must command.

"I need not advise you to take care of yourself and men, and guard against surprise.

"You are to be thirty days on duty, and will be furnished by your hunters. The Commissary's receipt will entitle them to pay."

JOHN TODD.

[*Dr. Jno. Goodlet at Bardstown, Ky., January* 19, *to Col. Robert Patterson, near Dayton, Ohio.*]

Honored Father: Your favor of the 10th inst, by Jefferson, we received with much pleasure. We were glad to hear from you and very much pleased to see Jefferson. I knew him as soon as I saw him, altho' he denied his name to be *Jefferson.* I hope to be able to make him a good Federalist. He is really a sweet boy. I shall delight in attending to his Education. So soon as Mr. Chenault takes in school, I shall enter him and Edmond Anderson whose Education I have the management of and who is to commence the study of Medicine with me so soon as he is qualifyed. He is of respectable and wealthy Parents of this County and will be, I hope, an agreeable companion for Jefferson.

On the 27th, my Dear Rebecca brought me another fine Daughter. They are both well. Fanny Maria, Elizabeth and Rebecca are well. They are all delighted with their little Uncle, as they call Jefferson. I shall be glad to hear frequently from you. Jefferson will likewise be pleased and edifyed by receiving a letter frequently from you. I intend him to write you shortly. It will be a great pleasure to Rebecca and myself to have the society of Jefferson while getting his Education. Rest assured, I will spare no pains in attending to his improvement. He seems quite delighted with the prospect of getting an education. We have much sickness in this county this winter. Rebecca sends her love.

Your ever dutiful.

31 Dec. 1813. J. GOODLET.

JOHN BROUGH,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

Know Ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of

Robert Patterson

I have appointed him Captain in the 61st Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the service of the United States, for Three Years, unless sooner discharged, under Act of CONGRESS, approved July 22, 1861, to rank as such from the 29 day of August eighteen hundred and sixty four. He is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Captain by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Captain. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from the General, or other superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War.

Adjutant General's Office,

August 29 1864.

Robert Cowen

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL OF OHIO.

GIVEN under my hand, at Columbus, Ohio, this 29 day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and in the eighty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States.

John Brough

BY THE GOVERNOR:

A. D. Ames Jr

Secretary of State.

ROBERT PATTERSON'S CERTIFICATE OF APPOINTMENT AS CAPTAIN IN THE SIXTY-FIRST REGIMENT, O.V.I.

[*Composition by Jane Patterson, Sept. 6th, aged 9, on the Excellence of Christian Religion.*]

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the gospel, with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it, for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, than man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him. There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, to injustice and every sort of malevolence as the gospel. It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence and peace.

Very well, Jane. (from the teacher)

[*From Dr. Goodlet at Lexington to Col. Robert Patterson, near Dayton, Ohio.*]

Honored Father: It has been a very long time since we had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, but Jefferson received a very affectionate one from Sister Brown, in which she stated you were all well. We had it in contemplation to visit you this Spring, but there is still prevailing here an epidemic which rages with considerable violence, and keeps me very busy. I have now three students neither of whom are capable of entirely taking the management of the shop. I expect by Fall the oldest one will be able to take the practice considerably off my hands and, if nothing intervenes to prevent we intend paying you a visit, but cannot say certainly. Jefferson is a very studious and a very sweet, affectionate boy. I think he progresses very well. He has written you two or three times, but owing to some little inaccuracies in spelling he did not send them. I hope you will not be displeased with his apparent negligence. It is not for the want of affection. Fanny Maria and Elizabeth go constantly to school. They are both reading. Fanny Maria is writing and will soon be able to send her Grand Pa a letter. Rebecca goes constantly to school. I bought her a new book. She is much pleased with learning. We shall be glad to hear more frequently from you and should you visit Kentucky this summer, we hope you will do us the pleasure of spending a few days with us.

There appears very little doing at present in the War Department, but what is doing by General Jackson and his brave band. They are

destroying and driving all before them. We have heard nothing from Harrison lately. My dear Rebecca enjoys perfect health. Religion is her sweet delight. She enjoys the society of her Bible. She says she never knew what real pleasure was until she was made acquainted with her Savior. She has joined the Presbyterian Church here.

Believe us your ever dutiful children,

J. Goodlet.

[*Henry Clay's Letter concerning Robert Patterson's Pension.*]

Col. Robert Patterson,

near Dayton, Ohio.

Washington, 21, Dec. 1819.

D. Col.—I have received and presented to the House, your petition for arrears of pension. I cannot hazard an opinion as to the result of it. The state of the Treasury and other circumstances, however, militate against all such applications. I can only, so far as concerns myself, repeat the assurance of my favorable opinion of you, and the high estimate I have always put upon your merits and services.

With great respect,

I am faithf'y yrs.,

H. Clay.

Col. Robert Patterson.

[*Robert Patterson's Petition to Congress for a Pension.*]

State of Kentucky Fayatt County.

In pursuance of an order to me directed by the Hono. Harry Innis Juge in and for the district of Kentucky I have caused to come before me the persons whose names and affidavits are hereto annexed on the 6th day of July in the year 1811 to testify on oath of & concerning a wound received by Robert Patterson acting as Col. commanding a regiment of militia, of the county of Fayette in the month of november in the year 1786 against the shawanee Indians at a town situated on made river now in the State of Ohio.

The said Robert Patterson being first sworn deposeth, that by reason of the wound which he received on the day of november in the year 1786, on made river whilst acting as Col. commanding a regiment of militia agt. the shawnee Indians under the command of Col. Benjamin Logan, said Roberts arm has ever since continued disabled, which has disqualified him for bodily laborer, that his arm Continues Crooked and stiff and is

so much affected that it is with difficulty said Robert can write his name. That ever since the period when said wound was received said Robert lived near the town of Lexington, Fayette County, Kentucky, until April 1804—when, by reason of his having involved himself and his estate by having unfortunately become the security of one John Arthur—Collector of the publick revinue who has become ensolvent; and for whom said Robert may have a large sum of money to pay. said Robert migrated to the County of montgomery in the state of ohio where he has Continued since, and resides at this time; leaving his farm unsold at Lexington to indemnify the government for Arthurs debts in Case the said Robert should become ultimately liable—intending to obtain a tract of land and open a farm in that new Country where land was Cheaper. But owing to said Roberts disabled arm, and not having means to obtain a sufficiency of labourers he has not prospered equal to his expection; and he has had it in Contemplation to return to Lexington if any remnant of his property should remain after being relieved from the lien held thereon by government. said Robert further deposeth, that heretofore he did not claim a Pension of government because flattured himself he could subsist Comfortably without burthining his country; But now his difficulties and informities are increasing on him and his family is numirous and mostly females he consieves it his duty to himself and family to request that aid of his Country to which he is loyally entitled, and that he is not on any state Pension list nor has he ever received a pension

R. PATTERSON

[*From Catherine Patterson, visiting in Lexington (aged thirteen), to her father, Colonel Robert Patterson at Dayton.*]

june the 22 1806.

Honard Parent: I gladly embrace this opportunity of writing to you by Sister Margaret who starts on monday next Ma had some thots of going over with Mr. Henderson but I believe she has given it ought I want to gow over very much to see you and Sister Eliza but I suppose as Ma has given ought going there is know way for me to gow over this spring you was criticieing on my bade spelling but Pa I hope you will excuse that one word for it was very late in the knight when I wrote it. Pa I was very much frightened last knight sum person came to the dore and knocked several times and pushed it open I got up and shut it after that soon she heard them knock several times and they pushed it open she did not waken me up in the morning Ma was telling Hariate and jain a baught it—law

Ma sais Hariate if I hade of heard it I would have run under the beed I loock for Sister goodlet heare son ma went to town this morning and has not come back yet Pa i want to know if you have sold your share in the library* if you have not I wish to get some books from there Believe me to be your Dutiful Child

Robert Patterson CATHERINE PATTERSON.

[*Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, visiting in Lexington, from her granddaughter, Mary Eliza Whicher.*]

DAYTON, 28th Jan'y, 1831.

My Dear Grand Mother: It was a maxim of some reputed wise man that "when you have nothing to say, say nothing," but this ridiculous law I believe is regarded by very few. Were this mandate equally directed to writing nothing, under those circumstances, I could with safety rely upon my innocence for an acquittal before any tribunal,—I *have never written because I have had nothing to write.*

I was much pleased the other day with a favor of perusing a letter from Eliza Jane to Aunt Irvine, but was sorry to hear of your bad health. She says you are desirous to know what we are all about here and that you wish Robert to write. You might as well have asked me to write for every body knows that he haveing nothing to write, writes nothing. He says he wishes me to write just a line or so now and he will write next week, but this, like most other of his resolutions (such as quitting the use of tobacco, etc.) will, in the end, amount to nothing. Our cold weather here seems to have operated as a dead set against all ideas of leaving the chimney corner for friend or foe, at home or abroad. Every day presents the same dull routine of turning one side to the fire while the other freezes, shutting the door to keep the cold out and opening the door to let the smoke out—going to bed with frozen heels and getting up with frozen toes. All the work that is done during the day amounts to nothing. Our frozen ideas no more extend to Kentucky than nothing at all. It being too cold to-day to get dinner and being for once seated by a good fire in a warm room, I am trying with my hand to squeeze something from my brain that will remind you of Rubicon and its concerns, but have got nearly to the end of my sheet and have as yet communicated nothing.

A search warrant was issued against John Rose a few days ago when more than a cart load of things were found which had more than twenty

*The Transylvania library, of which R. P. was trustee.

owners. I believe he had everything but geese. Amongst other things, they found Jefferson's great coat and a small piece of Irish linen of yours. Scarcely a woman in the neighborhood but claimed a shift or two that was found in and about his house and I dare say he has some of yours. He confessed everything and is now in jail and his sister is jailer.

Uncle Robert, about two weeks ago, took it into his head to visit Franklin in a sleigh. He took in me and the children and Mr. W. and Cloe were to stay at home to keep house; but just as we started, Mr. W. jumped in, rode down to Hole's Creek and then we all turned back. The weather was cold enough but the snow was hardly deep enough. We came back on the tow path. We got a jumper made the next day, when Mr. W., the children and myself went down and made a visit of three or four days. Patterson is still there. Uncle Robert is now waiting for Uncle Jefferson to come home from Springfield with the sleigh, to go down and bring Ma. and Col. Caldwell up. He will probably go down to-morrow morning. I know nothing of things at Rubicon, but Uncle Jeff goes out every day or two or see to things and says the stock looks very well. They have their patent bed stead here and one of them sleeps here every night, except on some occasions when Jefferson does not return from Rubicon until the next morning. It is said he has found a near cut to Rubicon. I do not know how it is but I believe he almost always goes and returns by the way of John H. Williams'.

No news has been received from the English pedlar. Cousin Patterson Brown is yet at home and in no business that I know of. Uncle Robert's rheumatism I believe is leaving him slowly tho' his general health is not much improved. Our little Harriet Lindsay is as robust and hearty as a young Dutchman. She walks and almost talks, is very good natured. Barr is very lonesome since Patterson went to Franklin. I am in hopes that a few weeks separation will be of service to them both for their antics and gambols are sometimes attended with a most intolerable noise, and they not unfrequently lead each other into mischief.

If you should dispute my having written this letter myself, I suppose I shall have to prove it which I can do by Mr. Whicher. At any rate he will swear that I had as much hand in writing it as I had in dictating it If I find I am run too close in the affair, there is one come-off which will avail me and that is, we are both one and it is no odds whose name is signed at the bottom. Mr. W. is responsible for the truth of all that purports to be true in this letter and joins me in expressions of love to you and yours,

Mary Eliza Whicher.

[*From Jefferson Patterson, aged* 13 (*at school in Bardstown, Ky.*), *to his father, Col. Robert Patterson.*]

Honored Father: I hope you will forgive me for not sending you a letter before this. I wrote two or three but Doctor Goodlet saw some imperfect ones in all and requested me to correct them least you should suppose me either a bad speller or a sluven. I now intend to be very careful and at any rate I will send this hoping you will make all necessary allowance. It is now a long time since we had a letter from you. Dr. Goodlet goes for letters but none from you. My Dear Sister Brown has written to me and I thank her for her good advice. I will try and write to her by the next mail. Corn is fifty cents a bushel. Flower is seven dollars a barrel. It is a very wet spring. It has bin verry sickly. Thay war taken with a pain in their side and hed. Dr. Goodlet has bin very successful in the complaint. I am now at this time reding and writing and Cyphering. I have brought me a bench to wright on. I go to school every day. We have had peas and lamb since last Wednesday week. Doctor Goodlet's Garden is very florishing. Sister Goodlet has a great deal of Company. Dr. Goodlet talks of riding over this fall. Please give my love to Ma, Sisters Welch, Nisbet, Brown, Jane and Harriet and Robert, Francis, James and Abraham.

Believe me your loving son,

JEFFERSON PATTERSON.

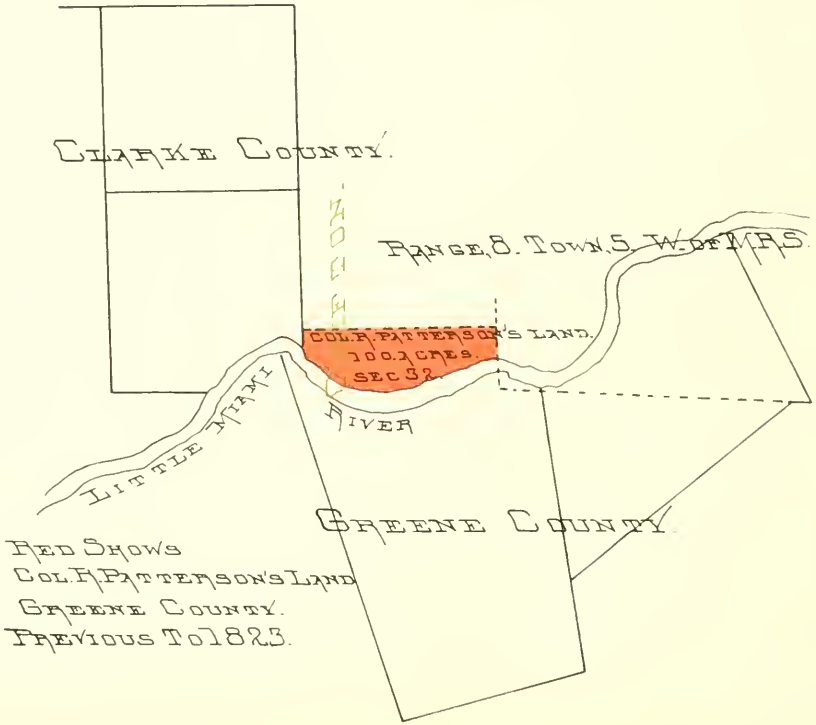
June 8th, 1814. Ano Domini.

[*Mrs. Rebecca Goodlet* to *Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, Dayton, Ohio.*]

CEDAR HILL, BARDSTOWN, KY. 1 Dec. 1831.

Honored Mother: We have received two letters from Dayton since you arrived there, one from Brother Jefferson and the other from our Dear Margaret, which gave us very great satisfaction. How Providential the weather; what a blessing that you should enjoy better health on the road and travelling than while at our house, but fair weather and exercise agreed with you better than confinement. We hope, if the weather will permit, you will continue to exercise and benefit by it. Please remind Margaret frequently of writing to us. It will afford us great satisfaction to hear frequently from you and it will improve Margaret and likewise endear her to us. She will write at least once every two weeks. I shall think the money well laid out in Postage, besides the gratification of hearing from you. Rebecca is still with us, but calculates on changing her name and making a visit to Danville about the 21st inst. It is my wish for

Col. Robert Patterson owned the whole of what is now and has long been known as Clifton, in what is now Greene Township and Greene County, Ohio. It is on the Little Miami River and about ten miles north of Zenia. Col. Patterson here owned, at the time of his death, 100 acres, being all of Sec. 32, in Town 5, Range 8, in Greene County. The place has been more than locally famous for its wild and picturesque scenery; and, in early days, for its fine fall of water power, which long supported a number of manufacturing establishments. It was selected, located and bought from the Government by Col. Patterson for these reasons. There were three mills situated there owned by him, which long did much local business, viz.: a flour mill, a paper mill and a woolen mill. This property passed to capitalists in Cincinnati who located and built there the large hotels, which, for the beauty of their location, were once very popular summer resorts



them to visit Dayton as soon as circumstances will permit, and settle there or in that section of country. We had an alarm some weeks since, in this and the neighboring countries relative to the blacks. I did not myself apprehend any danger. Of course, I did not suffer: but some of our slave-holders have determined to seek a Free State. There can be no doubt but plans were talked of but none matured. Yet such is the spirit of the times. I believe they will not be quiet long at a time, and if the Government will not do anything towards a gradual Emancipation, every slave state may expect disturbance continually. I will, for one, leave Kentucky as soon as I can, consistent with Duty. Brother Jefferson's business, I suppose, prevented him from answering my letter as fully as was expected. Mr. Goodlet and myself attended Mrs. McReynolds school on Friday last and heard the young ladies recite. We were more than pleased. Your.....Daughter, Catherine, acquitted herself with great credit; very far surpassed our expectation,—Geography, Grammar, Rhetoric, etc. etc. It is one of the best conducted schools and equally learned in the West.

Please tell Margaret her Dear Brother, John Adam, sat by me untill he fell asleep. He told me to write to her that his Papa had gotten him two suits since she went away and she must kiss her grandma for him.

Please remember us affectionately to all of our relatives and friends. I thank Mr. Whicher for his last letter. I should have acknowledged it before this, but was in hopes he would write again after visiting the other side of the river.

Your Son & Daughter,
J. P. Goodlet.

[*From Henry L. Brown to Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson (at the Goodlets, Bardstown, Kentucky).*]

Dayton, 2nd Sept. 1831.

Dear Grandma: This is the first letter I have written to any person whatever excepting to Mother while at Lexington and then to her, but one or two I do not know which; therefore you must excuse me for the past but for the future, I will expect no excuse for not writing to you if it is but two lines to let you know how we are in Dayton. I expect you have already heard from us since mother returned. However, I will write to you oftener after this. I expect to go to Oxford in two months which will be the next session You will wonder at this my notion because I have always opposed to going to College whenever it was mentioned, but my dear Grandma I have arrived at the time that I see the want of

an English Education. You need not think that I am going to Oxford to spend my time for five or seven years in procuring the knowledge of the languages which I think are a mere nothing, the time consumed in getting them that is, for a person who does not intend to be a professional character. Mr. Bostwick, the gentleman with whom I have been staying with for the last two years, wishes me to stay with him longer, but I have thought that it would be to my advantage hereafter, which you very well know. I could get a situation in two of the largest stores in town. This I tell you to let you know that I am not as far gone as I was thought to be two or three years ago (in idleness), but grandma you never thought me so. H. L. B.

Mother received a letter from Eliza Jane a few days ago stating that they were all well and in fine spirits; also, that cousin Elizabeth came to Mr. Wards and invited her to go and spend the evening with them. She went and stayed over night, which I was glad to hear.

There is a Presbyterian Camp Meeting now somewhere near Oxford. Mother, Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Hildreth started to go to it and got as far as Franklin yesterday, and after they arrived there, it began to rain very hard and continued to rain for three hours very fast indeed, which put them out of the notion of going (which was a wise plan) and came back to-day in good health.

Asa Stoddard comes to see us oftener than he used to do and is growing very fast.

Uncle Robert is not so lame as he has been but is very lame yet. I suppose you have heard of Uncle Jefferson's departure for the East about three weeks since. Have not heard from him.

I have the honour of communicating to you the unexpected news of Margaret Patton's (the Daughter of Mr. Mathew and Mrs. Patton) marriage to one Mr. Douglas, the Captain of a Canal Packet Boat, more particularly on this account. Miss Margaret went out in the evening to take a walk, as she said; but she did not go out for that purpose, but she went out for the express purpose of getting married, which she did do without letting her parents know anything about the transaction at all. She was married at one of the Hotels in town. You will think it very strange that such is the case, but it is the fact. It seems that her father had refused to let them marry after having them insist on the match, but the knot was so far tied that he could not untie it.

I understand that he is so much vexed that he will not let them enter into the house when they come back. They started for Cincinnati the next morning after they were married without seeing her father. Some think she has done very well.

The particular way in which Miss Patton was married is the reason of my speaking so much about it.

HENRY LINDSAY BROWN.

The New Light Congregation had a very large meeting last week in Dayton.

[*Catherine B. Goodlet, Bardstown, Ky., to Mr. Francis Patterson, Lexington.*]

BARDSTOWN, KY. July 7, 1831

Dear Uncle: Grandmamma received a letter from Uncle Jefferson the 29th day of June, in which he said that they were all well but that the smallpox had excited great alarm in Dayton. I have been waiting ever since you started to Lexington for a letter, but have been disappointed. The examinations commenced the last Thursday in June and lasted untill Friday evening. As the most interesting branches were attended to on Friday, the most of persons did not come until evening to hear the compositions, the Philosophy and Rhetoric classes. The teachers and scholars were commended very much by the public. A piece was published in the next paper that there was great silence preserved during the examination. Papa, Mamma and sister Elizabeth and Margaret were there. They said they heard the other girls in our Philosophy class but they could not hear me, though I am sure I spoke loud enough.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Bardstown. As Mrs. McReynolds did not publish that their was hollowday, we came to school on Monday. She taught from seven untill ten. The most of the scholars then went out to hear the speeches. We started to the college but we met them coming away. We then went to the Court House and heard an excellent speech from a Mr. McGill. Every person that I heard speak of him, praised him. I came from home yesterday but as it rained yesterday I did not return. I, therefore, expect to go home this evening and then tell you how they all are. Grandmamma told me to tell you that she was very anxious about you and that you must write to us directly how you and cousin Catherine arrived at home; how you, Uncle, Aunt, cousins Eliza Jane and Jane and Elizabeth are? Grandmamma says you must particularly about little William is? Grandmamma is better than she was yesterday. We are all well. Grandmamma, Papa, Mama and sisters join with me in sending their love to you.
Uncle, Aunt and cousins.

Your affectionate niece,
CATHERINE B. GOODLET.

[*Copy of portion of record showing transfer of Patterson property to the Shakers.*]

"Your orators would also represent that John Auston and Amos Voluntine, (the grantors in the first above deed referred to) on the 22nd day of July 1813 conveyed in fee the above described land to Peter Pease, John Wallace and Nathan Sharp, Deacons or trustees of the church or community of Believers, (Otherwise called Shakers), at Union Village in the Township of Turtle Creek, in the County of Warren and State of Ohio, for and in consideration of the sum of $956, and which said deed is hereto annexed marked "B," to which your orators refer as a part of their complaint.

As your orators would further also represent that George Patterson, the heir at law of John Patterson, the grantor to Auston and Voluntine, instituted an action of ejectment in the court of common Pleas for Montgomery County, Ohio, in the name of John Doe on the demise of George Patterson, against Richard Roe, defendant, to which declaration in ejectment the said Pease, Wallace, and Sharp were made defendants in the place of said Roe, and who entered into the common consent. And your orators would also state that said action of ejectment was finally heard and decided by the Supreme Court in bank at Columbus, during the December term, 1831, that said court in bank found the law arising upon the facts agreed upon between the parties in said action of ejectment was with the plaintiff, and further found the said defendants guilty of the trespass and ejectment, whereof the said plaintiff had complained against them and assessed the damages of the plaintiff by him thereof sustained at six cents."

The first deed of John Patterson & Phoebe Patterson, his wife, was entered for record August 27, 1811 Book B. No. 1. pages 434 & 435, David Reid, Recorder. Witnessed by Benjamin Van Cleve.

The 2nd deed recorded July 30, 1813 in Book C, pages 153 & 154. Joseph H. Crane, recorder Montgomery Co.

This indenture made the Twenty Seventh day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eleven between John Patterson and Phebe Patterson his wife of Montgomery County in the State of Ohio of the one part witnesseth that the said John Patterson and Phebe Patterson for and in consideration of the sum of nine hundred and fifty six dollars and fifty cents lawfull money of the United States to them in hand well and truly paid by the said John Auston and Amos Valentine the recipt whereof is hereby acknowledged have, Granted, Bargained, Sold,

Conveyed and Confirmed and by these presents do Grant, Bargain, Sell, Convey and Confirm unto Said John Auston and Amos Valentine and their heirs and assigns forever all that tract or parcel of land known by its description in the Surveyor Generals and land offices of the United States as the South East quarter of Section fourteen in the Second Township and Seventh entire range between the Miami River containing agreeably to the returns in the Surveyors office one hundred and fifty nine acres and forty hundreths lying within the county of Montgomery aforesaid and all the estate Right Title Interest Claim and demands of them the said John Patterson and Phebe Patterson of in and to the said premises hereby granted, and every part thereof together with all and singular the rights numbers, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any way appertaining and the rents, issues and proffits thereof, to have and to hold the said quarter section, hereby Bargained and Sold or meant or intended so to be with the appurtenances to the only proper use and behalf of the said John Auston and Amos Valentine and their heirs and assigns forever, and the said John Patterson and Phebe Patterson for themselves and their heirs, executors and administrator do covenant and agree to an with the said John Auston and Amos Valentine and their executor, administrator and assigns that they are the true and lawful owners of the premises hereby granted and have good rightfull power and authority to Sell & Convey the same in manner and form aforesaid and further that they the said John Patterson and Phebe Patterson and their heirs, executors and administrators will warrant and forever defend the aforesaid premises with their appurtenances and every part and parcel thereof unto the said John Auston and Amos Valentine and their heirs and assigns all persons claiming or to claim from or under them or any of them or by from or under any other person or persons whomsoever. In Wittness whereof the said John Patterson and Phebe Patterson have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

Sealed and delivered in the
Presence of B. Van Cleve.

John Patterson
her
Phebe Patterson
Mark.

The State of Ohio Montgomery County
Seal before me Christopher Curtner one of the Justices assigned to keep the peace for and within the county aforesaid came John Patterson

and Phebe Patterson his wife (The said Phebe being examined separately, secretly and apart from her husband and declaring herself under no coercion or compulsion) did acknowledge the above instrument to be their volumtary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein contained, Given under my hand and seal the Twenty Seventh day of August one thousand eight hundred and eleven.

CHRISTOPHER CURTNER,
J. P.

[*Robert Patterson's Commission as Forage Master in War of* 1812.]

Instructions from Col. J. Morrison.
R. Patterson's Com. from
J. Morrison.
F. M. General.

The bearer hereof, Col. Robert Patterson, is appointed Forage Master General for the Left Wing of the Army, and he is to be known and respected as such. He is to have the sole direction of purchasing and forwarding forage; and to have the entire direction of transporting all public stores belonging to the quarter Master Department, from Cincinnati to St. Mary's, and on to the Rapids; should he think it necessary for the public interest (to act on the line in advance of St. Mary's.) All Wagon Masters, Forage Masters, Packhorse Masters and hands are to receive their orders from him; and he has full power to displace all those who, in his judgement, are remiss in their duty and to appoint others in their place, which appointments will be confirmed by me.

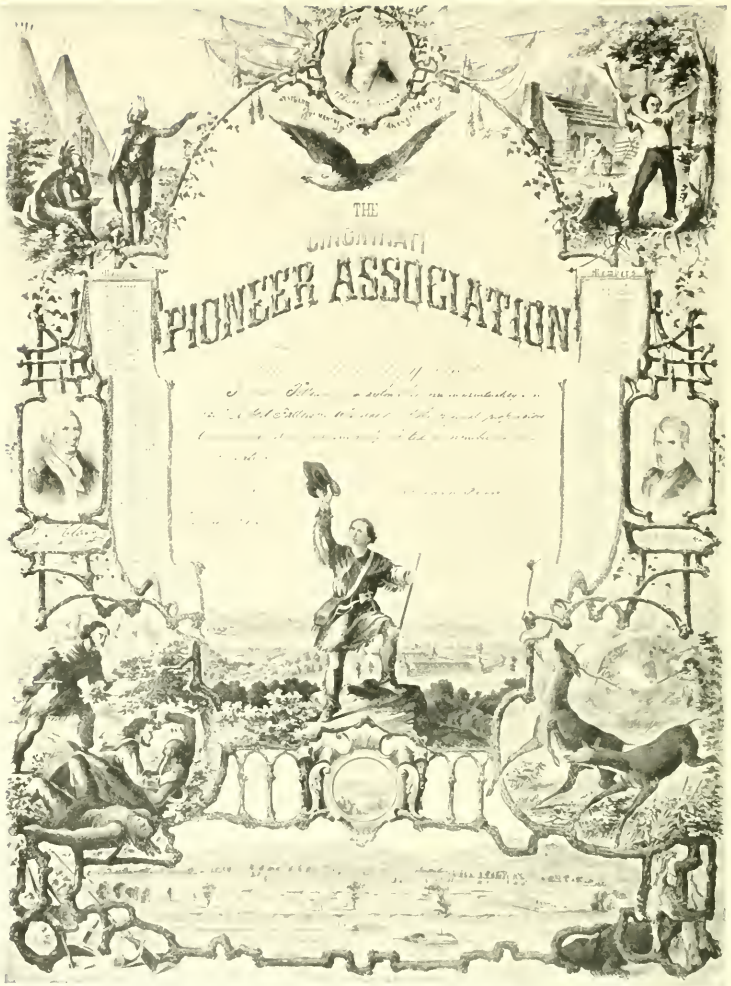
Given under my hand and seal this 11th day of Nov. 1812.

JAMES MORRISON [SEAL]
D. Q. M. Gen'l.

[*Copy of Will of Col. Robert Patterson.*]

In the name of God, Amen, I, Robert Patterson, of Montgomery County and State of Ohio, being sick and in a low condition, but of a sound mind and memory (as I trust) to make a disposition of my property, do make the following my last will and testament, hereby revoking and annulling all former wills by me made.

Firstly: It is my will that my Executors hereinafter named pay all my just and lawful debts out of the fund which I shall appropriate for that purpose.


THE
CINCINNATI
PIONEER ASSOCIATION

JEFFERSON PATTERSON'S CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE CINCINNATI PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Secondly: I give to my beloved wife, Elizabeth Patterson, all my household and kitchen furniture, also my sleigh, carriage and harness, and one cow, her choice of my flock and cattle, together with her dower in all my property: it is further my will that my Executors furnish her with a good horse, such a one as will suit her purpose during her natural life.

Thirdly: I give and bequeath to my sons Robert and Jefferson Patterson, five hundred and ninty acres of land, be the same more or less as follows:—It being parts of Section Two, of Township one, of Range seven, and Section thirty-two, of Township two, of Range seven, beginning on the Miami at the north-west corner of Fraction two, of Range seven, of Township one, between the Miamis, thence east with the section line to the north-west corner of the land belonging to the heirs of Henry Brown, thence southwardly along the west line of said heirs' land, to the south-west corner of said heirs' land. thence east with the south line of said heirs' land, to the south-east corner of said heirs' land, thence south through the middle of Section Thirty-two, of Township two, of Range seven, to the South boundary of said section, thence west with the section line to the south-west corner of Section Thirty-two, of Range seven, of Township two, thence north to the north-east corner of Jesse Hunt's land, thence west with the said Jesse Hunt's land to the Miami River, thence with the river to the place of beginning, with all the appertenances thereunto belonging: and I further give to my sons, Robert and Jefferson Patterson, my wagon, cart and timber wheels, one yoke of oxen, two horses, two cows, together with all my farming utentials and all my mechanical tools.

Fourthly: I give and bequeath to my son Francis Patterson, the south-east quarter of Section Thirty-two, of Range seven, of Township two: this quarter section I give him provided he give my Exectors a credit of Eight hundred Dollars to be applied to the payment of the money which I stand indebted to him, but if the said Francis should refuse to give said credit, then in that case, it is my will that my Exectors sell the above mentioned quarter section and pay the said Francis Five Hundred Dollars, and in either case, I wish it to be understood that this in addition to what he has already received is in full of his legacy.

Fifthly: I give and bequeath to my sons-in-law, John Goodlet, James I. Nesbit, John Steele, Henry Stoddard and Andrew Irwin, to each, Fifty Dollars, to be paid out of the moneys hereinafter appropriated for that use.

Sixthly: I give and bequeath to my daughter Catherine's children, the east half of the north-east quarter of Section thirty-two, of Range seven, of Township two, also one hundred acres of land on the west side

of the Miami River lying and being in Fractions three and four of Township one, of Range six, it being the land which I purchased of Henry Brown, but whereas, there is an unsettled account between me and the Executors of the estate of Henry Brown's now I wish it understood that I give the above discribed land on condition that should it so happen, that I should, on settlement, fall in debt to the estate of Henry Brown, then in that case, whatever the sum may be due from me to the said estate, I consider the above discribed land as the payment in full of said debt: and also I give to the children of my daughter Catherine, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars to be paid out of the money hereafter to be appropriated for that purpose, which will be in full of my daughter Catherine's legacy.

Seventhly: I give to my grandson, Asa Stoddard, son of my daughter Harriet, fifty acres of land lying in the south-west corner of Section six, of Township one, of Range six, lying south of an adjoining the land which I sold to Nathan Worley: also one cow.

Eighthly: I give and bequeath to my daughter Margaret's children, one hundred and thirty acres of land to be taken off the west end of the south half of Section five, of Range six, Township one said land lies south of John Coffman's land: also Fifty Dollars to be paid of the funds hereafter to be appropriated for that purpose.

Ninthly: I give and bequeath to the children of my daughter Rebecca, one hundred and ninty acres of land to be laid off on the east of that part above set off for my daughter Margaret's children, it being part of the south half of Section five, Range six, of Township one, and also part of Section four, Township one, of Range six: also one Bible worth Twelve Dollars.

Tenthly: I give and bequeath to the children of my daughter Elizabeth, one hundred and ninty acres of land to be laid off east and adjoining the land set off for the children of my daughter, Rebecca, it being part of the south half of Section four, Township one Range six.

Eleventhly: I give and bequeath to the children of my daughter Jane, all the land lying east and south of the land above set off for the children of my daughter Elizabeth, which I own on the west side of the Miami River, it lying in Fractions three, four, nine and ten, of Township one, of Range six, supposed to be two hundred acres more or less.

Twelfthly: I hereby authorize my Exectors to sell and convey all my following property for the purpose of paying my debts and the legacies heretofore set off—two hundred and twenty acres of land more or less, lying in south-west corner of Section six, Township one, Range six, west of the Miami: also my mill on the Little Miami including all the land which

BY THE NAME AND BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE

Military Order of the Loyal Legion

OF THE

United States

THE COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF, To all to whom these Presents shall Come, Greeting:

Know ye, That Captain Robert Patterson, late 63rd Ohio Infantry

Harrington formerly distinguished for faithful service in maintaining the honor, integrity and supremacy of the Government of the United States of America was elected a Companion of the First Class of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, on the [illegible] day of [illegible] in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and [illegible] through the Commandery of the State of Ohio

In Testimony Whereof, the seal of the proper Officers and the Seal of the Order are hereunto affixed. Done at Philadelphia, the [illegible] day of [illegible] in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and [illegible] and in the [illegible] year of the Independence of the United States of America, the One Hundred and [illegible] year of the Order.

Attest:

[illegible]
Recorder-in-Chief

[illegible]
Commander-in-Chief

ROBERT PATTERSON'S MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE
IN THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES

I own on both sides of the river, with all the improvements of every discription, also a house and two lots containing four acres each, in Columbia: all my stock of horses and cattle not otherwise disposed of: also my stock of hogs which is at the above mentioned mill: and it is further my will that, provided the above named property should sell for a greater sum than will pay all my debts, then, in that case, it is my will that the balance to be divided equally between my children, giving to each child an equal share: and I further wish it to be understood that in all the above cases where I have set off property for my daughters' children, I intend it as the legacy of my daughters, with the exception of Margaret now Mrs. Welsh. I give and bequeath to her, One hundred Dollars to be paid out of the funds heretofore set off for that purpose.

Thirteenthly: It is my will that my sons-in-law, so soon as my Executors can gather the crop which may be on the ground at my decease shall enter on the land which I have given to their children and make the best use they can of it, for the benefit of their family, and that they shall have free use of the same until the youngest child shall arrive at lawful age: and further, it is my will, that my daughter Margaret, now Mrs. Welsh, should have, possess and enjoy all that piece of land which I have above discribed and given to her children, during her natural life, free from all rents whatever.

Fourteenthly: I hereby nominate and appoint James I. Nesbit and my sons Robert and Jefferson Patterson, the Executors of this, my last will and testament.

In Testimony of this being my last will and testament, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this Eleventh day of June, Eighteen hundred and twenty seven.

R. PATTERSON. [SEAL]

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of us:

LUTHER BRUEN.
WILLIAM CHADWICK.
JOHN MILLER.

[*Tributes to Captain Robert Patterson (son of Jefferson Patterson).*]

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.
Commandry of the State of Ohio.

CINCINNATI, January 2, 1902.

Our late Companion Robert Patterson, Captain 61st, afterwards 82nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was elected a member of the First Class of the

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, through the Commandery of Ohio, February 3, 1897. Insignia 11704.

The accompanying report of the committee appointed to prepare a tribute to his memory is printed in accordance with the Regulations of the Commandery.

By order of

Brevet Major Lewis M. Hosea, U. S. A. (resigned),
Commander.

A. M. Van Dyke,
Brevet Major U. S. V.,
Recorder.

In Memoriam
ROBERT PATTERSON.

Born November 27, 1833, Dayton, Ohio.
Died June 4, 1901, Dayton, Ohio.

Robert Patterson was born near Dayton, on the farm of his father Col. Jefferson Patterson, and of his grandfather Col. Robert Patterson, the latter of whom emigrated there from Lexington, Kentucky.

Col. Robert Patterson had been active in the Indian warfare of Kentucky, and had laid out Lexington.

Robert Patterson's maternal grandfather Col. John Johnson also saw service in the Indian wars. So he came of good fighting blood, that was always prompt to defend the flag. His early years were spent on the farm. On the 20th of April, 1861, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 11th O. V. I., and spent the three months, which was the term of service, in organizing and drilling at Camp Dennison.

In September, 1861, he enlisted in the famous Fremont Body Guard, was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and participated in the battle of Springfield, Mo. He was mustered out with his command at St. Louis, January 8, 1862.

The following April he enlisted in the 61st O. V. I., and was made Sergeant of his Company. In November, 1862, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and in January, 1863, was appointed Regimental Adjutant. In April, 1864, when the 61st "veteranized," he was promoted to Captain.

March 31, 1865, the 61st was consolidated with the 82nd O. V. I., at

Greensboro, North Carolina, and he was transferred to the command of Co. I, in the 82nd. He was mustered out with his regiment at Louisville, Ky., July 24, 1865, after a total service of over four years.

He participated in the following engagements:

Springfield, Mo.,	Missionary Ridge,	Burnt Hickory,
Second Bull Run,	Taylor's Creek,	Atlanta,
Fredericksburgh,	Wauhatchie,	March to the Sea,
Chancellorsville,	Resaca,	Bentonville.
Gettysburg,	Kenesaw Mountain,	

At Chancellorsville he was wounded, and again at Bentonville. After the war Capt. Patterson settled at Warwick, Wisconsin, as Superintendent of a lead mine, and in March, 1868, was married to Miss Mary Thomas, of Warwick. In 1881, he came to Dayton, and was connected with the National Cash Register until his death. He was a man of great energy, frank and outspoken. A warm friend and always interested in the fortunes and misfortunes of old soldiers. He was a devoted attendant of the National Encampments of the G. A. R. until he became totally blind during the last two years of his life. This great affliction he bore manfully, continuing to discharge his duties at the factory until he was stricken with apoplexy, and died, while making his daily round.

A sturdy, manly character, he will not be easily forgotten by those who have seen his erect carriage, as leaning on the arm of his son, with "eyes to the front," though seeing nothing, he walked from his house to his business. His widow and five children survive him.

H. E. Parrott,
Thos. L. Steward,
S. W. Davies,
Committee.

Four of Jefferson Patterson's sons served in the Union Army against the Rebellion—Capt. Robert Patterson, Stephen J., William L. and J. H. Patterson. Captain William L. Patterson enlisted under the call for troops in April 1861, served as Sergeant in the First O. V. I., at Vienna Cross roads and Bull Run; reenlisted for three years in the same regiment, was commissioned Lieutenant, and for gallant and meritorious services promoted to Captain, and a year after close of the Rebellion died from disabilities incurred in the service. He was a year old when the family moved from town to the farm in 1840. When mustered out at the close of the war at Columbus, William Patterson was selected to present the

flagstaff, flag and fife of his company to be deposited in the archives at the Capitol, but in recognition of his valor and efficient military services, he was presented with them as his own property. He accepted the brass eagle and the fife but returned the flag and staff to the State of Ohio.

The brass eagle (now in the possession of.....) was carried through the following battles:

Shiloh	April 7, 1862.
Stone River	Dec. 31, 1862.
Liberty Gap	June 25, 1863.
Chickamauga	Sept. 19 & 20, 1863.
Orchard Knob	Sept. 23, 1863.
Missionary Ridge	Nov. 25, 1863.
Buzzard's Roost	May 8, 1864.
Resaca	May 14, 1864.
Adairsville, Ga.	May 17, 1864.
Burnt Hickory	May 27, 1864.
Kenesaw Mountain	June 17, 1864.
Chattahoochie River	July 6, 1864.

Stephen J. and John H. Patterson served in one of the later regiments.

GENEALOGY OF THE VENABLE & WHICHER FAMILY LINE.

Margaret Patterson

Born Lexington, Ky., June 9, 1786. Died Muscatine, Ia., April 21, 1857. Buried in the Whicher plot in the Muscatine Cemetery.

Married

First. *Samuel Venable*, a physician, son of Abraham Venable of Walnut Hill near Lexington, Ky. in 1807. Dr. Venable died about 1809, leaving one child, Mary Eliza, born about 1808.

Second. Rev. *James Welsh*, pastor of First Presb. Church, Dayton, O., Jan. 15, 1811. Died at Vevay, Ind., Nov. 10, 1826, leaving one child, *Robert Welsh*. The latter entered the navy, and was killed in the explosion of his ship in New York harbor, 18—.

Third. *Samuel Caldwell* of Franklin, Ohio.

Mary Eliza Venable

Born Lexington, Ky., circa 1808. Died at Cincinnati, O., May 2, 1880. Married at Rubicon Farm, July 20, 1826.

Stephen Whicher

Born Rochester, Vt., May 4, 1798. Died at Iowa City, Ia., Feb. 13, 1856. Lawyer; U. S. Dist. Atty. for Iowa.

Their Children:

I. Patterson Venable Whicher, born Vevay, Ind., 1827.
II. Harriet Lindsay Whicher, born Dayton, O., 1829.
III. Samuel Caldwell Whicher, born Dayton, O., 1831. Died Dayton, O., 1832.
IV. Francis Whicher, born Dayton, O., 1833.
V. Stephen Emerson Whicher, born Dayton, O., 1836.
VI. Margaret Whicher, born Dayton, O., 1838. Died Dayton, O., 1838.
VII. Margaret Esther Whicher, born Muscatine, Ia., 1841. Died Muscatine, Ia., 1849.

I. *Patterson Venable Whicher*

Educated Galesburg, Ill., in Mexican War; physician; settled Bayou Sara, La.; Surgeon in Confed. Army. Died 1867. Married 1857.

Rosa Dashiell

Their Children:

1. Percy Venable 1858–1890. Unmarried.
2. Margaret Esther 1861–1862
3. Francis Emerson 1863–1864
4. Jennie Dashiell 1864. Married 1887 to Bertrand Haralson. 5 children.
5. { Margaret Patterson / May Collins } 1866
   Married 1888 to
   Sydnor McNair. 4 children.

II. *Harriet Lindsay Whicher*

Married at Franklin, Ohio, 1847.

Charles Brown of Cincinnati, O.

Their Children:

1. Mary Eliza, 1848–1849
2. Charles, 1850–1896 Unmarried.
3. Anna M., 1852–
4. Frank, 1854–1856
5. Belle V., 1856–
6. Clara, 1859–
   Married John Bonte, Cincinnati.
   (*a*) Charles Howard Bonte, 1880–
7. Alice, 1861–1863

8. Emma, 1863-1863.
9. Harriet, 1865-1865.

III. *Francis Whicher*

Educated Drennon Springs, Ky., physician; settled Lake Providence, La.; Capt. Co. B, 4th La. Vol. C. S. A. Died unmarried 1862.

IV. *Stephen Emerson Whicher*

Educated Drennon Springs, Ky. Real Estate business at Muscatine, Ia. Married 1857.

Anna Huston Meason

Their Children.

1 Mary Eliza, 1858
2. George Meason, 1860
   Married 1887 Lilian Hope Frisbie
   (*a*) George Frisbie Whicher, 1889.
3 Alice Brown, 1862.
   Married 1890 Howard S. Kellogg
4 Frank Patterson, 1868.

THE BROWN FAMILY.

The Browns landed at Philadelphia in 1735, and a year later with other emigrants settled in "Burden's Grant," Colony of Virginia. This grant of land covered a half million acres, and here Abraham Brown was born. Abraham Brown's sons were Henry, James, Peter, and possibly others. His daughters, Eliza, ...

Henry Brown, son of Abraham was born near Lexington, Va., May 8, 1772, came to the Northwest Territory with Wayne's Army in 1793, and two years later located land near Dayton, Ohio.

Catherine Patterson, daughter of Col. Robert Patterson was born in Lexington, Ky. March 7, 1793. Henry Brown and Catherine Patterson were married in the Rubicon Farm home near Dayton, February 19, 1811, and made their home in Dayton where all of their children were born.

Henry Brown died May 19, 1823.

Catherine Brown died August 12, 1864.

Robert Patterson Brown, son of Henry and Catherine Brown, born December 6, 1811, married Sarah Galloway of Xenia, O., October 31, 1837. Robert Patterson Brown died May 4, 1879. His wife, Sarah Galloway, born June 10, 1816, died Feb. 5, 1890.

Kirkham, son of Henry and Catherine, born in 1813, died in boyhood.

Henry Lindsay Brown, born December 3, 1814, married Sarah Belle Browning February 7th, 1837, and died November 25, 1878.

Sarah Belle, wife of Henry L. was born February 18, 1819, and died October 15, 1858.

Eliza Jane Brown, born October 20, 1816, married Charles Anderson September 16, 1835, and died November 19, 1901. Charles Anderson, husband of Eliza J. was born June 1st, 1814, and died September 2, 1895.

Rachel, daughter of Henry and Catherine died in girlhood.

Children of Robert P. and Sarah G. Brown.

Richard Pindell B. born in 1842, died in boyhood.

Mary Frances B. born August 5, 1845, married Francis D. Campbell June 4th, 1867. Their son Francis Duncan C. born May 26, 1868, died January 11th, 1890. Mary Frances and James P. Campbell married November 14, 1877. Their daughter Elsa was born May 25, 1882.

James Galloway B. son of Robert P. and Sarah G. Brown was born in November 1847, and died in April 1854.

Henry Galloway B. born March 3, 1850, died January 13, 1890.

Charles Anderson B. born May 3, 1852, married Frances Eutz.

Albert Galloway B. born in Feb. 1856, died in infancy.

Children of Henry L. and Sarah Belle Brown.

Kirkham, born January 20, 1838, died in infancy.

Frances Eliza, born January 26, 1839, married Lewis Girdler Evans, October 25, 1864. Mr. Evans born November 21, 1833, died January 31st, 1888. Elizabeth Girdler, daughter of Lewis G. and Frances E. Evans was born October 3, 1868. Henry Brown Evans, born July 2nd, 1871. Katherine Patterson Evans born August 6, 1874.

Ashley Brown, born February 9, 1841, married Emily Catherine Brice February 7, 1866, she born April 13, 1843. Their daughter Sarah Belle, born March 19, 1867, married Harmon Montgomery Purviance Oct 20, 1892; Mr. Purviance born in 1856; Harmon M. Purviance Jr. son of Harmon M. and Sarah Belle Purviance was born June 9th, 1896.

Emily Brice Brown, daughter of Ashley and Emily C. Brown born Jan. 24th, 1878.

Catherine Patterson B., daughter of Henry L. and Sarah Belle Brown, born Aug. 21, 1843, married Edmund B. Noel Nov. 8, 1877, he born Aug. 16, 1844. Their daughter Elizabeth Leewright Noel, born April 11, 1887.

Harriet Buchanan B., daughter of H. L. and S. B. Brown, born

1846, married Dr. George B. Telfair, Oct. 29, 1889. Dr. Telfair born Dec. 3rd, 1839.

Sarah Belle B., daughter of Henry L. and Sarah Belle Brown was born March 1st, 1848, married Jacob Dehring Whitmore Oct. 20, 1874. Mr. Whitmore born Nov. 20, 1844. Their children—Ashley Brown Whitmore born July 24, 1875.

Caroline H. born May 7th, 1877.

Jacob Dehring Jr. May 15th, 1879.

Edmund Noel, May 17th, 1883.

Henry Lindsay Brown Jr. son of Henry L. and Sarah Belle Brown, born March 18, 1850, married Nettie Cowdery July 20, 1875, she born March 31st, 1855.

Their children:

Catherine Patterson B. born April 3rd, 1878.

Diah Cowdery born June 3rd, 1880.

Martha, Aug. 29th, 1882.

Ashley, April 24, 1885.

Arthur, Oct. 25th, 1887.

Lester, born Feb. 3rd, 1890, died Dec. 26th, 1894.

Robert, born April 21st, 1892.

Walter, January 3rd, 1896.

Clifford, March 20th, 1898.

Wayne, Feb. 20th, 1902.

Edmund Gurley Brown, son of Henry L. and Sarah B. Brown, born April 30th, 1853, married Jessie Cowdery March 10th, 1877, she born July 10th, 1861.

Their children:

Lewis Evans B. born May 15th, 1878.

Eva, Dec. 9th, 1879.

Stephen Cowdery, Sept. 29th, 1881.

Blossom, March 3rd, 1883.

Frances Evans, March 3rd, 1883, died the next year.

Charles Cowdery, July 1st, 1884.

Jessie, Aug. 19th, 1889.

George Telfair, January 19th, 1892.

Edmund Gurley Jr., July 13th, 1894, and died in boyhood.

Henry L. Jr., Feb. 7th, 1897.

Sydney, July 24th, 1899.

Robert Buchanan Brown, son of Henry L. and Sarah B. Brown, born June 1st, 1857.

To all whom it may Concern

Claim for 6 months pay
Bounty Discharge by Act
Certificate No. 15,926 July
1891

Know ye, That Robert Patterson
a of Captain Commanding
Company, (I) 82nd Regiment of Ohio Veteran Infantry
VOLUNTEERS, who was enrolled on the Seventh day of May
one thousand eight hundred and Sixty four to serve Three years or
during the war, is hereby Discharged from the service of the United States
this Twenty fourth day of July, 1865, at Louisville
Kentucky, by reason of G.O. 26 Hd Qrs Army of Tenn July 7th 1865
(No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.)

Said Robert Patterson was born in Dayton
in the State of Ohio, is Thirty years of age,
five feet Six inches high, fair complexion, dark eyes,
dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a Farmer.

Given at Louisville Ky this Twenty fourth day of
July, 1865

[☞ "This sentence will be erased if the party be unfitted by the comfort or physical condition of the soldier for enlisting him unfit for the Army
[A. G. O., No. 70.]

Capt 15th U.S. Vet. Vols
A.C. 4th Div. 14 A.C.
Commanding Co. Mus
A.C. 4th Div. 14 A.C.

ROBERT PATTERSON'S CERTIFICATE OF HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE OHIO VETERAN INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS, DATED JULY 24TH, 1865

THE ANDERSON FAMILY.

Eliza Jane Brown, daughter of Henry and Catherine Patterson Brown was born October 20th, 1816, married Charles Anderson, Sept. 16th, 1835, and died Nov. 19th, 1901. Charles Anderson born June 1st, 1814, died Sept. 2nd, 1895.

Their children:

Allen Latham, born March 18th, 1837, married Sallie D. Rencher Nov. 1st, 1866, she born Oct. 19th, 1844. Their daughter Mary Louisa, born May 22nd, 1870.

Richard Clough, son of Charles and Eliza J. Anderson, born Sept. 25th, 1839, died June 27th, 1850.

Kitty, born April 8th, 1842.

Sallie and Mary Louisa died in infancy.

Bell, born August 16th, 1850, married Thomas C. Skinner July 23rd 1870, he was born June 14th, 1845.

Their children:

Charline Anderson Skinner, born June 3rd, 1871, married Lowden Jessup April 8th, 1896. Their children: Katherine Anderson, born Feb. 8th, 1897; Lowden, Jr., born April 4th, 1898; Thomas C. born April 4th, 1898 died in infancy.

Eliza Anderson Skinner, born Nov. 10th, 1872, married Homer L. Ferguson Sept. 23rd, 1896. Their children: Homer L. Jr., born July 16th, 1899; Charles Anderson, Feb. 25th, 1901.

Bartley Skinner, Nov. 16th, 1874, married Mary Louise Wilcox Feb. 19th, 1902.

Marion Catlett Skinner, born April 17th, 1878, married Archer W. Seaver April 10th, 1900. He died Oct. 25th, 1901. Their son Charles Anderson Seaver, born January 25th, 1901.

Isabel Skinner, born May 27th, 1882. Died in infancy.

Frederick H. Skinner Jr., June 17th, 1886.

Thomas C. Skinner Jr., Dec. 24th, 1887.

THE IRWIN FAMILY.

Catherine Patterson Brown, widow of Henry Brown, married Andrew Irwin in 1826. Their son Andrew Barr Irwin, was born March 23rd, 1827, and married Jane Schenck April 23rd, 1863.

Andrew Barr Irwin died April 19th, 1898. His wife, born Oct. 19th, 1831, died Feb. 7th, 1897.

Their 4 children:

Eliza Schenck Irwin, born June 2nd, 1864, married Lewis W. McKee Dec. 20th, 1896. He was born Dec. 26th, 1855. Their seven children—James S. McKee died in infancy; Katherine Irwin, born Nov. 18th, 1888; J. H. D. died in infancy; Meriam born Nov. 17th, 1892; Louise W. died in infancy; Andrew I. born Feb. 17th, 1896; Logan, born March 18th, 1898.

Woodhull Schenck Irwin, son of Andrew Barr Irwin and wife, was born August 1st, 1866.

Sarah Crane Irwin, May 9th, 1868.

Katherine Patterson Irwin, March 14th, 1870.

THE NISBET FAMILY.

James Irwin and William Jr. were sons of William Nisbet, a family of Pennsylvanians who settled in Kentucky, then in the years 1799 and 1800 located land on Twin Creek in the Northwestern Territory, now in Preble County, Ohio, and all are buried in the family lot at New Lexington, west of Dayton, Ohio.

James Irwin Nisbet, born January 12th, 1777, and Elizabeth Patterson, born January 27th, 1788, married on the Rubicon Farm at Dayton, Feb. 20th, 1806. He served with distinction as a Captain of frontiers-men, then in the war of 1812 built and commanded a fort on Twin Creek. He died June 9th, 1830. Mrs. Nisbet died Dec. 25th, 1827.

Their 10 children:

Robert Patterson Nisbet, born Sept. 1st, 1807, died in March 1863.

Mary Irwin Nisbet, born Feb. 26th, 1809.

William, May 6th, 1811.

Elizabeth Patterson Nisbet, Dec. 27th, 1812.

John Jackson Nisbet, January 17th, 1815.

Daniel Lindsay Nisbet, March 6th, 1817.

Harriet Patterson Nisbet, Feb. 19th, 1820, died March 17th, 1893.

Rebecca Jane Nisbet, June 25th, 1822.

Charlotte Amelia Nisbet, born January 14th, 1824. Outlived all of her brothers and sisters.

Amanda James Nisbet, born November 24th, 1827.

THE STEELE FAMILY.

John Steele, born June, 1785, married Jane, daughter of Col. Robert Patterson on the Rubicon farm near Dayton Ohio April 24 1815, Rev. James Welsh officiating. John Steele died Dec. 18, 1863.

Jane Patterson, wife of John Steele, born May 25, 1795, died in 1876. Their six children:

Robert and John died in infancy.

Jane grew to womanhood and died unmarried.

Elizabeth, born Nov. 8, 1817, married Dr. Douglas Price, and two children were born to them, a son John, Nov. 10, 1858, who died aged about 20, and Jennie, Oct. 3, 1840, who married Charles Tarlton. Both dead. To them was born a son Charles, who is (1902) living in Fayette County, Ky. Dr. Price and wife are both dead.

Andrew Steele, born Dec. 16 1820, died Sep. 8, 1889. Married Sallie Gray Feb. 15, 1846. She is still living (1902). They had ten children—Jennie, born Dec. 12, 1846; John, born June 6, 1848, died in infancy; Maria, born August 27, 1849; William, born Aug. 16, 1852; John, born Feb. 7, 1854; Lizzie, born March 17, 1856; Richard, born May 14, 1858; Patterson, born August 22, 60; Sallie, born Sep. 22, 1864, died in infancy; Andrew, born October 15, 1866.

Children of Andrew and Sallie Steele.

Jennie married E. B. Wood, Dec. 17, 1867. Their children, Sallie, Nellie, Lucy and Edward are all living. Sallie married E. Y. Farley, and has one child, Arabella; Nellie unmarried; Lucy married Charles Gorham, one child dead; Edward is single.

Maria married W. R. Moore, October 5, 1869. Their children, Carrie Wolcott, born Nov. 6, 1872; Sallie S., born Nov. 13, 1874; Andrew, born Dec. 16, 1876; Patterson, born April 14, 1883; and Richard, born Feb. 19, 1886. Carrie Wolcott married C. C. Patrick, and has two children, Dinsmore and Charles C. Other children are unmarried.

William married Marguerite Patrick, and has children—Fannie, John, William, Sallie and Charles, all unmarried.

John married Laura Dinsmore Patrick, their children all living—Rike, James, Richard, Elizabeth May. John and Richard, sons of Andrew Steele, were killed by railroad train, February 20, 1896.

Lizzie married G. W. Mitchell, and has four children—Ben, Andrew, Anna and Georgette.

Richard married Susan J. Jones, leaving three children at time of his death—Rodgers S., Sarah Gray, and Francis.

Patterson married Fannie M. Dowden, and has one child, Arthur W.

Andrew, son of Andrew Steele, married Julia Piatt. No children.

William H. Steele, son of John and Jane Steele, was born Dec. 6, 1830, and is now living. He married Fannie Crooks Feb. 10, 1863. She was born June 5, 1841.

To them were born four children:

Harry, born Feb. 30, 1864, married Ada Banks Nov. 1, 1885. Harry Steele and wife have four children, two boys and two girls.

John A., born May 25, 1865, married Kate Pinkerton April 14, 1895. They have one child.

Lizzie P., born June 13, 1865, married H. Curran. Died May 15, 1891.

Jessie G., born Mar. 28, 1869.

THE PATTERSON FAMILY IN DAYTON.

THE FAMILY OF CAPT. ROBERT PATTERSON.

Robert Patterson. Born at Dayton, Ohio, November 27, 1833. Married to Mary Thomas at Warwick, Iowa County, Wisconsin, Mareh 11, 1868. [Died at Dayton, Ohio, June 4, 1901.]

Mary Thomas, his wife. Born at Red Ruth, England, May 4, 1844.

Their children are:

Robert Patterson, Jr. Born near Mineral Point, Wis., April 7, 1869.

Frank Patterson. Born near Mineral Point, Wis., September 7, 1870. Died at Dayton, Ohio, December 29, 1891.

John Johnston Patterson. Born near Mineral Point, Wis., December 26, 1876.

Katherine Johnston Patterson. Born near Mineral Point, Wis., June 13, 1878. Married to Edward Watts Davies, November 4, 1900.

Mary Thomas Patterson. Born at Dayton, Ohio, June 6, 1881.

Jefferson Stuart Patterson. Born at Dayton, Ohio, June 1, 1882.

THE FAMILY OF STEPHEN J. PATTERSON.

Stephen J. Patterson,

Lucy Dun, Married 1879.

Their children are:

Robert Dun Patterson 6 January 21, 1881.

Julia Johnston Patterson 6 June 21, 1883.

Anne Love Patterson, July 21, 1886.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN HENRY PATTERSON.

John Henry Patterson,

Katherine Dudley Beck, Married Dec. 18, 1888, at the residence of Frederick Beck, 43 Davis Avenue, Brookline, Mass., by the Reverend Howard N. Brown, at 8 P. M. [Mrs. Patterson's parents were Frederick Beck and Lucy (Doane) Beck.] Katherine Patterson was born in Eastham, Mass., and was Baptized on Easter Even, Apr. 1, 1893, by Rev. H. J. Cook. She died June 11, 1894; buried in Woodland Cemetery June 13, 1894.

Their children are:

Frederick Beck Patterson, Dayton, O., June 22, 1892. Baptized in Christ Church, Sunday, March 19, 1893, at 4 P. M.

Dorothy Forster Patterson, born Oct. 27, 1893. Baptized at St. Andrews Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE FAMILY OF FRANCIS J. PATTERSON.

Francis J. Patterson [died July 4, 1901],
Julia Shaw, Married June 4, 1890.
Their children are:
Jefferson, born May 14th, 1891.
Mary Perrine, born March 22, 1894.
Frank Stuart, born Sept. 3, 1897.

THE FAMILY OF JULIA WINGATE PATTERSON CRANE.

Joseph Halsey Crane,
Julia Wingate Patterson, Married April 24th, 1883.
Their children are:
Joseph Graham Crane April 29, 1884.
Jefferson Patterson Crane May 11, 1885.

THE THIRTY-TWO DESCENDANTS BURIED IN COLONEL PATTERSON'S LOT AT WOODLAND CEMETERY.

Children: Francis Patterson, Catherine P. Brown, Harriet Stoddard, Robert L. Patterson and Jefferson Patterson.

Grandchildren: Robert P. Brown, Kirkham Brown, Henry L. Brown, Rachel Brown, Fannie Marie Goodlet, Harriet Nisbet, Captain Robert

Patterson, John J. Patterson, Rachel R. Patterson, Captain William Patterson, Elizabeth J. Patterson, Catherine P. Patterson, Arthur Stewart Patterson, Francis J. Patterson.

Great-grand children: Richard Pindell, James Galloway and Henry G., children of R. P. Brown.

Kirkham , son of Henry L. Brown.

Rachel, daughter of Henry Brown.

Richard C., Sallie and Mary, children of Eliza J. Anderson.

Frank, son of Captain Robert Patterson.

Great-great-grandchildren: Frances Evans, daughter of Edmund Gurley Brown, and Lester, son of Henry L. Brown, Jr.

Edmund Gurley, Jr., son of Edmund G. Brown.

INDEX TO THE VOLUME.

This index, being an analytic study of the entire book, will be found useful in taking a quick survey of the biographies of the most important persons in the volume and in tracing out genealogies. Names in parentheses ( ) signify maiden name and in brackets [ ] married name of the women mentioned in this history. Where two or more brackets follow a name they denote re-marriages. A bracketed name, after a man's name, signifies the name of his wife before her marriage to him.

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